

Tomorrow Begins With Today
The Life and Legacy
of

Harold D. Stump

October 28, 1917—June 11, 1993

Volume II: The Human Equation

FAMILY
HISTORY
STUMP
V. 2
C18

In Honor and Memory

Of

Harold D. Stump

1917 - 1993

Letha (Grogg) Stump

1914 - 1999



TOMORROW BEGINS WITH TODAY

THE LIFE AND LEGACY

OF

HAROLD D. STUMP

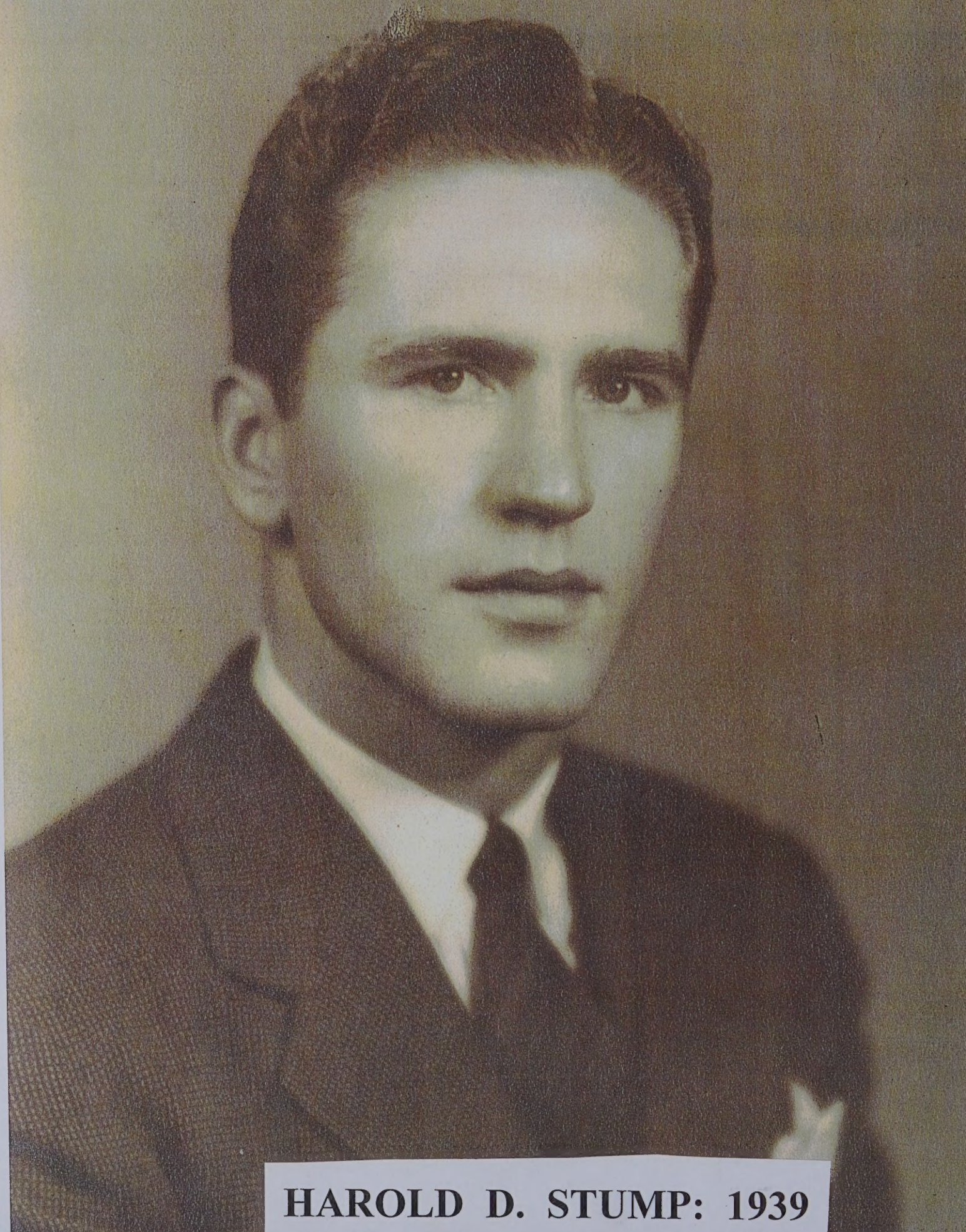
OCTOBER 28, 1917 - JUNE 11, 1993

VOLUME II: THE HUMAN EQUATION

**Our thoughts are travelers in time,
Always going to smiling faces
And loving hearts.**

**Memories and Memorabilia from
The archives of Harold D. Stump
And Letha Mae Stump**

January, 2008



HAROLD D. STUMP: 1939

DEDICATED TO THE FUTURE:

**TODAY.....Let us pause to reflect upon loved
Ones who are no longer with us...
They shaped our character,
molded our spirits, and touched our hearts.**

**TOMORROW... Let us “become the change we want to
see in the world....”**

Mahatma Ghandi

VOLUME II

THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF HAROLD D. STUMP:

THE HUMAN EQUATION

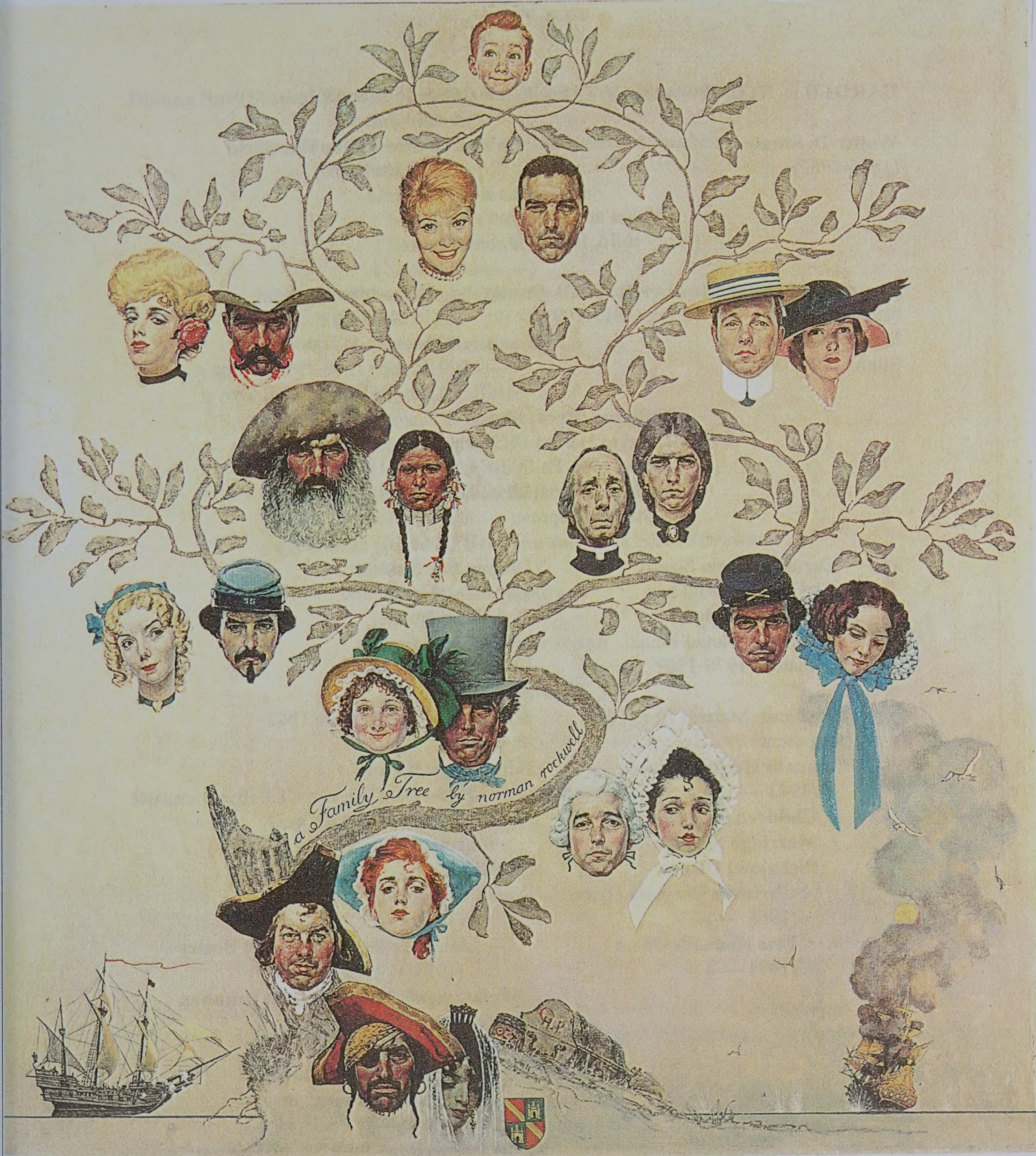
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COVER PICTURE: HAROLD D. STUMP AT HIS DESK IN HIS COURT HOUSE OFFICE1989



A Family Tree. Original oil painting for *Post* cover, October 24, 1959. Collection Norman Rockwell

HAROLD D. STUMP FAMILY TREE: (1886-2004)

Walter D. Stump
(1886-1962)

Clementine Hartsock
(1886-1970)

Walter and Clemmie's
only child, Harold D. Stump

Eleanor Eloise Buzan
(1918-1991)
Married to Harold D.
Stump (1943-1948)

Harold D. Stump
(1917-1993)

Letha Mae Grogg
(1914-1999)
Married to Harold D.
Stump (1968-1993) Letha's
son, Delano Cordell Troyer

Philipine (Buss) Stump
Married to Harold D. Stump
(1950-1966) Philipine's
daughter, Karen (Russell)
Stump Chapman

Carolyn Maria Stump
(1947 ----) Harold and
Eleanor's daughter;
Married to Daniel Frank
Tomanica 1970-1982

Dianna Sue Stump
(1950 ----) Harold and
Letha's daughter
Married to Terry Joe
Rhoads 1971-1983

Husband: Married from 1988
to present:

Kenneth Herbert Olson
(1942 ----)

**Children by Ken's
Marriage to Janet
(Schalow) Olson:**

Christine Virginia Olson
(1968 ----)

Eric Kenneth Olson
(1971 ----)

Husband: Married from 1987
to present:

John Oliver Hutson
(1951 ----)

**Children by Dianna's
Marriage to Terry
Rhoads:**

Ryan Paul Rhoads
(1972 ----)

Michelle Dawn (Rhoads) Bosley
(1973 ----)

Angela Mae (Rhoads) Brannan
(1975 ----)

**Children by Dianna's
Marriage to John Hutson:**

Seth Oliver Hutson
(1988 ----)

Stepson: John Shane Hutson:
(1973 ----)

**Dianna Sue (Stump) Rhoads Hutson's and John Oliver Hutson's
Grandchildren:**

**Ryan Paul Rhoads and Mary (Provenza) Rhoads:
Children:**

Gabriel Thomas Rhoads
(Jan., 1998 ----)
Eliana Dianna Rhoads
(Sept., 2004 -----)

**Michelle Dawn (Rhoads) Bosley and Jeffrey Scott Bosley
Children:**

Kayla Christine Bosley
(Dec., 1993 -----)
Alyssa Joy Bosley
(Nov., 1997-----)
Luke Michael Bosley
(Jan., 2002 ----)
Rachel Marie Bosley
(Nov., 2004 ----)

**Angela Mae (Rhoads) Brannan and Erik Shane Brannan
Children:**

Emily Nichole Brannan
(Jan., 2002 ----)
Audrey Lauren Brannan
(August 15, 2005)
Kylie Renee Brannan
(August 15, 2005)

Delano Cordell Troyer's Children and Grandchildren:

Alan Troyer

Children:

Jeremiah Troyer
Rebecca Troyer

Roxanne Troyer Strohl

Children:

Davey Strohl
Sarah Strohl

Laura Troyer Roope

Children:

Frankie Roope
Nicholas Roope
Jacob Roope

PREFACE

“We don’t just inherit the world from our parents,
we borrow it from our children.”

Barack Obama

These archived memories and memorabilia from the life and legacy of Harold D. Stump reecho Obama’s belief that the obligation of each life is to strive, however imperfectly, to make the world a better place for our children by learning from the past. The lifetime record of achievement revealed within this book is a testimony to Harold’s lifelong pursuit of excellence, both personally and professionally, and is an inspiration to those in the present and in the future whose paths in life are still undefined and untested.

To trace the defining moments which delineated Harold from other men and which shaped his attitudes and philosophy of life is to be given a glimpse of a man whose optimism was tempered by his good judgment, whose benevolence was enhanced by his faith in the basic goodness of all men, and whose love for his country was evidenced by his ability to emulate in his own life the highest standards of good citizenship. Being born and raised in Auburn, Indiana gave Harold an early appreciation of the simple life of the farming communities which dotted the landscape of northeastern Indiana. As his life unfolded and transported him to distant shores during World War II, he carried with him the values of faith, family, and fellowship which he learned at his parents’ knee. Also begotten in the midst of war’s turbulence were his legendary calm, stable demeanor and his deep bass speaking voice which remained unwavering, resolute, and steadfastly reassuring during times of crisis, traits upon which both friends and family were to depend in the coming years.

Through the examples of his parents, Walter D. and Clementine, Harold’s philosophy of life was based on the knowledge that he and others were not judged by the god-given abilities and earthly talents that they nurtured but rather by the choices that they made along life’s journey. Harold was always guided by the beliefs that respect is something that one cannot demand but must earn each day of one’s life and that one should see the world not only with one’s eyes but also with one’s heart. The tenderness of Harold’s love for his family is best remembered in the warmth of the grasp within his expansive hands whenever he gripped a loved one’s arms or shoulders in a goodnight embrace with his steady, firm, and protective touch.

Even Harold’s early life illustrated the qualities of greatness which were to inspire confidence among his family and his peers; he was the president of his high school class, the captain of Auburn High School’s football and basketball teams, the president of South Hall on the campus of Indiana University, and a counselor for the underclassmen while in law school. As a gifted attorney, Harold was to parlay his talents into a stint as a Special Agent for the FBI and as a Marine DI and combat veteran on the sands of Iwo Jima in World War II. Upon returning to the states, Harold’s thirty-year professional tenure as the judge of the DeKalb County Circuit Court culminated in a precedent-setting case before the United States Supreme Court in 1979 and also in his selection as a Sagamore of the Wabash in 1988, Indiana’s highest civilian award.

Within this book are found not only Harold’s words, which reveal the eloquence of this gentle man and gentleman, but also the words of those who knew him personally and professionally. To glimpse the man behind the message is to be given the rare opportunity to see grace and graciousness in action whether Harold was the public advocate of foster parents, juvenile offenders, school consolidation, and hospital expansion, or a private mentor as a friend,

husband, father, grandfather, and benefactor of college scholarships for future generations. Throughout his life, his character was revealed by his choosing to the best of his ability to follow the "right" path as opposed to the "easy" path, or as he phrased it, the "path of least resistance." In the eyes of those friends and family who were witnesses to Harold's life, his adherence to the highest standards of decency was legendary and his modesty regarding his achievements was unequalled.

Although this book represents a labor of love by Harold's family, there is no one of his acquaintance who would dispute the following summary of the man and his impact upon their lives.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!' "

Shakespeare's Julius Caesar

Harold's family is confident that these recorded annals, which are the byproducts of his high principles and vision, will be timeless and eternal inspirations to any and all generations, just as the man himself has been and will always be.



**HAROLD D. STUMP
ELECTION PHOTO
1968**

THE HUMAN CONDITION

WE ARE ALL
“SPIRITUAL BEINGS HAVING A
HUMAN EXPERIENCE....”

BY: FRENCH PHILOSOPHER AND PRIEST,
PIERRE TELHARD DU CHARDIN

ЯНТ



Saying Grace. Original oil painting for *Post* cover, November 24, 1951. Collection Mr. and Mrs. Ken Stuart

THE HUMAN CONDITION

Harold's Christian faith was an unshakable part of his persona even though he seldom felt the need for weekly Sunday attendance after his children left home and established their own identities. Harold enjoyed joking that most ministers considered him to be, in his words, "among the unwashed." There were few ministers other than Reverend Heimach whom Harold thought really worked for a living, and he strongly objected to a prevalent Protestant attitude that, in his words, "manna would rain down from heaven" if one just prayed. However, Harold taught the adult class for Sunday School at the country church, Maple Grove, sang in the church choir, and was frequently asked to offer a prayer during church services. One of Harold's favorite stories involved his being asked to be the moderator for an interfaith program which was being held at the Methodist Church in Auburn. Harold made arrangements for the local priest, Father Lange, to represent the Catholic liturgy and for a rabbi friend of his from Fort Wayne to represent the Jewish perspective. Knowing human nature, Harold was prepared for a spirited discussion which he was sure would result in the Methodists attempting to berate and disavow the points of view of the Catholics and of the Jews. Much to Harold's amusement and delight, when Father Lange was asked to state his church's philosophy, the priest opened the Methodist hymnal and read the Apostle's Creed from the inside cover and said, "This is what we believe." After Father Lange's inventive opening, the Methodists who had planned to aggressively question the Catholic belief system were nonplused, and the remainder of the evening involved a respectful exchange of ideas among the participants. Harold and Father Lange remained good friends for the rest of their lives with Father Lange being the person most responsible for making an opening for Harold's mother, Clementine, into Sacred Heart Nursing Home in Avilla at the end of her life.

As the judge, Harold was a keen observer of people when they were at their best and at their worst, and he talked during serious moments about, in his words, the "human condition." Although his experiences on the bench had left him somewhat jaded, Harold firmly believed in what he called "the Master Plan" as he sorted through the human frailties and foibles he encountered each day both in his personal life and his public life. One of the most personally meaningful meditations throughout his life was the Serenity Prayer which stated: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, The courage to change the things I can, And the wisdom to know the difference." Harold's own eloquence and command of the language whether he was praying publicly or offering thanks before a family meal could make one truly aware of the presence of a divine spirit. His children and grandchildren will never forget the standard openings to his prayers of supplication before special dinners, two of which began, "Thou dost open up thy hand and satisfy the needs of every living thing.....", and "The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord, and thou dost give each thy sustenance in due season.....". Harold truly was a man for all seasons as he worshipped his God without hesitation and with great conviction while facing personal challenges and great physical obstacles.

We are defined by what we pass on to the next generation, and so Harold too believed that he should pass on what matters most to the ones who matter most. As he applied the lessons of his life to the moral edification of his family, he also shared the moral certainty with which he lived his life with his assembled classmates of the Auburn High School Class of 1935 as they celebrated the fiftieth high school reunion in 1985, an event for which Harold served as Master of Ceremonies. Always a man of vision, his selection of the following prayer with which to close the ceremonies portrayed his belief that the ideas and ideals which guided his thoughts, words, and actions were eternal yearnings of the "soul searchers" within us all.

Harold concluded the ceremony by saying.....

"It is without hesitation that I express to you my
Certainty that I will treasure this day with each of
You as long as God gives me breath. How
Certain am I that this occasion will remain a
Tender, meaningful one which will sustain me
Till memory fails me? I'm as certain as was
William Jennings Bryan when he eloquently
Stated the certainty of his belief in the
Immortality of humankind in these words:

"IF THE FATHER DEIGNS to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless Heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He Leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? IF HE STOOPS TO GIVE to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon The autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will HE refuse the Words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? IF MATTER, MUTE AND INANIMATE, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? NO, I AM SURE THAT HE who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I AM AS SURE THAT we live again as I am sure that we live today."

THE FINAL WORD.....

Always mindful of the power of the written word to inspire, Harold appreciated a well-turned phrase or a carefully crafted expression....within the eloquence of the printed page or the articulate renderings of the spoken word, he could see revealed one's deepest yearnings unfurled and dreams unleashed. As an astute observer of our shared humanity, Harold also understood that an understanding of our mortal nature entailed knowing both our visions of a shining city on the hill and also the reality of its darker neighborhoods. In fulfillment of his belief that the human race will not only endure, it will prevail, he wrote the following words as an Epilogue which was printed in the programs for the fiftieth reunion of the Auburn High School Class of 1935.

EPILOGUE

Two score and ten years ago, by the coincidence of birth and parental decision, we shared a common experience. We were each a maturing hoosier teenager about to cross the ominous and tenuous threshold that separated youth from maturity. Together, we received the scroll that identified us as graduates of Auburn High School, Class of 1935. Launched in the Great Depression and punctuated by three wars that struck this spinning globe in the intervening fifty years, we have endured periods of varying degrees of prosperity and depression--joy and sadness--success and failure--love and dislike--anger and patient resignation--tears and laughter. We have both resisted and yielded to temptation as we demonstrated our human strengths and frailties. From 'the man in the moon' to men on the moon, we have had to be a resilient generation.

Today we have touched each others' hands and hearts in tender reunion. As we part, may we each wish to the others of the Class of '35: that your pathway through life may be ever smooth to your tread with a slight downhill slope--that your troubles may all be small ones--that the harvest of your crop of

peace and joy may be munificent--that a gentle wind may always be at your back--that the stream of your life with your loved ones may flow smoothly, free from rocks and shoals--that the embers of peace, contentment, and happiness may ever hold you in their warmth. May you share your life with those who have a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and an encouragement for every hope.

We wish each other a few friends who understand us, love us, and respect us; a work to do, which has real value and without which the world would feel the poorer; a mind unafraid to blaze new trails, seek new fields and to fight for what we believe to be right and just; an ever understanding heart; to be able to see and understand the eternal peace of the hills, the quiet valley, the vast prairie, and something also as beautiful made by the hand of man; a sense of humor, the power to laugh, and the urge to sing; a little leisure with absolutely nothing pressing for our time; a few moments alone each day for quiet meditation; the patience to wait for the coming of these things, and the wisdom to recognize them when they come.

So, let this not be Farewell, but only, 'Till we meet again!'

**THROUGH THE MEMORIES WITHIN THIS
BOOK, MAY YOU ALWAYS GREET
HAROLD AS YOU WALK TOGETHER
ALONG LIFE'S JOURNEY.**

**THE DEFINING MOMENTS
IN THE
LIFE OF HAROLD D. STUMP**

****THE DECISION TO JOIN THE MARINE CORP: 1944**

****THE ARRIVAL OF DIANNA SUE STUMP INTO THE
STUMP FAMILY: 1960**

****THE FRIENDSHIP WITH PHIL BUTLER: 1958-1993**

****THE PASSING OF REVEREND BILL HEIMACH: 1977**

****THE ROBERT J. KINSEY AWARD: 1985**

****THE SAGAMORE OF THE WABASH AWARD: 1991**

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THE DEFINING MOMENTS IN OUR LIVES TELL US WHAT
WE ARE AND REMIND US OF WHAT WE HAVE BEEN AND
OF WHAT WE ARE BECOMING.....

EXCERPT FROM "IF"

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings -- nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run --
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And -- which is more -- you'll be a Man, my son!*

HAROLD D. STUMP: THE PATRIOT

**THE DECISION TO JOIN THE
MARINE CORPS: 1944**

THE PATRIOT

“Duty,” “Honor,” “Country” -- those three hallowed words...are your rallying point to build courage when courage seems to fail, to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith, to create hope when hope becomes forlorn.”

Douglas MacArthur

In 1943, Harold grew increasingly anxious to join the war effort in a more direct way, particularly in view of the fact that Walter D. had re-enlisted in the Army as a colonel and was stationed in Italy. Harold felt that he had a “safe desk job” compared to the risks that his fifty-four year old father was taking, and Harold came home from his job and announced to Eleanor that he was joining the Marines. With that decision, Harold was off to Parris Island, South Carolina, where, refusing to receive any special privilege as a result of his education or FBI training, he became an enlisted man and a drill instructor (D.I.), and Eleanor was off to Auburn to spend the remaining war years living with Clementine. As a D.I., Harold’s platoon was a source of pride to him, and he enjoyed recounting the story of one of his recruits who was mildly-retarded and could not learn to march in step. Knowing that this man could most benefit from placement in a group of soldiers with a similar handicap, the entire platoon, including the D.I., Harold, marched their friend to his new unit on the base at Parris Island. The “Espirit de Corps” so emboldened each Marine whose life was touched by their D.I., Harold, that when his platoon had graduated and been given their orders for the South Pacific, Harold found under his pillow a gift of 100 dollars which represented a donation from each member of his platoon. Harold too was destined to go to the South Pacific, and upon bidding good-bye to Eleanor who visited him for a few hours before he was deployed, he found himself aboard a converted cargo ship with other Marines in the fall of 1944. While sailing across the Pacific Ocean to his duty station on Guam, Harold was chosen by his comrades to hold the gambling money for the poker games which entertained the Marines on the long voyage. His sense of honor and fair play were noted even then, and Harold spent the next few months on Guam receiving daily letters from his wife, Eleanor, carrying a lock of her hair in his wallet, and listening to the broadcasts of Tokyo Rose whom Harold said had the “sweetest voice” which could conjure treasured memories of home and loved ones left behind in the minds of the GI’s stationed in the South Pacific. Harold was preparing for the island-hopping military strategy which was designed to defeat the Japanese and which would be the pivotal experience of his life.

Harold was a member of the Third Marine Division that invaded the island of Iwo Jima in February, 1945. Harold was in the artillery battalion during the second wave of the assault on that Pacific Island, and his experiences and efforts during that battle were to be the germinal experience of his life, as it was for each man who was there. Although

Harold remembered vividly that he did not see a Japanese soldier who was shorter than five feet eight inches during the campaign, Harold's most vivid memory of his Iwo Jima experience was seeing his friend, Rocky, from New York City receive a fatal gunshot wound in the forehead during a particularly fierce skirmish; what remained with Harold to his dying day was the knowledge that Rocky died on that island of gray volcanic ash even though he was eligible for a military deferment as the result of having seven children, and he did not even have to join the military or serve in any capacity during the war. Harold, who had never had any sympathy for draft evaders, recoiled in an extremely personal way years later when he witnessed the almost daily barrage of news about those during the Vietnam Era who burned their draft cards and burned the American flag. Also beget during Iwo Jima was Harold's lifelong battle with arthritis which began with an injury to his knee as he was helping to unload artillery shells during the Iwo Jima campaign. From those horrors and those heroics which he witnessed from his combat experiences, Harold vowed that he would never complain again, and he handled the infirmity of arthritis which crippled his spine and legs with grace and dignity for the remainder of his life. Oftentimes, in the silences of the night, Harold would again suffer from what he called the "heebie jeebies," a humorous reference to the fear and anticipation of the unknown and an obvious battlefield mindset for every soldier who has ever known combat on a foreign shore.

Even years after the battle, Harold could not enjoy in the fireworks to which he took his family each July 4th at Franke Park in Fort Wayne as the shock waves of the explosions and the noise of the rapid-fire bursts in the air reminded him of those two months from February through April, 1945, fighting to remove the entrenched Japanese from their miles of underground caves on Iwo Jima. It was only forty years later in 1985 that while watching television Harold saw a reunion take place on Iwo Jima between the Japanese veterans of the battle and their American counterparts; after witnessing that moment, Harold seemed at peace with himself and with those patriots who paid the ultimate price on that island in 1945. As Harold watched the US and Japanese veterans gather together on the sands of Iwo Jima and embrace, Harold too seemed to have reached closure and he commented that he felt "healed." In February, 1995, his daughter, Carolyn, and son-in-law, Kenneth Olson, represented Harold's memory during the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Iwo Jima when the couple was living in Catlett, Virginia; Ken and Carolyn went to the Iwo Jima Memorial and heard a stirring speech from then-President, Bill Clinton, a ceremony which touched their lives profoundly.

The experience of World War II and its carnage caused invisible wounds to those who saw combat and further cemented Harold's heritage of patriotism which was so much a part of his legacy from his father, Walter D. During Harold's life, he and his father lived the verse of "America the Beautiful" and became those "who more than self their country loved." Harold's childhood friend, Russell "Sam" Williams, was blinded during the Battle of the Bulge, and when he returned to Auburn for a visit with his wife whom he had met while in the hospital recovering from his wounds, he walked down the streets of Auburn with his arm entwined in hers, and Harold heard a hearty, "Hi, Harold"

greet him as he was walking on the other side of the street. Sam's wife had told Sam that Harold was there, and according to Harold, no one who ever knew Sam ever heard him complain about his infirmity. When Carolyn called Sam to let him know that Harold had passed away in 1993, Sam, who lived in Maryland and had four sons, wrote Harold's wife, Letha, a letter in which he said that losing Harold had been like a "body blow" to him. Just as dramatic an impact as Sam's patriotism had on Harold was the impact of the sacrifice of another Auburn friend of Harold's, Bob White, whose stomach was partially removed as a result of his wounds during the war.

During Harold's life, he was often asked as a judge and as a veteran of Iwo Jima to give patriotic speeches at special gatherings, most notably the Bicentennial Ceremonies in 1976; on those occasions, Harold would often say that no one ever should be ashamed "if their eyes tear up when Old Glory passes." The lessons of patriotism were never shirked as Harold raised his daughters, and on one memorable occasion, Carolyn was severely chastised by Harold for not remaining still when the "Star Spangled Banner" was played before a basketball game and ten-year-old Carolyn was seated across the gymnasium from Harold where he could see her perfectly. The Marine Corps motto, "Semper Fi" (always faithful), and the Marine Corps goal of "Espirito de Corps" (the spirit of camaraderie) were part of the lexicon of both Carolyn and Dianna as their father raised them to be "little Marines" in all that the title implies. During his life, Harold's values and attitudes were constantly shaped by his combat experiences, and upon being a spectator at the Indianapolis 500 car races on Memorial Day, Harold found objection that the moment of silence devoted to those war-dead was also designated as a remembrance for those race car drivers who had died on the Indianapolis Speedway. Harold also was an admirer of the baseball great, Ted Williams, not only for his baseball prowess but primarily because Ted cut short his baseball career twice to be a fighter pilot during World War II and the Korean War. Due to his wartime experiences, Harold also was an ardent supporter of President Harry Truman's decision to drop the atomic bomb on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 because the Third Marine Division, of which Harold was a part, was to spearhead the invasion of the Japanese Islands if such a maneuver would have been necessary to end the war. Harold believed wholeheartedly that the slogan "My country, right or wrong," should be a pivotal philosophy of everyone's life, and even two days before he passed away, his step-son, Delano Troyer, who was a Marine during the Korean War, came into his hospital room and said, "Semper Fi," to which a weakened Harold responded with a thumbs up, as Harold knew that there never was a man who could be called an "ex" Marine. So central to his core was his love of country that Harold, the committed citizen who had given a lifetime of service as judge for DeKalb County Indiana, chose the following distinction of which he was the most proud to be the only words and adornment on his tombstone:

Harold D. Stump
Corporal, United States Marine Corps

After World War II ended, Harold still retained his duty station in the Asiatic Theater of Operations, and due to his legal background, he was sent to China to help

establish the provisional government of Chiang Kai-shek. One of his most prominent memories of that time was having an elaborate dinner with a visiting Russian general in which everyone, including Harold, got drunk. While he was stationed in China, Harold sent back to Eleanor two beautiful kimonos and an ornately carved white vase, both of which are family heirlooms.

When Harold finally returned stateside and to his home in Auburn, Indiana, in 1946, he and Eleanor continued to live with Walter D. and Clementine while Harold began practicing law with his father. During this time, Harold decided that he, in his words, would “follow in his father’s footsteps” and he put down roots in the small Midwestern town of his birth. Eleanor knew that Harold’s wartime experiences had left Harold, as it had other veterans, a changed man from the person she knew while they were courting and when they were beginning married life...Harold had grown somber, sober, more introspective, and inclined to want to spend time with his father and other veterans of World War II with whom he had shared experiences. An obviously very proud Walter D. frequently teased Harold by saying that he had been in two World Wars and had never even seen a Marine, a comment which always made Harold smile. During this time of post-war adjustment, Harold and his father raised foxhounds and ran the hounds in Noble County and other wooded locations including Brown County, Indiana, where the Stump family owned a log cabin. Continuing his desire to establish permanence in his life led Harold and Eleanor to start a family, and Carolyn Maria Stump was born on October 19, 1947.

Harold and the entire World War II generation championed freedom when the preservation of moral goodness and decency throughout the world was challenged by ruthless totalitarian regimes. At a time when this country needed heroes, Walter D. Stump and Harold D. Stump were there. To paraphrase the great World War II general, George Patton, not only should we mourn the loss of the men who died on the beaches of Normandy, France, on D-Day, but we should also thank Divine Providence that such men lived. Not only was the “Greatest Generation” valiant in war, the soldiers of that war also returned to their country after the war honoring responsibility, commitment, and community in peacetime as well.

“Your bravery allowed me to live again. Your courage gave me my freedom.”

Henry Greenbaum, 76, a survivor of Auschwitz, speaking at a U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum observance honoring the soldiers who liberated the Nazi death camps.

The following letter was written by Harold in March, 1944 in which he resigned as a Special Agent for the FBI to join the Marine Corps as an enlisted man during World War II. Harold made this decision because his father, Walter, had volunteered for active duty at the age of 54 and had requested and received overseas duty as a colonel in the Army.

New York, New York

March 18, 1944

Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

This is to advise that I am resigning as a Special Agent, such resignation to be effective at the close of business ~~March 18~~, or at the earliest possible convenience of the Bureau. *March 21*

The period of time spent in the employ of the Bureau has been most pleasurable, and I am not submitting this resignation as a result of any ill feeling or lack of respect for the Bureau or any of its personnel. I have reached a state of mind in which I can no longer justify my absence from an active participation in the armed forces of the United States. This feeling has been accentuated by the fact that my father, Major Walter D. Stump, a World War I veteran, volunteered for additional service in the present emergency and has requested and received overseas duty.

I am duly cognizant of the valuable service rendered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in this period of national emergency, but I am unable to reconcile my present contribution to the war effort with the full measure of devotion and duty that I owe.

I shall always hold the Bureau in high esteem, and shall always deem it a distinct privilege to render whatever service I can to the Bureau.

My address, to which pay for accumulated annual leave and the retirement refund may be forwarded, will be 734 East Seventh Street, Auburn, Indiana.

Respectfully yours,

HAROLD D. STUMP
Special Agent



HAROLD D. STUMP: THE MARINE

HAROLD D. STUMP: THE MARINE
1944



HAROLD D. STUMP: THE MARINE



“Tomorrow Is Promised To No One”

*“Americans learned on a clear September morning
That misery and oppression half a world away
Can manifest themselves on the next block. That
Lesson has been retaught in the years since, in cities
From Jakarta to London to Madrid.”*

*By Laura Bush from “What I Saw
In Afghanistan”. The Wall Street
Journal. Thursday, June 12, 2008.*

The terrorist attack on September 11, 2001 changed the face and the future of world history for the twenty-first century. This event echoed the lessons learned when Harold the Marine made the choice of duty, honor, and sacrifice rather than remaining “safe” in his job with the FBI during War II. Harold, as well as every other soldier of the past, the present, and the future, knew that his survival was not assured and that, as the great football legend, Walter Payton, said, “Tomorrow Is Promised To No One.” In spite of his own personal risk, Harold felt that the call to arms precluded the needs of the individual, and he voluntarily became a member of the “Greatest Generation” as he sought to play a role in rescuing Western Civilization from the perils of the aggressors who sought to destroy it seventy years ago. As the soldiers of this era again confront a ruthless global enemy in Al-Qaida, it is therefore only fitting that the story of nineteen-year-old PFC Ross McGinnis, a Medal of Honor recipient for heroism in the Iraqi War, be included in this volume of Harold’s personal memoirs.

As a judge, Harold was well acquainted with the dilemma that many juveniles offenders face, including Ross McGinnis prior to his army enlistment, as they struggle with the temptations and the challenges of their teenage years. In fact, one of Harold’s favorite remedies for recalcitrant, reckless, and defiant young men was encouraging them to join a branch of the military service as a way of attaining self-discipline, of reorganizing their priorities in life, and of charting a path to a known future, the very path to manhood that PFC McGinnis selected at the age of seventeen when he joined the Army after a troubled youth. The following story of Ross McGinnis chronicles the misspent early years of a young man who experienced suspension from school and court appearances for drug possession, and who emerged as the selfless, heroic recipient of our nation’s highest honor, The Medal Of Honor, which was given to him posthumously by President George Bush in June of 2008. A fact which was known only to God and perhaps to Ross himself was that Ross McGinnis had always carried within him the seeds of greatness...Harold would have been proud and honored to make his acquaintance in life, and he might have foreseen even then that this young man’s eternity of tomorrows will be an enduring monument which will inspire all of the ages hence.

THE STORY OF PFC ROSS A. MCGINNIS

1st Platoon, C Company, 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Brigade
Combat Team, 1st Infantry Division (attached to 2nd BCT, 2ID)

Parents: Tom and Romaine McGinnis

Siblings: Becky Gorman and Katie McGinnis

Hometown: Knox, Pennsylvania

Enlisted: Delayed Entry Program June 14, 2004 at
the Pittsburgh MEPS. Completed initial entry training
at Fort Benning, Georgia

Assignments: 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry Regiment
(Schweinfurt, Germany)

Deployments: Operation Iraqi Freedom

Spc. McGinnis' dedication to duty and love for his fellow Soldiers were embodied in a statement issued by his parents shortly after his death:

"Ross did not become our hero by dying to save his fellow Soldiers from a grenade. He was a hero to us long before he died, because he was willing to risk his life to protect the ideals of freedom and justice that America represents. He has been recommended for the Medal of Honor.. That is not why he gave his life. The lives of four men who were his Army brothers outweighed the value of his one life. It was just a matter of simple kindergarten arithmetic. Four means more than one. It didn't matter to Ross that he could have escaped the situation without a scratch. Nobody would have questioned such a reflex reaction. What mattered to him were the four men placed in his care on a moment's notice. One moment he was responsible for defending the rear of a convoy from enemy fire; the next moment he held the lives of four of his friends in his hands. The choice for Ross was simple, but simple does not mean easy. His straightforward answer to a simple but difficult choice should stand as a shining example for the rest of us. We all face simple choices, but how often do we choose to make a sacrifice to get the right answer? The right choice sometimes requires honor."

Ross Andrew McGinnis was born June 14, 1987 in Meadville, PA. His family moved to Knox, northeast of Pittsburgh, when he was three. There he attended Clarion County public schools, and was a member of the Boy Scouts as a boy. Growing up he played basketball and soccer through the YMCA, and Little League baseball. Ross was a member of the St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Knox, and a 2005 graduate of Keystone Junior-Senior High School.

Ross's interests included video games and mountain biking. He was also a car enthusiast, and took classes at the Clarion County Career Center in automotive technology. He also worked part-time at McDonald's after school.

His mother, Romaine, said Ross wanted to be a Soldier early in life. When asked to draw a picture of what he wanted to be when he grew up, Ross McGinnis, the kindergartner, drew a picture of a Soldier.

On his 17th birthday, June 14, 2004, Ross went to the Army recruiting station and joined through the delayed entry program.



Spc. Ross Andrew McGinnis will receive the Medal of Honor posthumously during a White House ceremony June 2, 2008 (tentative).

After initial entry training at Fort Benning, Georgia, McGinnis was assigned to 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry Regiment in Schweinfurt, Germany. According to fellow Soldiers, he loved Soldiering and took his job seriously, but he also loved to make people laugh. One fellow Soldier commented that every time McGinnis left a room, he left the Soldiers in it laughing.

The unit deployed to Eastern Baghdad in August 2006, where sectarian violence was rampant. Ross was serving as an M2 .50 caliber machine gunner in 1st Platoon, C Company, 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry Regiment in support of operations against insurgents in Adhamiyah, Iraq.

According to the official report, on the afternoon of Dec. 4, 2006, McGinnis' platoon was on mounted patrol in Adhamiyah to restrict enemy movement and quell sectarian violence. During the course of the patrol, an unidentified insurgent positioned on a rooftop nearby threw a fragmentation grenade into the Humvee. Without hesitation or regard for his own life, McGinnis threw his back over the grenade, pinning it between his body and the Humvee's radio mount. McGinnis absorbed all lethal fragments and the concussive effects of the grenade with his own body. McGinnis, who was a private first class at the time, was posthumously promoted to specialist. Spc. McGinnis's heroic actions and tragic death are detailed in the battlescape section of this website and in his Medal of Honor Citation.

Army Decorations: Medal of Honor (to be presented to Tom and Romaine McGinnis at a June 2, 2008 White House Ceremony), Silver Star (awarded for valor exhibited during the events of Dec. 4, 2006, pending processing and approval of Medal of Honor), Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Iraq Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, Army Service Ribbon, Overseas Service Ribbon, and Combat Infantryman Badge.

PFC Ross A. McGinnis

December 13, 2006

Pittsburgh Tribune Review

For those who have served, the ultimate deed of Pfc. McGinnis represents the moment of truth we have all considered: What would I do?

Pfc. McGinnis selflessly chose to answer this question through his actions, dismissing the political and philosophical fluff of words in the process. And for this, the name Ross A. McGinnis will never be forgotten in this veteran's mind. Rest well, my brother.

Flickr photo

PittsburghChannel.Com/MSNBC

McGinnis' father said the unit commander said McGinnis knew he didn't have time to throw the grenade back, so he laid down on it on his back, trying to cover it with his body armor.

Obit in Clarion News

KNOX – U.S. Army Pfc. Ross A. McGinnis, 19, formerly of Wentlings Corners, who died December 4, 2006, in Iraq, will be laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia.

Pfc. McGinnis was killed by a grenade thrown into his vehicle from a rooftop in Baghdad. Pfc. McGinnis, a 2005 Keystone High School graduate, placed himself between the grenade and his four fellow soldiers in the vehicle.

Pfc. McGinnis was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Brigade Combat Team, 1st Infantry Division, Schweinfurt, Germany.

UPI

Lt. Gen. Pete Chiarelli, the outgoing commander of Multinational Corps Iraq, told Pentagon reporters Friday about what happened in the Humvee. McGinnis' family had not yet been completely notified then, so he did not reveal his name.

"Serving on a combat patrol as a Humvee gunner, the soldier saw a hand grenade coming at his vehicle and tried to deflect it. He was unsuccessful. The grenade slipped past him and into the truck that he was riding in. He shouted, 'Grenade!' and began to jump out of the truck per the standard grenade drill that the unit had. When he looked back, he saw that no one else inside the truck had heeded his warning, that somehow they had thought that his shouting of 'Grenade!' meant that there was a grenade outside the vehicle," Chiarelli said. "And in a singular act of heroism, this soldier, who was halfway out of the truck, dropped back into the truck and placed his body against that grenade, thereby saving the lives of the four other individuals that were inside that truck."

Ross McGinnis and the Medal of Honor

May 23, 2008

Redemption, Courage, Sacrifice

Somewhere near here, Valhalla or Fiddler's Green, a band of brothers is welcoming a new friend. Standing at attention are men like Alvin York, Audie Murphy and Douglas MacArthur. A new hero has come home.

It wasn't a very long road for Ross McGinnis. He was just 19 when he became a legend. It had not been a long road but it had some twists and turns.

Ross McGinnis was not always hero material. He grew up in a small town in western Pennsylvania, the only boy in a family with two gifted girls. His father suggests Bart Simpson as a good image of this underachiever.

At fourteen he made several mistakes, bought some marijuana and talked about it at school. When school administrators looked further, they found a couple of knives in his locker.

Suspension and court followed.

Given time to think, Ross thought. At some point he talked with an Army recruiter. In his junior year he enlisted in the United States Army under the delayed enlistment program. Those who knew him saw the change. Despite academic struggles, he graduated from high school and joined the Army.

After basic and advanced infantry training, Ross came home on leave. He was a changed man. He was a soldier.

In Germany, training for deployment to Iraq, Ross made his mark with his fellow soldiers. He was the platoon funny man, able to make men laugh even after a long day. He was also recognized as a born leader, and excelled at the skills a combat soldier needs.

His unit was assigned to northeastern Baghdad, and violence was a daily happening. In late November his unit fought off a five hour attack in which dozens of the enemy were killed. McGinnis's photo was on the cover of the Middle East edition of Stars & Stripes for November 30 as they covered that battle.

December 4, 2006 was like most days. The unit geared up for a patrol and the delivery of a generator. Six vehicles pulled out of Combat Outpost Apache. McGinnis was the .50 cal gunner on the rear vehicle, a position he was expert at.

The vehicles ahead heard an explosion and when they looked, found McGinnis's vehicle severely damaged with all four of its doors blown off. Medics found four wounded soldiers and McGinnis. McGinnis was dead.

It all happened in a matter of seconds.

McGinnis saw an insurgent throw a grenade from a nearby rooftop. He tried to deflect it but it dropped through the hatch behind him. Training told him to holler "Grenade" and then jump clear. That is not what this hero did.

He saw the grenade lodged in some equipment below him. The doors were locked and the four soldiers in the truck had no chance to escape. McGinnis dropped down into the Humvee and pressed his back against the radio where the grenade had come to rest, covering the blast with his body.

Ross McGinnis, a little over six feet tall and a lanky 130 some pounds, took the force of the explosion. One of the other soldiers was seriously wounded, and the other three received less serious injuries. All of them lived because of Ross McGinnis.

On June 2, 2008 the President of the United States will present the Medal of Honor to the family of Ross McGinnis. He will speak about courage and sacrifice. His fellow heroes in Valhalla and Fiddler's Green know all about that.

It may be the the President of the United States will also talk about redemption. Ross McGinnis was once a troubled youth on a clear path to nowhere. Then, he chose to become a soldier in the United States Army. He chose to become a warrior.

This young man, this ordinary young man, found a place that gave him a path, people who became comrades and friends, and he found a time that for all eternity became his time.

God bless you, Ross McGinnis.

*THE ARRIVAL OF DIANNA SUE STUMP INTO THE
STUMP FAMILY IN 1960*

THE ARRIVAL OF DIANNA SUE SMITH STUMP TO THE STUMP FAMILY IN 1960

The defining moments of Harold's life are each a personal memory for the Stump family and each remembrance is a source of pride for all who knew Harold's enormous strength of character and unwavering sense of responsibility. While many in this life give only lip service to their concern for the plight of the homeless, the disenfranchised, and the lonely, Harold matched his public, professional commitment as a child advocate who protected the welfare of children with a personal commitment to one lovely, charismatic ten-year-old little girl in the winter of 1960....her name was Dianna, and she brought joy and happiness to her adopted father for thirty-three years until his death in 1993.

As of this writing in 2007, Dianna Sue Stump Hutson is the mother of four adult children, the grandmother of seven, and a retired registered nurse who worked for twenty years in the obstetrics ward of the County Hospital in San Antonio, Texas, even being the nurse who gave the post-natal classes to the Hispanic women, a task that forced Dianna to learn Spanish. All of these accomplishments might not seem remarkable in themselves, but given the unwholesome nature of the first ten years of her life, her achievements are a testimony to her indomitable spirit, her innate practical outlook and common sense, and Harold's ability to nurture her strengths while protecting her weaknesses during the thirty-three years that he embraced her as his daughter. Before joining Harold's family in her tenth year, Dianna was aware of sexual abuse in her natural family unit and aware of hunger each night as she and her nine other siblings huddled into a single bed in their numerous rental homes, residences which kept them cold, uncomfortable, and clinging to one another for strength and support. Undaunted by the circumstances in her early life, Dianna was the sibling who always took the responsibility for providing the necessities for her sisters and brother, even if it meant that she and an older sister stole or shoplifted food and school supplies for the other children. When Harold visited his future daughter for the first time at her home before the natural mother's parental rights were terminated, he noticed immediately that Dianna had taken the initiative to create a makeshift swing for the little ones, and he knew then that her heart was pure, that her sense of responsibility was strong, and that she was a true survivor in this life. Giving her his stability, his love, and his name would be an inevitability that he would forever welcome from that moment onward. With each tender retelling of these events defining Dianna's life prior to her adoption, Harold was always left close to tears and was always deeply grateful for the gift of Dianna's presence in his life.

Guiding and directing any child who was sired by another demands a father who understands that children need roots to bind them permanently to those values that are unchanging and that children need wings to experience the possibilities that dreaming affords us all. Harold's efforts to both anchor and uplift Dianna's astute intellect and strong character were defining moments in his personal life which brought him intense fulfillment and great joy as Dianna's dad. Whether he and his adolescent girls were singing, "You Are My Sunshine" as they traveled in the car to the Saint James Restaurant for a dinner out or he was cleaning the fish that his middle-aged Dianna caught in her

father's pond on Morningstar Road on a visit home, Harold was engaged in providing comfort, substance, and memories which could outlast any and all obstacles in her life's journey. Among his personal gifts to his younger daughter was imbuing her with his love of horses, and each morning for many years, Dianna and Harold would dutifully rise before the sun and trudge to their pole barn behind the house to feed and groom the two horses who were comfortably ensconced in their stalls. Preparing the horses with grueling workouts for upcoming horseshows was a regimen that they enjoyed together as they gathered the tack and perfected the outfits to showcase the horsemanship that came so naturally to Dianna's talents. Even after being without her dad for fourteen years, Dianna still clings to the familiar work ethic that she learned from her childhood with Harold as she clears brush all day on her south-Texas ranch and breeds, trains, and cares for her Peruvian horses. Dianna's inner beauty, which Harold cultivated, is still matched by her outer beauty, a trait that had always been a source of pride for Harold and for her family as she can still toil tirelessly each day and then shower, French braid her hair, and paint her nails, emerging ultimately as though she stepped from the pages of Vogue Magazine.

Most gratifying to Harold and to the values that he imbued in his second daughter would be the successful educational experiences which Dianna and her adult children achieved as each of them furthered their schooling and now embrace successful careers. Although Harold provided the funds to ensure that his progeny would all be able to reach their potential by attending college, Dianna and her children remembered the emphasis on scholarship, leadership, and character which were the foundations of life in the Stump home and which were the qualities to which they had been exposed throughout their interactions with Harold from the time that they were young. True to her dad's advice and counsel, Dianna struggled mightily as a single parent but without any reservation to attain her R.N. degree in the 1980's, her son, Ryan, won the award as the outstanding computer science student prior to attaining his B.S. degree, her daughter, Michelle, graduated from the University of Texas with a degree in Biology, her younger daughter, Angela, oversees the nursery in a San Antonio hospital as a degreed R.N., and her youngest child, Seth, is faithfully pursuing his college studies after having been selected his Senior year as the outstanding student attending Vanguard High School in Boerne, Texas. Bringing the influence of her father full circle, Dianna's guidance and character-building experiences have provided her older three children with the resources that now they draw upon as they raise Harold's great-grandchildren, Gabriel and Eliana Rhoads, Luke and Rachel Bosley, and Emily, Kylie, and Audrey Brannan.

As a tangible reminder of Harold's love, compassion, and guidance, Dianna's life is a testimony to the power of the human equation in God's universe....she defined his life and was defined by him in ways that continue to inspire and invigorate her children and her grandchildren. With his death in 1993, Harold and Dianna's spirit became one, and now they both, through Dianna, continue to energize others, encouraging our dreams and yet anchoring our intentions to the rock of their characters until we all, by their examples, become better people.



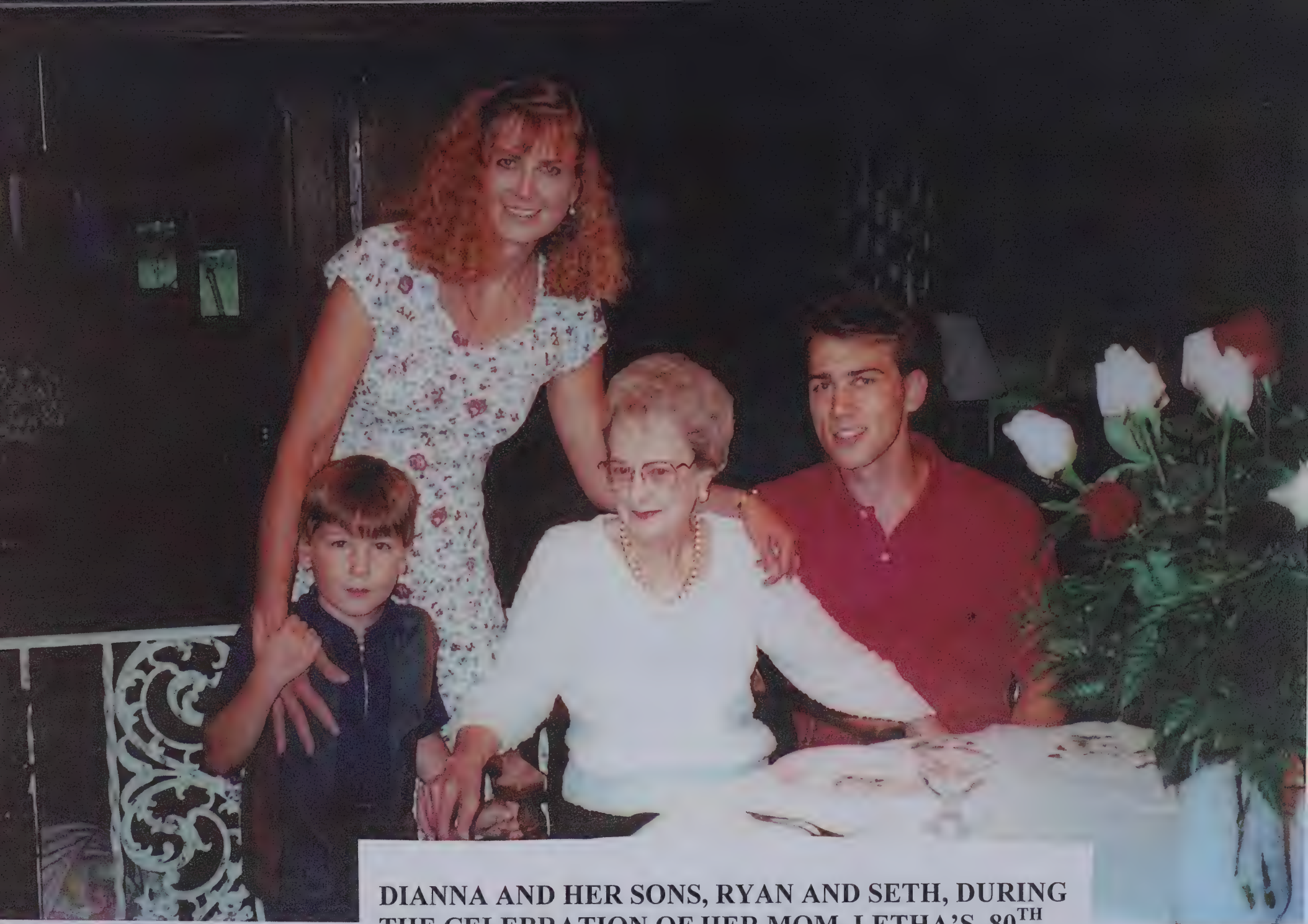
DIANNA AND HER PARENTS, HAROLD AND LETHA
1991

DIANNA AND HER SISTER, CAROLYN: 1991





DIANNA AND HER FOUR CHILDREN: L TO R:
ANGELA, SETH, MICHELLE, AND RYAN: 1992



**DIANNA AND HER SONS, RYAN AND SETH, DURING
THE CELEBRATION OF HER MOM, LETHA'S, 80TH
BIRTHDAY; AUGUST, 1994**



**DIANNA AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER, EMILY
DECEMBER, 2004**

IN FRONT FROM LEFT ARE DIANNA (STUMP) HUTSON, OF TEXAS, DONASD REED, OF ELKHART, MARTHA BEARD, OF BUTLER, RUTH BUTLER, OF OHIO, DONNA OSWALT, OF MICHIGAN, AND ELAINE THORPE, OF CALIFORNIA. IN BACK ARE JENNY PUTT, OF MICHIGAN, MARY MILLER, OF AUBURN, MARIE LONGENBAUGH, OF PENDLETON, AND LINDA HAMMAN, OF WATERLOO



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SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 2006

Ten siblings reunited after 46 years



PHOTO CONTRIBUTED

Ten siblings from across the nation gathered this spring to grant a request from their sister, Martha Beard of Butler, that they reunite for the first time since they were separated as children 46 years ago. In front, from left, are Dianna Hutson, of Texas, Donald Reed, of Elkhart, Beard, Ruth Butler, of Ohio, Donna Oswalt, of Michigan and Elaine Thorpe, of California. In back are Jenny Putt, of Michigan, Mary Miller, of Auburn, Marie Longenbaugh, of Pendleton, and Linda Hamman, of Waterloo. Beard has non-Hodgkins lymphoma cancer.

Butler woman granted dying wish

BY VIV ROSSWURM
vivr@kpcnews.net

BUTLER — Just weeks ago Martha Beard, who has terminal non-Hodgkins lymphoma cancer, confided to one of her sisters that she had one last wish: to see all nine of her siblings together for the first time in 46 years.

A flurry of phone calls and hurried flight arrangements resulted in all 10 siblings gathering April 30 in DeKalb

County where they posed for their first — and sadly, last — complete family photo.

Not long after, Beard, who is married to Ron Beard and has three grown children, took a turn for the worse. The 53-year-old Butler woman — described as having a sweet and calm demeanor and never saying a bad word about anyone — has been battling cancer for 16 years, and was

too ill to be interviewed.

Oldest sibling Linda Hamman of Waterloo said Beard is heavily medicated for pain, has trouble speaking and is receiving hospice care at her Butler home.

"She's fighting very valiantly," Hamman said, "but she's been fighting for a long time."

SEE REUNION, PAGE A10



PHOTO CONTRIBUTED

1956 or 1957 shows all of the Smith children except the youngest, Elaine. Donna is in front. In the second row, from left, are Donald, Dianna, Martha (no shirt) and Ruth. In back are Mary, Marie, Jenny and Linda.

REUNION: *Family shared musical talents, had emotional bonding*

FROM PAGE A1

A family apart

In 1959, it was a different world. Women rarely worked outside the home. They depended on their husbands to provide the necessary financial means for shelter, food and care — for themselves and for their children. So when Lillian's Smith's husband walked out on her and their 10 children, and it looked as though the DeKalb County family was left to be homeless and hungry, the court system intervened.

The oldest, Hamman, was not involved in the court order because she recently had married. But the rest of the children were split up and placed in five separate homes.

Marie and Mary were raised by a family in Waterloo; Jenny was raised by a family in Fort Wayne and did not see any of her siblings for the next 20 years; Dianna was raised by an Auburn family; Donald and Ruth were raised in Logansport; and Donna and Elaine, 5 and 3 at the time, were raised in another part of Indiana.

Lillian Smith stayed in DeKalb County, eventually remarried and died in October 2004 at the age of 82. She remained close with Hamman and several other children, who contacted their mother after they were grown, but Smith never had the opportunity to meet again with her youngest, Elaine Thorpe, who now lives in California.

Years after she lost track of her siblings, Hamman was shocked when she answered the doorbell and saw a 19-year-old man standing on her doorstep. Donald Reed asked if she was Linda Smith, his sister.

"We both cried," she said.

Tears of sadness, joy

To Hamman it was nothing less than amazing the way everything came together.

"It costs a lot of money to fly across the country, and Dianna was flying in from Texas and Elaine from California," Hamman said. "And it just so happened that Elaine was off work after having minor surgery and was able to schedule the trip immediately."

"It was supposed to happen," Hamman said. "It just all came together."

The nine women and their brother bonded immediately, and the years of separation fell away once they were all together, according to Hamman.

"The connection was so strong and immediate," Hamman said, "and it was so sad to see Elaine, who we had not seen for so long, leave and go back home. We were all crying at one point or another."

The sisters and brother discovered another amazing thing — they are all musically inclined. "We can all sing, but my brother, Donald, who is a pastor at the Elkhart Methodist Church, has the most amazing voice," Hamman said. "Anytime any of us get together, we sing."

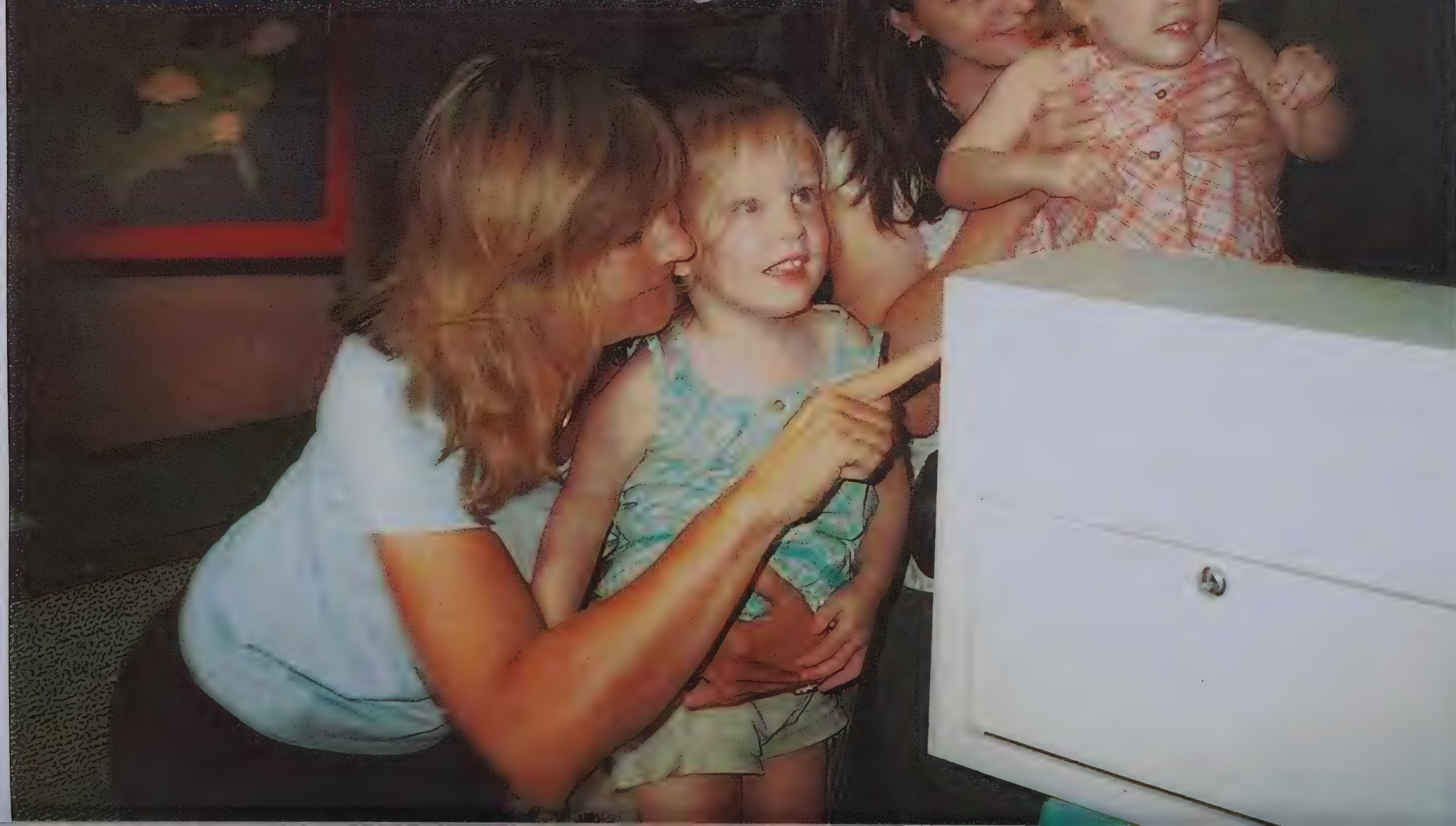
Sometimes the siblings are accompanied by their mother's Kawai piano, which sits in a place of honor in Hamman's living room.

On April 30, the Smith family sang together once more. And together, they cried. Ruth, who was especially close to her sister, clung to Beard throughout the day.

The family is closer now, Hamman said.

"Martha brought us all together as a family again," she said. "It's just so sad that it happened because she is dying, but we were all so happy to be together one more time."

DIANNA WITH HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, ANGELA BRANNAN, AND WITH TWO OF ANGELA'S DAUGHTERS, KYLIE AND AUDREY; GRANDMOTHER DIANNA WAS VISITING WITH HER FAMILY AT A CHILDREN'S MUSEUM IN FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA IN JUNE OF 2008





**GRANDMOTHER DIANNA WITH
GRANDCHILDREN, AUDREY, KYLIE, AND
EMILY BRANNAN, AND LUKE BOSLEY;
THEY ARE AT A CHILDREN'S MUSEUM IN
FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA**

**SWIMMING IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN
DURING A TRIP TO VISIT DAUGHTER
MICHELLE IN FAYETTEVILLE;
GRANDCHILDREN FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
EMILY, AUDREY, AND KYLIE BRANNAN AND
RACHEL BOSLEY BEHIND DIANNA;
STANDING: DAUGHTER MICHELLE
BOSLEY; BENDING OVER FROM LEFT TO
RIGHT: DIANNA AND DAUGHTER ANGELA
BRANNAN**



HAROLD'S FRIENDSHIP WITH PHIL BUTLER

Dear Carolyn,

I just returned from Walgreen's where I scanned and copied the photos I am submitting to you for consideration for your book about Harold. I found none of Harold. As I thought, those snapshots are in my memory only.

1. Photo of Phil for election process on Democratic ticket for Prosecuting Attorney(1958?)
2. Photo of Phil at a political convention
3. Phil and Jody (late 80's)
4. Phil and Jody and John Gans (1980's)

5. Phil holding Valerie Sedlmyer who was brain damaged during birth; one of twins, the other twin was perfectly normal. Phil would often stop to just hold Valerie after driving home from work from Auburn to Ft. Wayne. He said he felt pure peace coursing through him as he held her (late 1980's). He would feed her through her tummy tube as she could not swallow. I think it is interesting to add that for the last 10 months of Phil's life, he had a tube in his stomach due to the cancer closing off his esophagus. He had known Valerie prior to his diagnosis of cancer. Isn't God good?

Carolyn, feel free to crop or adjust any of these photos. You may return them if you wish, but it isn't necessary since I have the originals in my photo albums.

I plan to mail these to you tomorrow! I hope it is soon enough for your deadline. My eye surgery slowed me down a bit, and before surgery my eyesight was much compromised. It was lots easier to choose the photos with one good eye.

Blessings for you and all you love,
Jody Butler Koehl

*Of course you do not have to
use all of these!
Jody*

Harold's Friendship With Phil Butler... Their Association Flourished From 1958 Until Their Deaths In 1993

A person is blessed if he can count during his lifetime one kindred spirit and trusted soul with whom to share his inner confidences, his deepest fears, his fondest dreams, and his persistent challenges in this earthly existence....such a friend was the Auburn attorney, Phil Butler. Phil and Harold had met one other after Harold returned from World War II when Phil and his wife, Jody, wanted to start a family, and they had come to Harold's law office to arrange an adoption. After the final papers were signed, Phil asked Harold how much the fee would be, and Harold said, "five dollars," merely a token fee for the labor of love that Harold felt the adoption had been both for him and for the Butlers. Even then, Harold's love of children extended not only to the children themselves but also to those who would take a needy child into their hearts and home. As Phil and Jody's family grew to include daughter Mary and son Brian, the blessings of their Catholic home embraced their children and made them whole. When Harold's election to the Circuit Court in 1960 precluded that he retire from his lucrative estate business, Phil joined Harold's father, Walter Stump, in establishing the Stump/Butler law offices in Auburn, a partnership which endured until Walter's death in 1961.

Phil and Harold remained close friends during the next forty years, and in 1993 when Phil had stomach cancer and Harold was facing colon surgery, Phil came to Harold's home in the Spring and cheered Harold with his optimistic attitude and encouraging manner even though Phil knew that his own cancer was terminal. Phil offered Harold such consolation on that day Harold commented that Phil was one man who "would not have to shovel much coal when he met his Maker." How prophetic those words were Harold could not have guessed as Harold passed away in June of that year after his colon surgery, and Phil passed away in the fall of that year from his condition. When Harold was in Parkview Hospital from April of 1993 until his death two months later, Phil was a visitor with whom Harold always conversed in an energized and enthusiastic way as both men were always appreciative of one another's wit and wisdom...they remained until the end the perfect audience and forum for each other's thoughts and ideas. All who ever witnessed Phil and Harold together were aware of an aura of spirituality about their visits which was almost conspiratorial and intensely private....the result more than likely of a shared vision in which their common values, passions, concerns, and mutual respect were perfectly enmeshed as they participated in one another's life experiences.

After Phil's death in 1993, his wife Jody Butler Keohl remarried and became the step mother to fifteen more children, a daunting task which Jody unequivocally handled with her characteristic grace and graciousness. As a devout Catholic, Jody has found even more avenues for her time, talents, and Christian nurturing with her expanding family, and her lifelong devotion to her faith and to her family is a tribute both to her and to her husband, Tom. When asked to contribute to Harold's books about his life and times, Jody provided some pictures of Phil which are contained in the following pages...Among the items that Jody selected for display is a picture of Phil holding Valerie Sedimyer, a little girl who was brain damaged during birth. According to Jody, Phil would often stop at Valerie's home in the late 1980's to just hold the child as he drove from his work in Auburn to his home in Fort Wayne; Phil told his wife that he felt "pure peace" coursing through him as he held Valerie and fed her through her feeding tube as she could not swallow. Jody felt that God was working through Phil during those visits and that God was working for Phil as well because for the last ten months of Phil's life, he had a tube in his stomach due to his cancer of the esophagus. Jody's closing remark about this testimony to seeing both her husband's and God's hands enriching the daily lives of others was, "Isn't God Good?" ...Jody's unwavering Christian faith illustrated by this profundity was as inspirational as the story of Phil and Valerie itself.

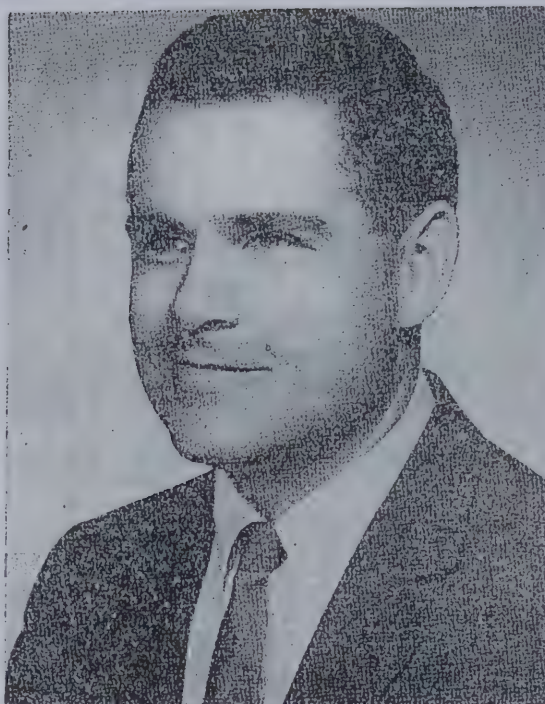
The loving association with Phil and Jody Butler was a defining moment in Harold's life for more than forty years. During that time, what Harold valued in his friends were not only the very same qualities of honesty and integrity which he fostered in himself but also those qualities which he wished were more evident in himself; Phil acknowledged Harold's fears and limitations without judgment as he encouraged Harold to reach farther within himself and toward the Almighty than Harold ever thought was possible. Throughout their relationship even unto the ends of their lives, they always knew how and when to offer one another serious counsel and thoughtful, heartfelt advice. Together Phil and Harold had an unspoken yet binding commitment to help each other live their lives to the fullest. ...the power of their friendship continues to inspire and invigorate all who witnessed them together in life and all of those who will again be privy to their story through the annals of this book.



ELECTION PHOTO OF PHIL ON THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET
FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

BACKGROUND AND EXPERIENCE

- ★ Lifelong Resident of DeKalb County
- ★ Graduate of Auburn High School, 1946
- ★ Graduate of University of Louisville School of Law, 1951
- ★ Admitted to Indiana Bar, 1951
- ★ Served 28 Months, U.S. Air Force
- ★ Legal Officer in U.S. Air Force for 18 Months and Reserve 8 Years with Rank of Captain
- ★ Owned and Operated Retail and Service Business in Auburn 4 Years
- ★ Lawyer for 11 Years
- ★ Auburn City Judge, 4 Years
- ★ Active in Lions Club; Elks Lodge; Indiana, American and DeKalb County Bar Associations



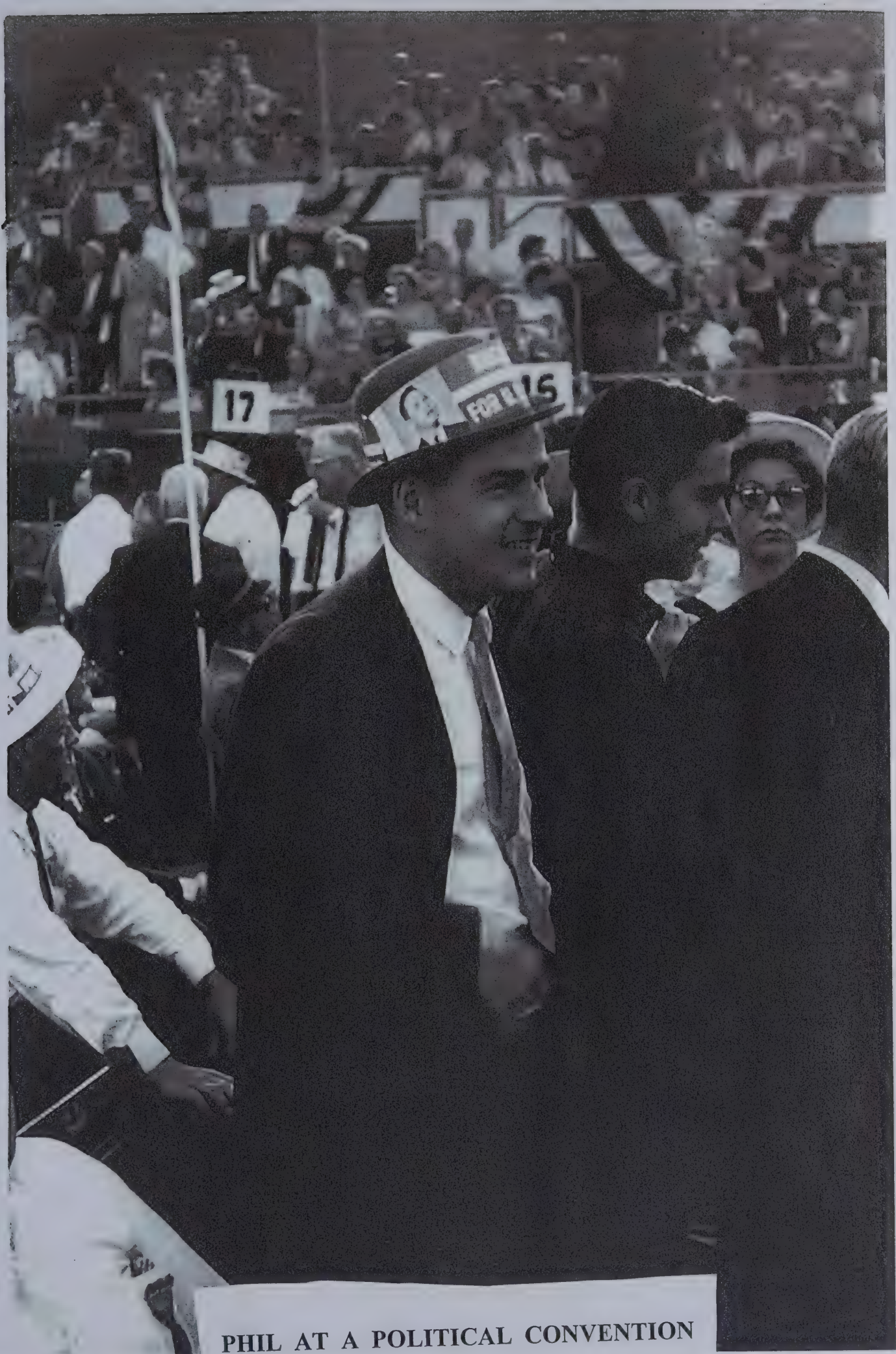
Phil (James Philip) Butler
Democratic Candidate
— for —
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
DeKalb County

PROGRAM AND GOALS:

- ★ Vigorous Prosecution, but with Humane Consideration of People's Problems
- ★ A Genuine Interest in the Problems of Juveniles and Young Adults and a Patient, But Firm, Approach to Their Solution
- ★ Close Co-operation with Bench and Bar in Civil Matters Requiring the Services of the Prosecutor's Office
- ★ Attention to All Problems, Small and Large, Requiring Action by the Prosecutor's Office
- ★ Active Assistance to Local Victims of Criminally Fraudulent Schemes and Acts
- ★ Courteous, Confidential and Efficient Handling of Information, Reports and Data Relating to Duties of the Office
- ★ Vigorous Attention to Reciprocal and other Child and Family Support Laws and Orders

We believe that Mr. Butler will bring to the office of Prosecuting Attorney of DeKalb County a studious and zealous approach to the factual and legal aspects of social and criminal problems in our county; a determination to execute the duties of his office without fear or favor; the compassion to know and the gentleness to understand human problems, and the patience and logic to distinguish between prosecution and justice.

THIS AD IS SPONSORED BY A BI-PARTISAN AND INDEPENDENT GROUP OF CITIZENS OF DEKALB COUNTY INTERESTED IN PROMPT, EFFICIENT AND DISCREET HANDLING OF CRIMINAL MATTERS



PHIL AT A POLITICAL CONVENTION



PHIL AND JODY --LATE 1980'S

PHIL AND JODY AND JOHN GARNES -- 1980'S





PHIL HOLDING VALERIE SEDLMYER

Letter written to Phil Butler on the
Occasion of his retirement
From the practice of law – 1991

Dear Phil,

Sue and I deeply regret our inability to attend the retirement dinner in your honor on December 29, 1991. Few, if any, instances of our being compelled to miss such a memorable event that is as meaningful and significant to us could cause the keen disappointment that we genuinely feel.

Advancing years impose restrictions upon everyone in different measure. Sue has been experiencing considerable discomfort and lack of mobility for several months due to a continuing bout with recurring, disabling, degenerative, and extremely painful sciatica. Planning for future events at a fixed date becomes a difficult and uncertain process. Since the first of September, I have been engaged in an ongoing confrontation with kidney stones and have passed eight more; six of which have been sizeable in dimensions and excruciating in the intensity of the pain and discomfort. Unfortunately, the attending urologists and radiologists indicate that there are some additional stones in each kidney that are awaiting their turn to take the trip to the outside world, but on an unpredictable time schedule. My stone production, which started about thirty years ago, to and including the most recent yield, is 44. I believe I am the current holder of the unenviable record as the most prolific stone producer in the annals of DeKalb County. My stone migration since September has been the steadiest I have yet experienced, which makes planning engagements in the near term even more tenuous. The doctors believe I should conclude this current episode successfully in four to six more weeks. We had made our reservations at your retirement dinner about December 20th, but a “blessed” stone event on December 23 effectively reminded me that the uncertainty through December 27th posed too great a threat.

To have had the high privilege of participating in honoring you on your retirement would have been a most important event for us. No attorney whom I have been permitted to know more richly deserves the highest recognition for enviable achievement than you. No finer gentleman has ever been my friend. The legal profession has been dignified by your membership therein. Your strong sense of what is right; your keen moral judgment; your high standards of personal and professional conduct; the dignity of your presence in courts of law – all are trademarks of the high regard, respect, and esteem in which you are rightly held.

We trust the recognition event paid adequate tribute to your achievements and high personal stature as a truly honorable member of the legal profession.

We wish the very best that life can offer to you and yours in your retirement.

Most sincerely,

Harold and Letha Stump

till
approx. Apr. 15,
1992

{ Philip Butler
36 Prairie Terrace
Haines City, Florida 33844

Dear Phil

Phone No. 1-813-439-3068

Sue and I deeply regret our inability to attend the retirement dinner in your honor on December 27, 1991. Few, if any, instances of our being compelled to miss such a ^{memorable} event that is as meaningful and significant to us could cause the same disappointment that we ^{genuinely} feel.

Advancing years impose restrictions upon everyone in different measure. Sue has been experiencing considerable discomfort and lack of mobility for several months due to a continuing bout with recurring, disabling, ^{degenerative and} extremely painful sciatica. Planning ^{for} future events at a fixed date becomes a difficult and uncertain process. Since the first of September, I have been engaged in an ongoing confrontation with kidney stones and have passed eight more, six of which have been sizable in dimensions and excruciating in the intensity of the pain and discomfort. Unfortunately, the attending urologists and radiologists indicate that there are some additional stones in each kidney that are awaiting their turn to take the trip to the outside world, but on an unpredictable time schedule. My stone production, which started about thirty years ago, to and including the most recent jolt, is 44. I believe I am the current holder of the unenviable record as the most prolific stone producer ^{the annals of} in De Kalb County. My stone migration since September has been the steepest I have yet experienced, which makes planning engagements in the near term even more tenuous. The doctors believe I should conclude this current

episode, ^{successfully} in four to six more weeks. We had made our reservations at your retirement dinner about December 20th, but a "blessed" storm event on December 23 effectively reminded me that the uncertainty through December 27th posed too great a threat.

We have had the ~~honorable~~ ^{high} privilege of participating in ^{honoring} you on your retirement would have been a most important event for us. No attorney whom I have been permitted to know more richly deserves the ^{highest} recognition for enviable achievement than you. (No finer gentleman has ever been my friend). The legal profession has been dignified by your membership therein. Your strong sense of what is ^{and motivation to act accordingly} right, your keen moral judgment; your high standards of personal and professional conduct; the dignity of your presence in courts of law — all are trademarks of the high regard, respect and esteem in which you are rightly held.

We trust the recognition event paid adequate tribute to your achievements and high personal stature as a truly honorable member of the legal profession.

We wish the very best ^{that life can offer} to you and yours in your retirement.

Most sincerely,

Harold and Latha Stamp

HAROLD'S HANDWRITTEN NOTES FOR THE LETTER TO
PHIL BUTLER ON THE OCCASION OF PHIL'S RETIREMENT

***A TRIBUTE TO HAROLD'S FRIEND AND PASTOR,
REVEREND BILL HEIMACH, WHO PASSED AWAY
ON SEPTEMBER 28, 1977***

One of the most difficult and personally challenging tasks of Harold's adult life was being asked by the wife of his friend and pastor, Reverend Bill Heimach, to deliver Bill's eulogy at his funeral, an occasion that was imminent in 1977 due to Reverend Bill's terminal kidney cancer. Evie Heimach asked Harold to read a passage from Reverend Bill's favorite book of meditations, Kahil Gibran's *The Prophet*, which speaks of a day of enlightenment in which "you shall know the hidden purposes in all things." When the fateful day came in which the citizens of DeKalb County paid their last respects to this highly respected and inspirational spiritual leader, Harold was so overcome by the gravity of the moment that he had to deliberately pitch his voice lower to keep it from trembling as he spoke before a crowd of hundreds about the transitory nature of death from Kahil Gibran's masterpiece.

The impact of Reverend Bill's life and work can be best understood by reading the letter which Harold composed for Bill upon hearing of Bill's affliction, and the passing of Reverend Bill Heimach as well as his legacy-for-the-living continue to resonate in DeKalb County through the Heimach Center, a gathering place for senior citizens in the area. Harold's exposure to this Man of the Cloth was one of the defining moments of his life and also one which often matched these two great men in both personal and public forums during their lives as well as during Reverend Bill's wake.

In assessing Harold's reactions to the contemporary American scene of 2007, it is always heartening when men of great stature and grace, like Bill Heimach and Harold Stump, are publicly recognized for living their lives with dignity and purpose. Always interested in an inspirational life-story, Harold would have found great solace and comfort in a similar memorable leave-taking which recently occurred when the national newspapers reported on and editorialized about the final lecture of Randy Pausch, a 46-year-old Carengie Mellon University computer science professor who is the father of three young children and who is afflicted with terminal pancreatic cancer....at the end of his September 21, 2007 "lecture of a lifetime" which chronicled the lessons and accomplishments of Professor Pausch's time on earth, his closing words were::

"This was for my kids...."

If Harold would have been a witness to this final lecture, he would have greatly admired Professor Pausch's oftentimes humorous and always provocative summary of his defining moments as a computer scientist, as a man, and as a father; it remains, however, for the living of this generation to remember that Reverend Bill Heimach's, Professor Randy Pausch's, and Judge Harold D. Stump's signature life-events all exemplified undaunted courage and a commitment to the greater good of their fellow man, a legacy of which all of their "kids" can always be proud.

Dear Reverend Bill:

This letter is to convey to you and yours the sincere, heart-felt concern, best wishes, and above all, our confidence that Almighty God will hold you in the palm of his hand and will not withhold his tender mercy and his infinite blessing of healing from one who is indeed His faithful disciple. It may go without saying that our constant prayers are for your speedy and complete restoration to good health.

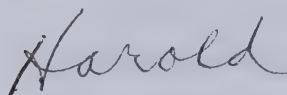
I confess that visiting a very dear friend who is ill is something I do not do well. The placid exterior that I may seem to possess really masks an extremely emotional, compassionate inner person that I would perhaps not be able to conceal during a personal visit at this time. Such a reaction I fear would not have the cheerful result that such a visit is intended to have. Hence, by this letter I feel I can best grip your hand in sincere friendship, respect, and admiration, and convey my deepest feelings of concern for your well being.

Especially in view of the unknowns that exist due to the varied reports of the nature of your illness, I believe you may prefer to spend this week-end furlough at home with your loved ones, and savor, without undue interruption by well-meaning visitors, the love, warmth, and truly merited deep satisfaction that is that special reward that you and Evie have created and so richly deserve.

Through the uncertainties that may cloud the threshold that lies ahead, Sue and I have the utmost confidence that all will be well and that God will hold you close to his bosom and give you the peace and quiet confidence in your being returned to your beloved family and your countless friends to continue to touch the hearts and lives of so many in your magnificent ministry. We pray and trust that your physical discomfort may be muted, your anxieties dispelled, and your confidence in a successful result of the medical procedures you may undergo remain undimmed through your unquestioned faith in your God and Master whom you have served so well and introduced to so many needy souls.

Of all the persons whom I have ever known, I am as sure as human judgment can be that none has had a more sincere faith and a closer walk through life with the Master than you. Your wholesomeness, compassion, kindness, and constant exemplification of all the worthy attributes of a true man of God have touched all our lives with goodness. The pathway you have trod and will continue to tread when this ordeal is successfully concluded will continue to be better and more blessed because you have passed and will pass this way again.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Harold". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

HAROLD'S HANDWRITTEN NOTES TO REVEREND
HEIMACH ON THE OCCASION OF LEARNING OF
BILL'S ILLNESS

Dear Reverend Bill:

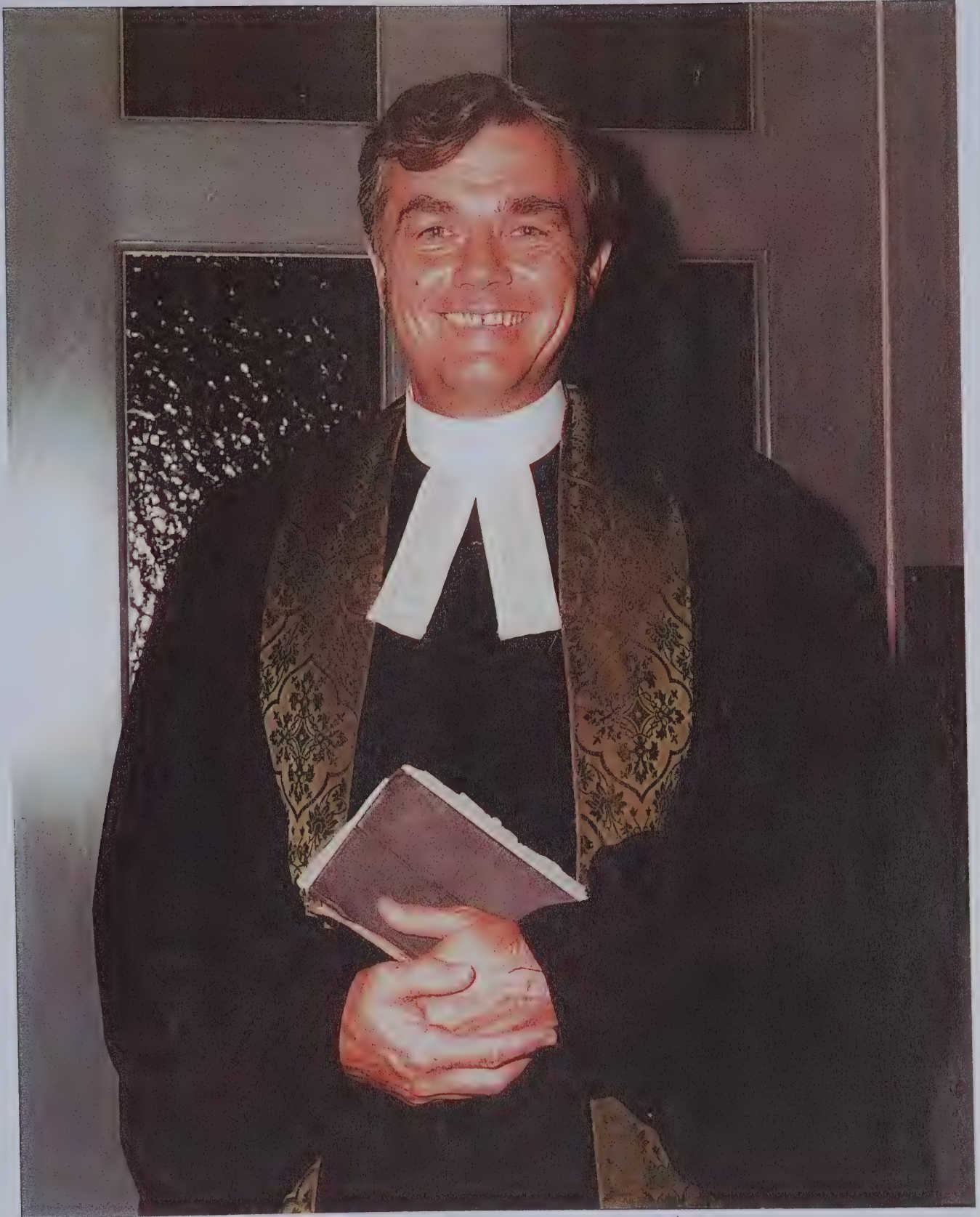
This letter is to convey to you and
yours the sincere, heart-felt concern,
best wishes and, above all, our confidence
that Almighty God will hold you
in the palm of his hand and will
not withhold his ~~mercies~~ ^{divine mercy} and his
infinite blessing & healing from one
who is indeed his faithful ~~disciple~~ ^{disciple}.
It may go without saying that our
constant prayers are for your speedy and
complete restoration to good health.

I confess that visiting a very dear
friend who is ill is something I do
not do well. The placid exterior that
I may ~~not~~ ^{seem} to possess
really masks an extremely emotional
person that I would, ^{perhaps} not be
able to conceal during a personal visit
at this time. Hence, I trust you will
accept this letter. Such a reaction I
fear would not have the cheerful
result that such a visit is intended
to have. Hence, by this letter I feel I
can best grip your hand in sincere
friendship, ^{respectful admiration} and convey my deepest feelings
of concern for your well being.

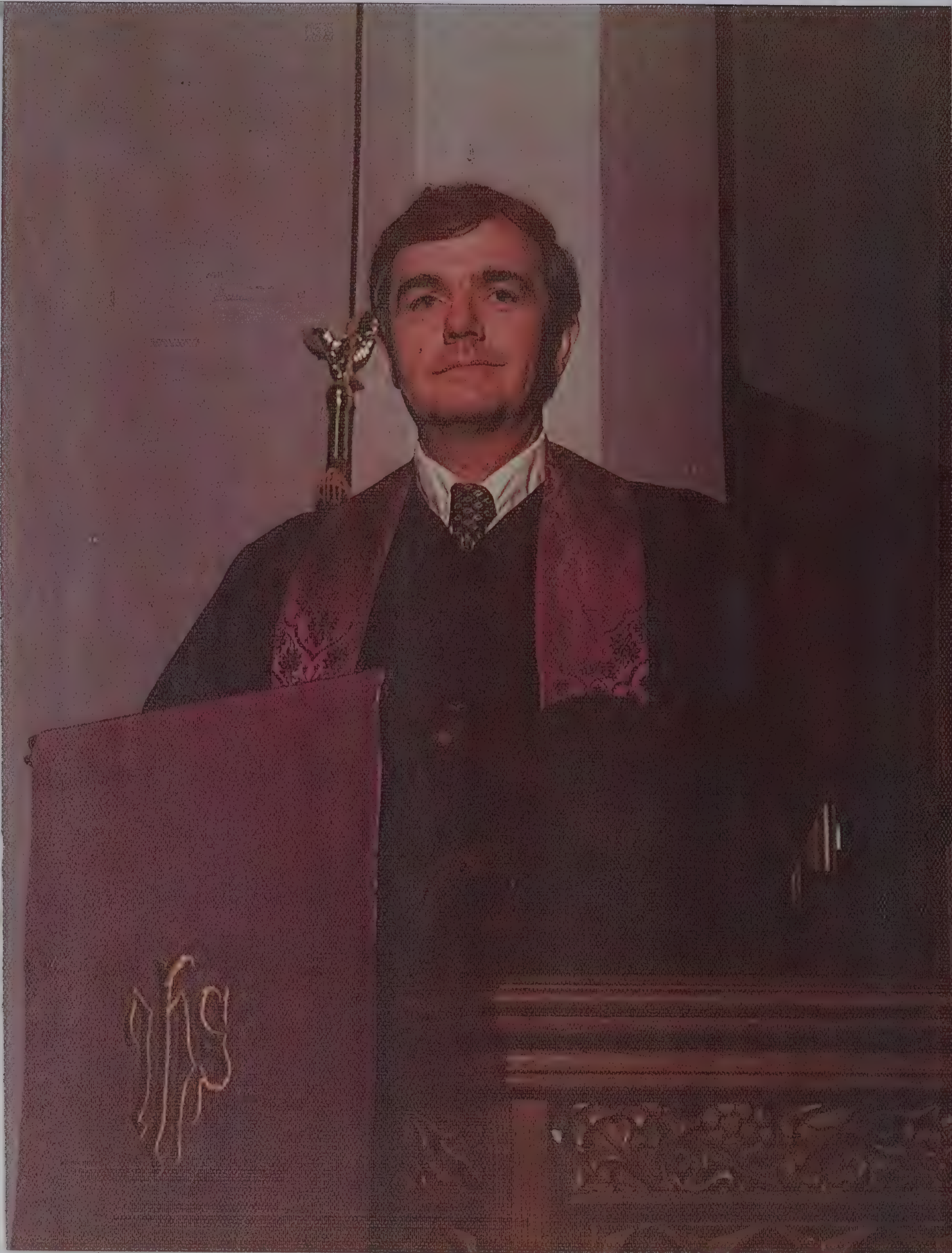
Especially in view of the ^{unknown} ~~uncertainties~~
that exist due to the varied reports of
the nature of your illness, I believe
you may prefer to spend this week end
furlough at home with your loved
ones, and savor, without ^{undue} interruption by
~~well~~ well meaning visitors, the love, warmth
and truly merited deep satisfaction that

is the special reward that you and
Eve have cheated and so richly deserved.
Through the uncertainties that ^{may cloud}
the ~~threshold~~ ^{threshold} lies ahead, she and I have the
utmost confidence that all will be
well and that God will hold you
close to his bosom and give you
the peace and quiet confidence in your
being returned to your beloved family
your countless friends to continue to
touch the hearts and lives of many
in your magnificent ministry. We
pray and trust that your physical
discomfort may be muted, your
anxieties dispelled and your confidence
in a successful result of the medical
procedures you may ^{remain} undergo, undimmed
through your unquestioned faith in
your God and Master whom you
have ^{served so well and} introduced to so many needy
souls.

Of all the persons whom I have ever
known, ^{am as sure by human judgment as he that} none has had a more sincere
faith and a closer walk through
life with the Master than you. Your
wholesomeness, compassion, kindness,
and constant ^{sympathetic} ~~disinterested~~ of all the
worthy attributes of a true man,
God has touched all our lives with
goodness. The path ^{you} ~~you~~ have trod
and will continue to tread when this
ordeal is successfully concluded will
continue to be better and more blessed
because you have passed and will
pass this way again. Sincerely,



REVEREND BILL HEIMACH





REVEREND BILL HEIMACH



Rev. Heimach, Presbyterian pastor, dies

Rev. William A. Heimach, pastor of the Auburn Presbyterian Church for the past 12 years, died Wednesday at 11 p.m. in his home at 160 Morningstar Road. He was 47.

Rev. Heimach came to the Auburn Presbyterian Church in 1965. Before coming to Auburn, he was pastor at Nappanee, Ind. for seven years. He was a graduate of Bloomfield College in Bloomfield, N.J. and Louisville

Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky.

Rev. Heimach was born in Philadelphia, Pa. on Sept. 14, 1930, to the late William L. and Myrtle (Lawson) Heimach. He married Evelyn Gundersen, who survives, on June 12, 1954 in Staten Island, N.Y.

Also surviving are six children, Sandra in Nappanee, and William, Robert, Julie, Frederick and Kevin, all at home.

His funeral will be in the Auburn Presbyterian Church at 3 p.m. Sunday. Officiating will be The Rev. Paul Hopwood of The Salem Center Presbyterian Church and Father Valentine of St. Anthony Center in Auburn.

Graveside services will be held Tuesday at 11 a.m. EDT in the family cemetery at Geer, Va.

Rev. Heimach will lie in state at the

church from 12 noon Sunday until the time of the funeral, at which time community members are invited to pay their respects. There will be no calling at the funeral home. Feller-Graffis Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

Preferred memorials are to the Auburn Presbyterian Church or to the DeKalb County Cancer Association.

WILLIAM A. HEIMACH, Minister

Church Phone:

925-2987

Pastor's Study

925-4040

Pastor's Residence

925-0319

SUNDAY WORSHIP SERVICES — 8:30 and 10:40 A.M.

Sunday Church School — 9:30 A.M.



Auburn Presbyterian Church
Auburn, Indiana

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1977

GOD CALLING

"Much that you must accept in life is not to be accepted as being necessary for you personally, but accepted, as I accepted it, to set an example, to share in the sufferings and difficulties of mankind. In this 'to share' means 'to save'. And there, too, for you the same must be true as was so true of Me. He saved others. Himself he cannot save. Beloved, you are called to save and share in a very special way. The way of sorrows if walked with Me, The Man of Sorrows, is a path kept sacred and secret for My dearest and nearest, those whose one desire is to do all for Me, to sacrifice all for Me, to count, as My servant Paul did, 'all things but loss so that they might gain Me'. But dreary as that path must look to those who view it only from afar, it has tender lights and restful shades that no other walk in life can give."

PRELUDE

CALL TO WORSHIP Psalm 100 Elder Don Mefford

PROCESSIONAL HYMN NO. 21 "Joyful, Joyful"

INVOCATION AND LORD'S PRAYER The Reverend Allen Reed

SPECIAL MUSIC Phil Weck

"There is a Balm in Gilead"

OLD TESTAMENT READING The Reverend Jeffrey O'Neill

Lamentations 3:22-33

ANTHEM "Sanctus" Senior Choir

NEW TESTAMENT READING The Reverend Kenneth Napier

John 17

SPECIAL MUSIC Phil Weck

"Amazing Grace"

LITANY Psalm 67 Elder Peter Kempf

Leader: May God be gracious to us and bless us,

People: and make his face to shine upon us,

Leader: that thy way may be known upon earth.

People: thy saving power among all nations

Leader: Let the peoples praise Thee, O God;

People: let all the peoples praise Thee!

Leader: Let the nations be glad and sing for joy,

People: for thou dost judge the peoples with equity

Leader: and guide the nations upon earth.

People: Let the peoples praise Thee, O God;

Leader: let all the peoples praise Thee!

People: The earth has yielded its increase;

Leader: God, our God, has blessed us.

People: God has blessed us; let all the ends of the earth fear him!

PRAYER

The Reverend James Guthrie

MEDITATIONS

The Reverend Paul Hopwood

Father Valentine

SPECIAL MUSIC

John Smith

"How Great Thou Art"

READING FROM THE PROPHET

Judge Harold Stump

RECESSIONAL HYMN NO. 368

"My Hope is Built"

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

PARTICIPATING MINISTERS AND ELDERS:

The Reverend Jeffrey O'Neill - Peoria, Ill.

The Reverend Allen Reed - Garrett

The Reverend Kenneth Napier - Kendallville

The Reverend James Guthrie - Sweetser

The Reverend Paul Hopwood - Salem Center

The Reverend Peter Pascoe - Warsaw

Father Valentine - Auburn

Judge Harold Stump - Auburn

Elder Don Mefford - Auburn

Elder Peter Kempf - Waterloo

Organist - Mrs. Gailard Cramer

Out of town ministers and friends may meet with the Heimach family in the church lounge following the ceremony.

EXCERPT FROM THE PROPHET:

BRIEF WERE MY DAYS AMONG YOU, AND BRIEFER STILL THE WORDS I HAVE SPOKEN.●
BUT SHOULD MY VOICE FADE IN YOUR EARS, AND MY LOVE VANISH IN YOUR
MEMORY, THEN I WILL COME AGAIN, AND WITH A RICHER HEART AND LIPS MORE
YIELDING TO THE SPIRIT WILL I SPEAK.● YEA, I SHALL RETURN WITH THE TIDE,
AND THOUGH MY DEATH MAY HIDE ME, AND THE GREATER SILENCE ENFOLD ME,
YET AGAIN WILL I SEEK YOUR UNDERSTANDING.● AND NOT IN VAIN WILL I
SEEK.● IF AUGHT I HAVE SAID IS TRUTH, THAT TRUTH SHALL REVEAL ITSELF
IN A CLEARER VOICE, AND IN WORDS MORE KIN TO YOUR THOUGHTS.● AND IF
THIS DAY IS NOT A FULFILLMENT OF YOUR NEEDS AND MY LOVE, THEN LET IT
BE A PROMISE TILL ANOTHER DAY.● MAN'S NEEDS CHANGE, BUT NOT HIS LOVE,
NOR HIS DESIRE THAT HIS LOVE SHOULD SATISFY HIS NEEDS.● KNOW THERE-
FORE, THAT FROM THE GREATER SILENCE I SHALL RETURN.● THE MIST THAT
DRIFTS AWAY AT DAWN, LEAVING BUT DEW IN THE FIELDS, SHALL RISE AND
GATHER INTO A CLOUD AND THEN FALL DOWN IN RAIN.● AND NOT UNLIKE THE
MIST I HAVE BEEN.● IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT I HAVE WALKED IN YOUR
SYREETS, AND MY SPIRIT HAS ENTERED YOUR HOUSES, AND YOUR HEARTBEATS
WERE IN MY HEART, AND YOUR BREATH WAS UPON MY FACE, AND I KNEW YOU
ALL.● AY, I KNEW YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN, AND IN YOUR SLEEP, YOUR DREAMS
WERE MY DREAMS.● AND OFTENTIMES I WAS AMONG YOU A LAKE AMONG THE
MOUNTAINS.● I MIRRORED THE SUMMITS IN YOU AND THE BENDING SLOPES, AND
EVEN THE PASSING FLOCKS OF YOUR THOUGHTS AND YOUR DESIRES.● AND TO
MY SILENCE CAME THE LAUGHTER OF YOUR CHILDREN IN STREAMS, AND THE LONG-
ING OF YOUR YOUTHS IN RIVERS.● AND WHEN THEY REACHED MY DEPTH THE
STREAMS AND THE RIVERS CEASED NOT YET TO SING.● BUT SWEETER STILL
THAN LAUGHTER AND GREATER THAN LONGING CAME TO ME.● IT WAS THE
BOUNDLESS IN YOU: THE VAST MAN IN WHOM YOU ARE ALL BUT CELLS AND
SINEWS; HE IN WHOSE CHANT ALL YOUR SINGING IS BUT A SOUNDLESS
THROBBING.● IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST, AND IN BEHOLDING

HIM THAT I BEHELD YOU AND LOVED YOU.● FOR WHAT DISTANCES CAN LOVE
REACH THAT ARE NOT IN THAT VAST SPHERE?● WHAT VISIONS, WHAT EXPECT-
ATIONS AND WHAT PRESUMPTIONS CAN OUTSOAR THAT FLIGHT?● LIKE A
GIANT OAK TREE COVERED WITH APPLE BLOSSOMS IS THE VAST MAN IN YOU.●

HIS MIGHT BINDS YOU TO THE EARTH, HIS FRAGRANCE LIFTS YOU INTO
SPACE, AND IN HIS DURABILITY YOU ARE DEATHLESS.● YOU HAVE BEEN
TOLD THAT, EVEN LIKE A CHAIN, YOU ARE AS WEAK AS YOUR WEAKEST LINK.●
THIS IS BUT HALF THE TRUTH.● YOU ARE ALSO AS STRONG AS YOUR STRONGEST
LINK.● TO MEASURE YOU BY YOUR SMALLEST DEED IS TO RECKON THE POWER
OF OCEAN BY THE FRAILTY OF ITS FOAM.● TO JUDGE YOU BY YOUR FAILURES
IS TO CAST BLAME UPON THE SEASONS FOR THEIR INCONSTANCY.● AY, YOU
ARE LIKE AN OCEAN.● AND THOUGH HEAVY-GROUNDED SHIPS AWAIT THE TIDE
UPON YOUR SHORES, YET, EVEN LIKE AN OCEAN, YOU CANNOT HASTEN YOUR
TIDES.● AND LIKE THE SEASONS YOU ARE ALSO, AND THOUGH IN YOUR WINTER
YOU DENY YOUR SPRING, YET SPRING, REPOSING WITHIN YOU, SMILES IN HER
DROWSINESS AND IS NOT OFFENDED.● THINK NOT I SAY THESE THINGS IN
ORDER THAT YOU MAY SAY THE ONE TO THE OTHER, "HE PRAISED US WELL.
HE SAW BUT THE GOOD IN US."● I ONLY SPEAK TO YOU IN WORDS OF THAT WHICH
YOU YOURSELVES KNOW IN THOUGHT.● AND WHAT IS WORD KNOWLEDGE BUT A
SHADOW OF WORDLESS KNOWLEDGE?● YOUR THOUGHTS AND MY WORDS ARE WAVES
FROM SEALED MEMORY THAT KEEPS RECORDS OF OUR YESTERDAYS.● AND OF
THE ANCIENT DAYS WHEN THE EARTH KNEW NOT US NOR HERSELF, AND OF
NIGHTS WHEN EARTH WAS UPWROUGHT WITH CONFUSION.● WISE MEN HAVE COME TO
YOU TO GIVE YOU OF THEIR WISDOM.● I CAME TO TAKE OF YOUR WISDOM:
AND BEHOLD I HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH IS GREATER THAN WISDOM.● IT IS A
FLAME SPIRIT IN YOU EVER GATHERING MORE OF ITSELF, WHILE YOU,
HEEDLESS OF ITS EXPANSION, BEWAIL THE WITHERING OF YOUR DAYS.● IT
IS LIFE IN QUEST OF LIFE IN BODIES THAT FEAR THE GRAVE.● THERE ARE
NO GRAVES HERE.● THESE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS ARE A CRADLE AND A
STEPPING-STONE.● WHENEVER YOU PASS BY THE FIELD WHERE YOU HAVE
LAID YOUR ANCESTORS LOOK WELL THEREUPON, AND YOU SHALL SEE YOURSELVES
AND YOUR CHILDREN DANCING HAND IN HAND.● VERILY YOU OFTEN MAKE

MERRY WITHOUT KNOWING.● OTHERS HAVE COME TO YOU, TO WHOM FOR GOLDEN PROMISES MADE UNTO YOUR FAITH, YOU HAVE GIVEN BUT RICHES AND POWER AND GLORY.● LESS THAN A PROMISE HAVE I GIVEN, AND YET MORE GENEROUS HAVE YOU BEEN TO ME.● YET WAS IT NOT YOUR LOVING MINDFULNESS OF MY DAYS AND MY NIGHTS THAT MADE FOOD SWEET TO MY MOUTH AND GIRDLED MY SLEEP WITH VISIONS?● FOR THIS I BLESS YOU MOST: YOU GIVE MUCH AND KNOW NOT THAT YOU GIVE AT ALL.● THIS WOULD I HAVE YOU REMEMBER IN REMEMBERING ME: THAT WHICH SEEMS MOST FEEBLE AND BEWILDERED IN YOU IS THE STRONGEST AND MOST DETERMINED.● IS IT NOT YOUR BREATH THAT HAS ERECTED AND HARDENED THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BONES?● AND IS IT NOT A DREAM WHICH NONE OF YOU REMEMBER HAVING DREAMT, THAT BUILT YOUR CITY AND FASHIONED ALL THERE IS IN IT?● COULD YOU BUT SEE THE TIDES OF THAT BREATH YOU WOULD CEASE TO SEE ALL ELSE, AND IF YOU COULD HEAR THE WHISPERING OF THE DREAM YOU WOULD HEAR NO OTHER SOUND.● BUT YOU DO NOT SEE, NOR DO YOU HEAR, AND IT IS WELL.● THE VEIL THAT CLOUDS YOUR EYES SHALL BE LIFTED BY THE HANDS THAT WOVE IT, AND THE CLAY THAT FILLS YOUR EARS SHALL BE PIERCED BY THOSE FINGERS THAT KNEADED IT.● AND YOU SHALL SEE.● AND YOU SHALL HEAR.● YET YOU SHALL NOT DEPLORE HAVING KNOWN BLINDNESS, NOR REGRET HAVING BEEN DEAF.● FOR IN THAT DAY YOU SHALL KNOW THE HIDDEN PURPOSES IN ALL THINGS.● AND YOU SHALL BLESS DARKNESS AS YOU WOULD BLESS LIGHT.● THIS DAY HAS ENDED.● IT IS CLOSING UPON US EVEN AS THE WATERLILY UPON ITS OWN TOMORROW.● WHAT WAS GIVEN US HERE WE SHALL KEEP, AND IF IT SUFFICES NOT, THEN AGAIN MUST WE COME TOGETHER AND TOGETHER STRETCH OUR HANDS UNTO THE GIVER.● FAREWELL TO YOU AND THE YOUTH I HAVE SPENT WITH YOU.● IT WAS BUT YESTERDAY WE MET IN A DREAM.● YOU HAVE SUNG TO ME IN MY ALONENESS, AND I OF YOUR LONGINGS HAVE BUILT A TOWER IN THE SKY.● BUT NOW OUR SLEEP HAS FLED AND OUR DREAM IS OVER,

AND IT IS NO LONGER DAWN.● THE NOONTIDE IS UPON US AND OUR HALF WAKING
HAS TURNED TO FULLER DAY, AND WE MUST PART.● IF IN THE TWILIGHT OF
MEMORY WE SHOULD MEET ONCE MORE, WE SHALL SPEAK AGAIN TOGETHER AND
YOU SHALL SING TO ME A DEEPER SONG.● AND IF OUR HANDS SHOULD MEET IN
ANOTHER DREAM WE SHALL BUILD ANOTHER TOWER IN THE SKY.●

Professor Aimed 'Last Lecture' At His Children ... and Inspired Millions

BY JEFFREY ZASLOW

IN HIS FINAL MONTHS, while millions of people worldwide were watching his inspirational last lecture, Randy Pausch was cocooned at home in Virginia with his wife and three young children.

"Every time I'm with the kids now, there's this total sense of urgency that I try not to let them pick up on," he told me. "I can't say things and reinforce them in four years. My time is now."

The computer-science professor from Carnegie Mellon University died at home Friday morning at age 47 of pancreatic cancer.

I first met him when I attended his lecture last September and wrote a column about it for The Wall Street Journal. Weeks earlier, doctors had told him he had just months to live, but he didn't want to dwell on dying. Instead, he decided to give a humorous and life-affirming final lecture to 400 students and colleagues. The talk was videotaped—WSJ.com posted highlights—and footage began spreading across thousands of Web sites. In the months afterward, I co-authored a book with Randy titled "The Last Lecture."

Randy had always said that his talk was in large measure meant to be a "message in a bottle that would one day wash up on the beach for my children," now ages six, three and two. The fact that tens of millions of other people ended up watching it was thrilling for him, but he was most excited that his kids would one day see it. His last months were part of his process of sharing lessons with them, and finding ways to build memories and show his love. In a sense, every day, he was continuing the lecture he began on stage.

He saw the book, also, as a gift mainly for his children. "How do you get 30 years of parenting into three months?" he asked me. "You write it down is what you do. That's all you can do." He approached his illness as an optimist, a scientist, but also as a realist.

We collaborated on the book while he rode his bike for exercise around his neighborhood in southeastern Virginia. That way he didn't take any time away from his family. While he spoke into a cellphone headset, I listened and tapped away on my of-



fice computer. We did this an hour a day for 53 days over the winter.

Long before he was famous, Randy was celebrated in his field for creating the innovative educational software tool known as "Alice," and for pioneering the Entertainment Technology Center, a master's degree program that trains artists, actors, engineers and computer scientists to collaborate. He had earlier been a professor at the University of Virginia. In a statement Friday, the Association for Computing Machinery said Randy "reformed the art of teaching and mentoring in the computing field."

Randy spent his final months being lauded in arenas far beyond his specialty. ABC News declared him one of its three "Persons of the Year" for 2007. Time magazine named him to its list of the 100 most influential people in the world. On thousands of Web sites, people wrote essays about what they had learned from him. As a book, "The Last Lecture" became a best-seller internationally, translated into 30 languages.

In a letter Randy received last month, President George W. Bush wrote: "Your extraordinary

story has helped to uplift the hearts of millions of Americans.... Your love of family, dedication in the classroom, and passion for teaching will stand as a lasting legacy, and I am grateful for your willingness to serve. Your efforts reflect the best of the American spirit."

After Randy's death Friday, his wife, Jai, said, "Randy was happy and proud that the lecture and book inspired parents to visit their priorities, particularly their relationships with their children." His friend Steve Seabolt, who was with him when he died at about 4 a.m. Friday, said Randy was still making few wry jokes even at the end. He died "with his trademark intellect and quick wit intact," Mr. Seabolt said.

Last September, Carnegie Mellon announced a plan to honor the memory of its professor. As a scientist with the heart of a performer, Randy was always a link between the arts and sciences on campus. The Gateway Center for Computer Science, now being built, and a footbridge will connect it to the nearby arts building. The bridge will be named the Randy Pausch Memorial Footbridge.

**NARRATIVES AND PERSONAL RECOMMENDATIONS FOR
THE NOMINATION OF JUDGE HAROLD D. STUMP FOR THE
1985 ROBERT J. KINSEY AWARD**

THE ROBERT J. KINSEY AWARD

Today begets tomorrow and so the circle of life continues...

Judge Harold D. Stump's wisdom consisted in seeing the "big picture" of life which was based upon his own experiences and based also upon absorbing the behavior of others with whom he had shared life's journey. Being able to piece together the individual particles of the mosaic that was his life gave him a perspective that was at once unique and unparalleled in the world. No one has ever had nor will ever have his same perceptions and observations as he encountered all of the temptations, opportunities, and challenges that are parts of the fabric of our existence in this world. Through the choices and decisions that marked his passage through life, Harold had constructed a world vision that satisfied his mind, one that allowed him to be happy in his unique circumstances, and one that allowed him to fulfill his destiny as a trusted, caring adult who could offer his knowledge and advice to the children he mentored and to the next generation. Imparting to others the peace of mind born of his wisdom truly defined Harold D. Stump's contribution to children everywhere.

In 1985, Judge Stump was recommended for the Robert J. Kinsey award which is presented to an individual who exemplifies a compassionate and an active involvement with foster, disadvantaged, and delinquent children. In the narratives and recommendations which follow, Harold's contributions to improving the quality of life for each child who was ushered into his judge's chambers either through the legal system or the foster care system are thoroughly documented by the individuals who knew him in a personal and a professional capacity. The members of his family each remember the caring, compassionate man who would sometimes sit at the kitchen counter of his home on Morningstar Road throughout the early hours of the morning contemplating and agonizing over the fate of each of the children marred by divorces and each of the juveniles hardened by circumstances, all of whom would forever have their futures altered by the decisions that he would render the following day. All who witnessed his interactions with adults and with children were touched by the wise counsel of a judge who taught others to live their lives with the same kind of moral clarity and moral certainty with which he lived his own life.

Harold enjoyed telling his own family that foster parents were his favorite people, and he never missed an opportunity to speak at their meetings and to offer encouragement to those who cared for the misbegotten and the forgotten children in DeKalb County. Throughout his tenure as judge, Harold received letters from many of the children who had dealings with the court on the occasions when they graduated from high school, when they entered the military, or when they left the child welfare system upon reaching the age of consent; he frequently read these letters to his own children and never missed an opportunity to send a check for a graduation present or a personal, inspirational message to those children who reached out for him during their times of celebration or during their times of turmoil. Harold's interactions with even the most recalcitrant adolescents were based on his astute understanding that one must nurture a child according to his nature, and Harold always knew that he was on firm footing in

transforming a young life when the juvenile offenders who entered his judge's chambers could be made to cry over their misdeeds or failings. From these tears, Harold could see willingness in the child to change his heart or to try again, and from these gleanings of contrition, Harold encouraged his charges to make a new beginning and to find a new sense of peace and purpose within their lives.

At the time of his death in 1993, Harold's final offering to the youth in DeKalb County was to institute a scholarship in his name in each of the local high school districts, DeKalb High School, Eastside High School, and Garrett High School. The recipient of each school's yearly scholarship was selected according to the criteria which Harold in his wisdom knew could form the basis of a life well-lived for any adolescent: a wholesome philosophy of life, a dream of improving life through education, and a devotion to responsibility and high expectations. When the scholarships were awarded in the years after his death, Harold's daughters, Dianna and Carolyn, often received "thank you" notes from the high school seniors who were grateful to a mentor whom they had never met but one who had recognized the intrinsic goodness of their hearts and minds. As only a wise man could know, Harold rewarded their good examples with the gift of education through which they also could impart their own wisdom to future generations. The respect and gratitude which Harold earned as an advocate for children throughout his life continue to be defining moments for him each time another name is added to the list of scholarship recipients.

In our recent past, a wise Mother Teresa saw the "big picture" and connected us to one another with the defining moments of her endless days comforting the sick and dying, and her oft-quoted words still echo today..."We cannot do great things; we can only do small things with great love".... She taught the world that the wisdom and the love of one person can sometimes change a single heart, a single mind, or a single life. Always impacted by acts of faith, Judge Stump also remained profoundly aware of the power of one life to affect the destiny of many, and that knowledge defined each day of his judgeship and each day of his time on earth. Through the wisdom and the love gleaned from his single life, Harold D. Stump's sense of peace and purpose can continue to echo down the corridors of time.



FOSTER FLIER

Serving Indiana Counties of DeKalb, LaGrange, Noble, Steuben, Wells and Whitley

Volume 8 No. 3

May 1985

150 Attend Recognition Banquet



"Foster parents are very, very special people. It takes sensitivity, commitment and caring to take foster children into your home. . . You certainly don't do it for pay!"

--Dan Coats, U.S. Congressman

Judge Harold Stump of the DeKalb County Circuit Court, who was instrumental in starting Foster Care Services in 1975, gave the invocation and welcome. He indicated his concern for children and his admiration of foster parents. He then shared the following poem:

HAROLD ON THE BENCH - 1989

To strip the soul of all pretence, To hold each day in reverence,
To keep the head and heart apace, to make this world a worthwhile place,
To share my bread with those in need, to tolerate a neighbor's creed,
To keep a stride without a strut, to make a home in manse or hut,
To have the grit to grin at loss, to master life and be its boss!

Judge Stump concluded his remarks with the following wishes for foster parents:

1. A few friends who understand you, love you and respect you.
2. A continued work to do, which has real value without which the world would feel the poor.
3. A mind unafraid to blaze new trails, seek new fields, and to fight for what you believe to be right and just.
4. An understanding heart.
5. To be able to see and understand the eternal peace of the hills, the quiet valley, the vast prairie and something as beautiful made by the hand of man.
6. A sense of humor, the power to laugh and the urge to sing.
7. A little leisure with absolutely nothing pressing for your time.
8. A few moments alone each day for quiet meditation.
9. The patience to wait for the coming of these things.
10. The wisdom to recognize them when they come.



Judge Stump concluded his remarks with the following wishes for foster parents:

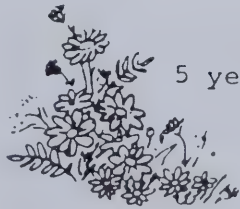
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7. A little leisure with absolutely nothing pressing for your time.
8. A few moments alone each day for quiet meditation.
9. The patience to wait for the coming of these things.
10. The wisdom to recognize them when they come.

Frank Wilson, a 17-year-old foster youth from DeKalb County, along with his foster mother, Jean Gaunt, provided the special music. Some of their selections were: "Dust in the Wind," "Happiness Is," "I Believe," and "The River Song."

Those parents celebrating their five year anniversaries were presented with a flower, a certificate and a lapel pin. Five year anniversaries included:

- 20 year: Owen & Deloris Bradley
- 15 year: Paul & Barb Wurm
- 10 year: Paul & Ruth Lengacher, Bud & Doris Seibert, Sam & Terry Presley, Don & Jill Mason
- 5 year: Donna Daniel, Ruth Slone, Jack & Donna Gaby, Robert & Dena Shaffer,

(cont'd.)



Narrative for the Nomination
of

The Honorable Harold D. Stump
Judge, DeKalb County Circuit Court

for the
1985 Robert J. Kinsey Award

Judge Harold D. Stump was born in Auburn, Indiana on October 28, 1917, and has lived and served this community most of his life. He did, however, spend some time as a special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and during World War II was a member of the United States Marine Corps. Some of his community activities include serving on the Board of the Anthony Wayne Boy Scout Council, the Eckhart Public Library, the Auburn YMCA and is a supporter of Youth for Christ.

Judge Stump was elected to his first term as Judge of the DeKalb Circuit Court in 1958, with his term of office beginning January 1, 1959. He has served in that office continuously from that date until the present.

The judge and his wife, Letha, have an adopted daughter and in addition, were foster parents. These experiences have provided Judge Stump with an excellent understanding of both the foster child and foster parents.

Because of his love for, and special understanding of children, he was concerned about the lack of foster homes, foster parent education and foster parent support systems. Consequently, in the early 1970's he convened a meeting of nine counties in northeast Indiana in order to secure support for a federal grant for a foster care program. In June 1975, the Region II Foster Care Development Project was begun through a grant from the Indiana Criminal Justice Planning Agency, with Judge Stump as the subgrantee. Under his guidance this program continues in operation today as Foster Care Services, Inc. of Northeast Indiana. Six counties participate in this project showing exceptional results: 308 new foster homes approved; 8 foster parent courses presented; 1206 foster parents participated in the courses; more than 42,000 days of sharing foster homes among the six counties; a Respite/Foster Care Program was begun and a Specialized Foster Home Program was piloted.

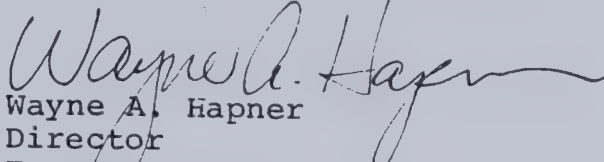
Within the last year, four multi-county programs have begun in Indiana using the Foster Care Services model. What Judge Stump began in the early 1970's is now being utilized throughout the State of Indiana.

Also noteworthy is a program of Victim/Offender Reconciliation that the judge was instrumental in starting. This is a program which brings together both the offender and victim for the sake of reconciliation through face-to-face discussion. Included in this program is the DeKalb Circuit and Superior Courts, and it serves youth as well as adult offenders.

Another important and effective program he instituted in his court was the Community Service Work Program. This program allows juveniles and adults a chance to "pay back" the community for their offense through "donated" work hours. This has proven beneficial to the community and the offender.

It is an honor to enthusiastically nominate the Honorable Harold D. Stump for the 1985 Robert J. Kinsey Award and submit the enclosed letters of support.

Respectfully submitted,


Wayne A. Hapner
Director
Foster Care Services, Inc.
May 20, 1985

WAH/bsg

**FOSTER CARE SERVICES, INC.
OF NORTHEAST INDIANA**

215 EAST NINTH STREET
KRUSE BUILDING
AUBURN, INDIANA 46706

WAYNE A. HAPNER
DIRECTOR

OFFICE: 219-925-4142
HOME: 219-248-8528

To the Robert J. Kinsey Award Committee:

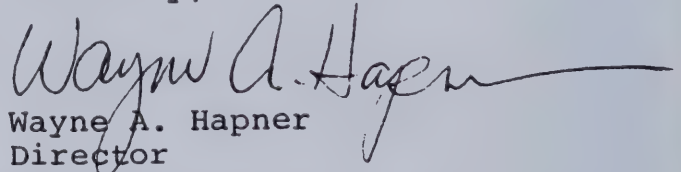
It is with pride and enthusiasm that I support the nomination of the Honorable Harold D. Stump, DeKalb County Circuit Court, for the 1985 Robert J. Kinsey Award.

Seven years ago I was hired as Director of Foster Care Services and met Judge Stump for the first time. I was impressed with his honest, friendly and "down to earth" personality. This first impression was to strengthen in the ensuing years. I was also impressed that a man with such a busy schedule always has time to take a phone call or "fit in" an appointment. This attitude and the atmosphere he creates, I found, extends to all who come in contact with Judge Stump, including juveniles.

The wisdom and concern that caused him to personally pursue a foster parent program in northeast Indiana is a way of life for Judge Stump. On several occasions, when asked to address the foster parents, he consents without hesitation. He always leaves foster parents feeling good about themselves and more positive about the difficult role they have assumed. This aspect of Judge Stump's character has an indirect but profound effect on the children and youth in his county and in the six counties served by Foster Care Services.

Words of praise cannot overstate the esteem in which this man is held by the people of his community. Thank you for your consideration of Judge Stump for this award.

Sincerely,


Wayne A. Hapner
Director

WAH/bsg

DEKALB CIRCUIT COURT

75th JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
AUBURN, INDIANA 46706

HAROLD D. STUMP, Judge
WARD D. PICKER, Bailiff

FLORENCE SEIPLE, Reporter
DONNA DAVIS, Asst. Reporter

May 20, 1985

TO: The Robert J. Kinsey Award Committee

It is an honor and a privilege to place the Hon. Harold D. Stump in nomination for the Robert J. Kinsey Award for Outstanding Judicial Service to the Children and Youth of Indiana.

Harold D. Stump was elected to his first term as Judge of the DeKalb Circuit Court in 1958, with his term of office beginning January 1, 1959. He has served in that office continuously from that date until the present time.

The Circuit Court is the Court with Juvenile jurisdiction in DeKalb County, and Judge Stump is well known and respected for his compassion and concern for the needs of troubled children and youth. Through his efforts, an organization serving the needs and interests of foster parents and children in DeKalb County and five adjoining counties in northeastern Indiana, now known as Foster Care Services, Inc., was formed in 1975, the first such cross-county organization in the state. He also worked closely with the Probation Officer serving DeKalb County in the early 1970s to develop and activate a program of community service work as a dispositional alternative for Juveniles placed on probation, which proved highly successful and which is still being utilized at this time.

The high degree of co-operation and interaction existing between the Probation Department, Welfare Department, Foster Care Services, and the Juvenile Court in DeKalb County is outstanding. We feel Judge Stump's willingness to make himself available to assist the workers in each of these departments whenever he is needed has made this possible.

Judge Stump and his wife, Letha, adopted a daughter and in addition were foster parents for another child; he therefore has an additional first-hand understanding of the problems and needs of both the child who finds himself or herself in need of another home and the parents who make that home available.

He is a man of compassion who cares deeply about the children and parents who must appear before his bench, but who also has the courage to make decisions that he knows may incur the wrath of family members if the best interests of the child involved warrant such decisions.

He does not demand or expect formality. His chambers are not isolated; the door is open unless a private conference is being

TO: The Robert J. Kinsey Award Committee
RE: Nomination of Hon. Harold D. Stump
May 20, 1985
Page 2.

held. Everyone who works with him knows he can be seen at any time he is not sitting in a trial. Troubled children and their parents are encouraged to come and counsel with him; they know he will listen and assist in any way possible within the limitations of his office. They are also encouraged to call at his home at any time they feel he may be of help.

He is a native of DeKalb County, having been born in Auburn, and has lived here continuously with the exception of the time he served as a Special Agent with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and with the United States Marine Corps during World War II. He is a former member of the local public library board and of the Anthony Wayne Boy Scout Council, and presently serves on the Corporate Board of Directors of the local YMCA. He also supports the local Youth for Christ organization.

It has been our privilege to work with and for Judge Stump for the past seventeen years; we can attest to his thorough and methodical approach to his duties as well as his dedication to fairness and honesty. These attributes are surpassed only by his kindness, generosity, and consideration, freely given to anyone, anywhere, who has a need. His philosophy is best exemplified by paraphrasing a passage from Micah 6:8; as much as is humanly possible, he does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with his God.

Your serious consideration of our nomination of Harold D. Stump for the Robert J. Kinsey Award for Outstanding Judicial Service to the Children and Youth of Indiana is deeply appreciated.

Yours very truly,

Florence Seiple

Florence Seiple, Reporter

Donna Davis

Donna Davis, Ass't. Reporter
DeKalb Circuit Court.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE

of DeKalb County, Indiana

TELEPHONE | Area Code 219
No. 925-2810

Court House, Auburn, Indiana 46706

TO: Robert J. Kinsey Award Committee

RE: The Honorable Judge Harold D. Stump

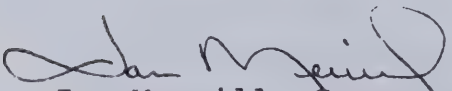
As Child Welfare Caseworkers, with 30 years combined experience, we have had the unique privilege and opportunity to conduct business with the DeKalb Juvenile Court and more specifically, Judge Harold Stump. There are few professionals who have held our respect as has Judge Stump. Many difficult and complicated situations have been submitted by our agency for Judge Stump's consideration and judgement. He has consistantly and patiently dealt with our cases, clients and children with dignity, empathy and warmth. Judge Stump studies these cases thoroughly as well as completing additional collateral research in order that he may make the most fair, humane, honest judgement possible. Judge Stump is sincere in his concern for families. Further, he is not afraid to act in an emergency to protect children. His door is always open for questions from helping agencies, children and parents. There has never been a time that Judge Stump has offered an angry response when we have had to contact him during the day or late into the night regarding a child who is in need of a wide range of services.


Being a judge is not an easy task, especially when considering the best interests of families and children. Many tough decisions are required. A Juvenile Court Judge needs to have depth of knowledge, a sense of logic, common sense, a willingness to make even the hardest of decisions in a timely fashion, the ability to formulate compromise, compassion, attentiveness, and a genuine concern for humanity. Our judge has these and many more positive qualities. Our association with Judge Stump has added to our professionalism. In addition, our contacts with Judge Stump have given us a broader view of how to deal in acceptable terms with family upheavel, conflicts and crisis. The youth of our community are most fortunate to have

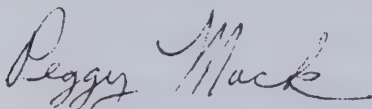
such an intelligent, committed, and caring individual as Judge Harold Stump for Juvenile Court Judge.

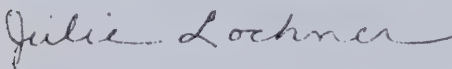
In conclusion, we would like to submit this letter for consideration on behalf of the Honorable Harold D. Stump and his nomination for the Robert J. Kinsey Award.

Sincerely,


Jan Merrill, Caseworker


Sandi Anderson, Caseworker


Peggy Mack, Caseworker


Julie Lochner, Caseworker

**DeKalb County
Probation Department**

213 E. Seventh Street
Auburn, Indiana 46706
219/925-2400

May 17, 1985

The Robert J. Kinsey Aware Committee

Re: Nomination of the Honorable Harold D. Stump,
DeKalb Circuit Court for Consideration of
Robert J. Kinsey Award

Dear Nominating Committee:

Often times letters of recommendation and praise sound so similar and sound so structured in order to gain certain attentions and pass along information recommending persons for awards and notoriety which often times seem to sound the same. But I hope you will read this letter and consider the man for whom I am recommending for the Robert J. Kinsey Award for outstanding judicial service to the children and youth of Indiana in a different light.

The Honorable Harold D. Stump was elected to his first term as Judge of the DeKalb County Circuit Court in 1958. And his term of office began January 1, 1959. He has served the citizens of DeKalb County and youth of DeKalb County continuously since his election to the bench. I believe in and of itself is a statement about this man's abilities, and creditability having had the electorates confidence on an ongoing basis to reinstate him to both a powerful and responsible position in the community.

The Circuit Court of DeKalb County has sole juvenile jurisdiction as well as adult criminal jurisdiction in DeKalb County. Judge Stump is well known and respected for his compassion and concern and needs of trouble children and youth. His dedication to the judicial service and the caring out of his responsibilities for in excess of 26 years in and of itself shows his true genuine concern and willingness to become involved and to serve the needs of the community.

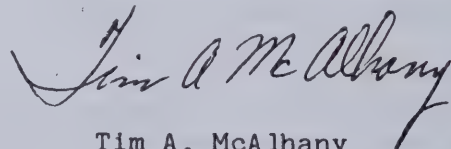
Judge Stump has been involved in numerous innovative, and worthwhile projects which have effected the youths of DeKalb County and neighboring counties as well. Through his efforts, an organization serving the needs and interests of foster parents and children in DeKalb County and the adjoining counties in Northeastern Indiana now known as Foster Care Services, Inc. was formed in 1975. This concept has proven to be an excellent one, for the benefit of foster care parents and children as well as the taxpayers of the counties involved, due to the cost savings that can be accomplished through the use of one director serving the cross county area who works closely with all the Judges, Welfare Departments and Probation Departments of each of the counties involved. Judge Stump has seen that this has been a well organized, and beneficial

program for all who have participated. Recently Judge Stump was honored for his assistance and his ongoing support by this organization at their recent awards and recognition banquet in May of 1985. The Honorable Harold D. Stump was also instrumental and very supportive in the establishment of a victim/offender reconciliation program which services both juveniles and adult offenders sentenced out of DeKalb Circuit and DeKalb Superior Courts of our county. This is a program which allows for juvenile and adult offenders to meet with and reconcile with the victims of their delinquent acts as well as criminal acts.

As you can see the Honorable Harold D. Stump has had the insight, and the desire to be innovative and progressive in addressing the needs of the youth as well as the adult offenders who come before him as Judge. Keeping in mind the continuing responsibilities of disbursing justice which is both compassionate, fair, while protecting the community and insuring that all opportunities for rehabilitation exist. It is my true belief that Judge Stump possess unique and rare insights especially in the area of juvenile and family law in that he has always shown a true desire to understand and help all juveniles who have come before him irregardless of the seriousness or the pettitness of the reason in which brought them before him. He exerises compassion and wisdom and has a way to speaking not down to the child but to the child in a way that is appreciate and understood by most of the young people that have come before Judge Stump.

It is with high hope that I hope you consider this letter of recommendation as well as many other letters of recommendaiton which you will undoubtedly be receiving for the nomination of Harold D. Stump for the Robert J. Kinsey Award for outstanding juvenile service for children and youth of Indiana

Respectfully submitted,



Tim A. McAlhany
Chief Probation Officer
DeKalb County Probation Department

NOBLE CIRCUIT COURT

33rd JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
101 N. ORANGE STREET
ALBION, INDIANA 46701-1095
Tel. (219) 636-2128

ROBERT C. PROBST
JUDGE

May 17, 1985

Letter of Support

Dear Selection Panel:

I am privileged to write this letter of support recommending the Honorable Harold D. Stump to be the recipient of the 1985 Robert J. Kinsey award.

Judge Stump has served as Judge of the DeKalb Circuit Court, Auburn, Indiana, since January 1, 1959. His court has all juvenile jurisdiction in DeKalb County.

This year the Foster Care Services, Inc. is celebrating its tenth year of operation. This not-for-profit corporation provides foster care families for six counties in northeast Indiana. Included in the responsibilities of the corporation are the recruiting and training of foster families and locating foster families for specific children. I consider this corporation a model, and the services that it has provided over the past 10 years are indescribable in their value to the young people who have found stability, and in many cases, safety, in these wonderful foster homes. Judge Stump was instrumental in establishing this program.

I am aware of his personal involvement with troubled youth, both because of delinquency and neglect, since I entered the practice of law in 1960 and went on the bench in 1975. Judge Stump has traveled to many communities and has spoken to every kind of group and organization about the young people and their needs. He has made these presentations over a number of years pointing out the problems that do exist in the communities. In establishing Foster Care Services, Inc., he did the same thing, building support for the establishment of the program.

I consider this accomplishment an innovative approach to solving problems for abused, neglected, and delinquent children in the northeast corner of this state. I am also aware that this program has been studied by various groups throughout the state who have desired to implement similar programs.

He clearly has been an advocate and a spokesperson for children and youth within this community and this area of the state. His integrity and courage are beyond question, and he is very close to his family. He has an adopted daughter who entered his home

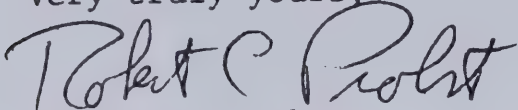
Letter of Support

May 17, 1985

Page 2

as a foster child. From my personal observations of Judge Stump over the past 25 years, and my involvement with the Foster Care Services, Inc. through my use of the outstanding foster families for children who appear before me in my capacity as a juvenile court judge, I consider Judge Stump genuine in caring for the troubled children and youth of the State of Indiana.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Robert C. Probst". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Robert C. Probst
Judge Noble Circuit Court

RCP:jc

To: Robert J. Kinsey Award Committee

As a foster mother I have been in several court sessions with The Honorable Judge Stump presiding.

In all incidences he has always been honest, very considerate of others positions and feelings, and always showed he had the best interest of the foster child in mind.

He showed thoroughness by always having additional questions to ask the witness after the defense attorney had cross examined. His questions were always black and white, not gray, and could be answered easily.

One could feel at ease and comfortable in his sessions, not embarrassed or unlearned.

He often revealed the fact he was well learned with the legalistic details.

I have much faith and confidence in Judge Stump because he is the type of judge who would never make a hasty decision and would use the avenue of prayer for lots, if not all, of his decisions.

I have known Judge Stump for ten years and never have I heard anyone speak ill of him in or out of court. Being well acquainted with his next door neighbor, I became aware that he is the same honest, reliable, self-giving person in his neighborhood as he is in the court room.

His combination of jokes and laughter before court sessions and his sobriety during court sessions is admirable.

Any time I have heard him speak publicly he was always very complimentary and had words of encouragement for everyone in attendance.

From: Dekalb County Adoptive Foster Mother

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE

of DeKalb County, Indiana

TELEPHONE | Area Code 219
No. 925-2810

Court House, Auburn, Indiana 46706

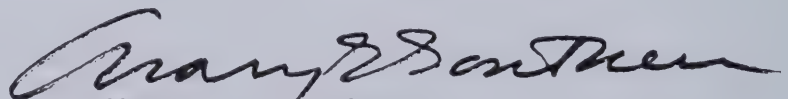
May 20, 1985

TO: Robert J. Kinsey Award Committee
RE: The Honorable Judge Harold D. Stump

Judge Stump is everything a Juvenile Court Judge can and should be. I say this after working with his court for the past seventeen years, both as a caseworker and as a director for the DeKalb County Welfare Department. Judge Stump can be counted upon to make decisions. And his decisions are truly based on the best interest of the children who come before his court.

It has seemed ironic to me that after living and working in many parts of the world with many remarkable people, that I would come to work in this small community and be privileged to know and work with Judge Stump; he is a truly remarkable person and is certainly one of the best Juvenile Court Judges in Indiana.

Sincerely,



Mary E. Southern
Director

MES:sab

Dear

Living in a time of constant change and uncertainty, it is refreshing and reassuring to have a figure among us that emulates some of life's greatest truths.

As foster parents we experience a constant turnover as children grow and their needs change. Yet, their need for consistency is there and so we have come to look at Judge Harold Stump as that North Star in our lives who gives direction when our ships wander off course or when our sails need filled.

In his court everyone has importance, a sense of worth no matter how small the child or how big the problem. One also finds himself rising to meet this man's expectations of goodness. As a foster parent sitting in his court, one marvels at the clear message he sends forth in a way few people are able to deliver with such firmness and kindness intertwined that one cannot see where one begins and the other ends.

He listens. He listens not with just his ears but his total being, extracting all the truth and fairness that anyone humanly could extract.

Words seem so shallow to describe a man so deeply committed to others in his own unique way. His community feels blessed, the people working with him feel enriched and his presence has touched all of our lives. Because of his inspiration and direct input, his presence will continue to be felt long after he has left us.

In Rudyard Kipling's poem "If", he describes a man as one who can walk with kings and queens nor lose the common touch." Judge Harold Stump is such a man.

Sincerely

Thomas & Jean Saint
foster parents

MEFFORD AND CARPENTER

A Professional Corporation

Attorneys at Law

102 North Cedar Street

P. O. Box 151

Auburn, Indiana 46706

Telephone

(219) 925-2610

Donald T. Mefford

Kirk D. Carpenter

William H. Husselman

(1911 - 1977)

May 20, 1985

Robert J. Kinsey Award Committee

Dear Committee Members:

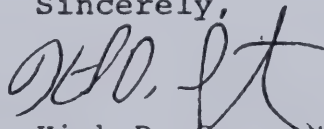
I welcome the opportunity to respond to Mr. Hepner's request for a recommendation that The Honorable Harold D. Stump of the DeKalb County Circuit Juvenile Court be nominated for the Robert J. Kinsey Award. In my profession as an attorney, I represent the County Department of Public Welfare (currently and since 1977) and have served this county from 1979 through 1982 as Prosecuting Attorney. Through these professional experiences I have learned that most judges simply don't like dealing with juvenile cases at all. The one exception I know to that conclusion is DeKalb County's Judge Stump.

His honor takes great pains to be as thorough as he possibly can in any juvenile case and further, is without a doubt the fairest judge I know of anywhere when presiding over a juvenile matter. As you may or may not have concluded, representing the Welfare Department, I see more juvenile matters than an average general practitioner, therefore, I consider myself somewhat of an authority on our Juvenile Court. I cannot stress strongly enough my wholehearted endorsement of Judge Stump as the recipient of this prestigious award as the most deserving potential candidate to receive this honor which you must bestow. Judge Stump not only fulfills his professional responsibility to juveniles, but he also appears to take each and every one of these kids to heart to determine what procedure would best serve each kid time and time again.

If you have any questions you wish answered concerning the Judge, I would be more than happy to attempt to answer them for you.

Thank you for your attention.

Sincerely,



Kirk D. Carpenter
Attorney at Law

KDC/pmg

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Associate Director

July 15, 1985

Judge Harold D. Stump
DeKalb County Circuit Court
DeKalb County Courthouse
Auburn, Indiana 46706

Dear Judge Stump:

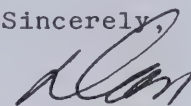
The Juvenile Judges Symposium has completed its third successful year. The original objectives of the symposium, open communication and better understanding between the court and those in the child care profession, were once again accomplished.

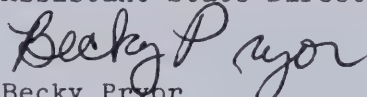
The highlight of the symposium was the Judge Robert J. Kinsey award presentation to Bruce Embrey of the Miami Superior Court. The fact that you were one of the Judges nominated was further evidence that you possess characteristics exemplified in the Judge Kinsey award. Nominees such as yourself are indicative of the honor and significance of this award.

Your nominating sponsor provided the necessary documentation and credentials and the many letters of support certainly attested to the love and admiration your community has for you.

All of us in the child care profession appreciate the work you are doing especially those things that are above and beyond your difficult and busy schedule.

Sincerely,


Dan Fulton
Assistant State Director


Becky Pryor
Law and Child Protection Project

topeka office — p.o. box 1695 — topeka, kansas 66601 — phone 913-273-5900
bedford office — p.o. box 994 — bedford, indiana 47421 — phone 812-275-7539

Kansas Department of Social and Rehabilitation Services purchases services from The Villages, Inc.

**THE SAGAMORE OF THE WABASH AWARD:
1991**

THE SAGAMORE OF THE WABASH AWARD

**“God’s grace prompts human activity to assist the
world in creating justice grounded in love.”**

Motto of Notre Dame University

During Harold’s life, he often bemused that faith had not always been enough to see him through the darkest times. However, he always had faith that all of God’s creation was a “work in progress” as we all traversed the uncharted waters of our futures in this earthly existence...the belief that the human condition would remain the same but that the world could be changed one person at a time sustained Harold. He had faith that things would improve for us all, and it was this knowledge, rather than any belief in the ultimate fairness of life chances or in the divine guidance of a superior being, that brought Harold the most peace as he approached the end of his career and the end of his life.

As the defining moments of his life were duly recognized in his selection in 1991 as a Sagamore of the Wabash, Indiana’s highest civilian honor, Harold was publicly acknowledged on the citation as a “great man to whom chiefs looked to for wisdom and advice.” This much-deserved validation from then-governor, Evan Bayh, was a source of great pride for his wife, his children, and his grandchildren as Harold was ultimately defined by what he left behind for the next generation.....a life distinguished by public service, by his commitment to others, and by his belief in the indomitableness of the human spirit... he will always be a true Sagamore of the Wabash.



SAGAMORE OF THE WABASH — Retired Judge Harold D. Stump was made a Sagamore of the Wabash during Friday ceremonies in DeKalb

Circuit Court. His wife, Sue, attended the ceremony. (Star photo by Jim Billings)

Judge Stump a Sagamore

By JIM BILLINGS

Retired Judge Harold D. Stump was made a Sagamore of the Wabash Friday in ceremonies at the DeKalb Circuit Court, Auburn.

Stump retired last year after 30 years on the Circuit Court bench.

The Sagamore of the Wabash award, given by the governor, is Indiana's highest honor.

Stump was nominated for the honor by Chief Probation Officer Tim McAlhany. Gov. Evan Bayh signed the award Aug. 23.

County employees and local attorneys attended the ceremony to

congratulate Judge Stump.

Stump presided over the Circuit Court starting in 1958, when he succeeded his father, Walter H. Stump.

Judge Stump attended public school in Auburn and graduated from Auburn High School in 1935. He attended Indiana University, receiving his doctor of jurisprudence degree in 1942.

After college, he became a special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He resigned in May 1944 to enlist in the U.S. Marine Corps.

After basic training, he was a drill instructor at Parris Island, S.C. He later fought with the 3rd Marine Division at Iwo Jima.

The Sagamore of the Wabash award was created in 1946 by Gov. Ralph Gates, who wanted an honor similar to Kentucky's colonels.

The term "sagamore" was used by the American Indian tribes of the northeastern United States to describe a lesser chief or a great man among the tribe to whom the true chief would look for wisdom and advice.



**HAROLD AND LETHA STUMP RECEIVING THE SAGAMORE
OF THE WABASH AWARD: 1991**



**HAROLD AT HIS OFFICE DESK
IN THE COURT HOUSE -- 1990**

HAROLD D. STUMP'S
SPEECHES WITH PATRIOTIC THEMES

*A BICENTENNIAL TRIBUTE
AND
OTHER PATRIOTIC SPEECHES*

“There will be dark and dismal days ahead....each person will ultimately have to choose between what is right and what is easy.”

Headmaster at Hogwarts Wizard School
From Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire

From the outset of the dark and dismal days which were unleashed upon America after the attack on September 11, 2001, the American people have been struggling to find justifications for the continuing War in Iraq and the ensuing political turmoil that the war against terrorism is engendering internationally. Such angst is the price of freedom, Harold D. Stump would suggest, and he would be totally in agreement with those sages who discredit the Liberal Left who feel that not only will we not win in Iraq, we should not win in Iraq because we started an unjust war based on faulty military intelligence. From reading the following speeches which Harold delivered throughout his adulthood, his perspective on current world events is clear: to capitulate to the radical Al-Quaida Muslim extremists is the easy path; to defend the future of Western Civilization is the right path which all freedom-loving people must choose to uphold the dignity, decency, and survival of humanity.

Throughout his life, Harold felt that the breakdown in civil behavior and in civility which was evident in the social discord attendant during the Vietnam War was an obvious threat to the stability of our democratic institutions which his generation had fought to maintain during World War II. Thus, when Chicago Mayor, Richard Daley, arrested and detained the student protestors who disrupted the Democratic Convention of 1968, Harold was fully supportive of the mayor's stand. Anxiety over the future of his beloved country would have also been foremost in his mind during the recent past as Columbia University unapologetically invited Mahmoud Adamadinejad, the president of state-supported terrorists in Iran, to participate in a forum discussing issues of a global nature in early October, 2007. Adding to his concern would have been the knowledge that Columbia University would not allow the ROTC on its campus and that students shouted down the Minutemen representatives at a similar forum in the Spring of 2007. As law and order were always Harold's mantra, he would have wholeheartedly agreed with Charles Krauthammer who called the Columbia University's invitation to Adamadinejad "further evidence of the degradation of the country's academia." As the breakdown in civility continued in the fall of 2007 with the Moveon.org website calling the principal military advisor in Iraq, General Petraeus, a "traitor" who "betrayed us," Harold would have been outraged....being a keen observer of human nature, he would also have suggested that those elected representatives who voted not to censure Moveon.org's message in order to placate the radical left-wing would never be equipped to handle the imminent threats to national security posed by North Korea, Iran, Venezuela, and Syria. In spite of his admiration of the unquestionable character and abilities of leaders like Condoleezza Rice, Chief Justice John Roberts, and Justice Samuel Alito, Harold would have been wary of

the power of the Democratic Left to sway the unsuspecting masses to further their political causes, and as was his habit, he would have continued to disagree with the agenda of the ACLU as it is constructed today.

A voice of reason and civility among Harold's most respected public figures would be the late Tim Russert whose probing and penetrating interviews on Meet the Press each Sunday made him a political force whose acumen and intellect were highly respected. In particular, however, Harold would have been greatly impressed by the unpretentiousness and humility of this deeply religious and gregarious man. His untimely death in June of 2008 was labeled a "great tragedy" by Vice-President Dick Cheney who also recognized Tim Russert's philanthropic endeavors in his hometown of Buffalo, New York and his directorship of the Boys and Girls Clubs of Washington D.C. to which he gave both his time and his money. In the uncertain times in which we live, Harold's spirits would have been buoyed by the life force of this decent, honorable, and fine man.

As we face the troubled world in which we live, Harold would have willingly given his time, energies, and his life's blood to save his grandchildren and great-grandchildren from war and from fear and anxiety about the future. When he offered his life to save the multitudes as a Marine on Iwo Jima in World War II, he believed in "My Country, Right or Wrong,"... words which have a hollow ring to many in the current generation who find that the answers they receive are not as important as the questions that they ask about the nature of war and its toll in human suffering in places such as Darfur, Africa. Harold's response to the hand-wringing of the conscientious objectors among us would continue to be that those who protest the loudest are those who want the "easy path"...all of the rights of freedom and none of the responsibilities. During the latest wartime Memorial Day of 2007 when many seemed uncertain about what they celebrated, Senator John McCain of Arizona summarized his and Harold's view of the "right path" perfectly when he said, "We're the land of the free for one reason only: We're also the home of the brave." In any book about the defining moments of his life, Duty...Honor...Country...will always be the signature with which Harold D. Stump signs his name to the pages of eternity.

,

A BICENTENNIAL TRIBUTE

by

JUDGE HAROLD D. STUMP

delivered at the
Presbyterian Church
Auburn, Indiana

July 4, 1976

On July 4, 1776, the thirteen United States of America made a profound statement to the people of the world. They boldly sought respect and support for a new nation, founded on a new idea of man and new goals for human government-- freedom and liberty. On July 4, 1976, the fifty United States of America will celebrate the 200th anniversary of that momentous day. This bicentennial anniversary is a magnificent opportunity for America to acquire new insights into the men and events of 1776. It is a summons to rededicate ourselves, in a spirit of daring and high endeavor, to their ideals and principles. It is not enough merely to invoke the hallowed words of the past. Unless we find in them new depths and new insights for the present, we risk betraying their promise.

We all know that the heart of the Revolution was the Declaration of Independence and Thomas Jefferson's immortal words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." But Jefferson, when he commented on the Declaration in his later years, said: "It was intended to be an expression of the American mind." How could there be an American mind when there was not yet an American nation? In the series of classic letters Thomas Jefferson and John Adams exchanged in their old age, the two men most responsible for the Declaration answered that question. One of their favorite topics was the real history of the American Revolution. "What do we mean by the Revolution? The war?", Adams asked

Jefferson. "Hardly," he went on, "The war was no part of the Revolution. It was only an effect and consequence of it." The revolution, Adams maintained, was in the minds of the people, and this was effected...before a single drop of blood was shed at Lexington.

The American Revolution was an inward experience as well as an outward act. It was not born - and did not die - with its decade because it crystallized the spiritual aspirations, not of a tiny group of conspirators, but of a whole people. The image of themselves as free men was a central idea in the minds of all Americans--jealous for the rights and liberties of their country. As Private Hezekiah Hayden of Connecticut wrote to his mother and father from New York on July 4, 1776: "The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free men or slaves. Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that free men contending for liberty on their own ground are superior to any slavish mercenary on earth."

The American Revolution was unique. The war, with all its bloodshed, was begun with the utmost reluctance because the Americans believed the British government was threatening a precious heritage they already possessed. Nothing illustrates this more starkly than George Washington's words in the dark winter of 1778, when he learned that Congress had temporarily given him near dictatorial powers to rescue the faltering war effort. "Instead of thinking myself free'd from all civil obligations by this mark of their confidence, I shall constantly

bear in mind that as the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside, when those liberties are firmly established."

There is another reason why the Americans of 1776 spoke with a confidence to which the world would listen. Although their heritage was predominantly English, they had already experienced within the American community the vigor and enthusiasm with which people of other creeds and races embraced the principles for which they were fighting. As early as September 25, 1608, six Polish laborers strode ashore at Jamestown to operate the first factory in America. Twenty-three Jews, refugees from Portuguese persecution in Brazil, arrived in 1654. French Protestants, driven from France by religious persecution, Germans, Swedes, Irish and Scots followed them in even larger numbers. Americans keenly appreciated the contributions of those non-English immigrants. British attempts to prevent their influx was one of the major grievances cited in the Declaration of Independence. In the eight long years of the Revolutionary War, these foreigners played a vital role. Of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, eight were non English stock and eight others were first generation immigrants. By the time the Revolutionary War ended, keen observers were already noting that here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men.

The leaders of the American Revolution were determined to keep this tradition alive. In December, 1783, George Washington wrote to a group of recent Irish immigrants: "The bosom

of America is open to receive not only the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of all nations and religions." There were even then stirrings of freedom for another group of people: women. In the Pennsylvania Magazine, Thomas Paine said they were "constrained in the disposal of their goods, robbed of freedom of will by the laws, and victimized by a pernicious system of double standards." A few months later, Abigail Adams wrote to her husband in Congress telling him that in the new code of laws for an independent America, she hoped he would not put such unlimited power into the hands of husbands. "Remember," she said, "all men would be tyrants if they could."

The overmastering challenge to the men of 1776, once Britain's armies had been defeated, was the reconciliation of freedom and national order. The leaders of the Revolution soon learned that an American political identity, a sense of nationhood, was not the same as national sovereignty. The clash of interests between large and small states, between farmers and merchants, and between state legislatures and Congress became acute. A few reckless men threatened rule by armed mob when public officials did not instantly heed their demands. Prodded by George Washington's call to raise a standard to which "the wise and honest may repair," Americans met in convention once more in 1787 and framed that brilliant compromise between local and human rights and the responsibilities of the national community--the Constitution of the United States.

Americans rested their claim to liberty and all the rights that flowed from it in nature and God. No better example of this exists than 19-year-old Alexander Hamilton's reply to the royalist argument that the province of New York had no charter from the crown, and therefore New Yorkers had no charter rights: "The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power." John Dickinson of Pennsylvania put it graphically and bluntly: "Kings of Parliaments could not give the rights essential to happiness...we claim them from a higher source--from the King of Kings, and Lord of all the earth. They are born with us; exist with us; and cannot be taken away from us by any human power, without taking our lives." Americans of 1776 were acutely conscious that those natural God-given rights were meaningful to all men. "Our cause is the cause of all mankind," Benjamin Franklin wrote. But it was the voice of Thomas Paine who sounded this note with unforgettable vigor and clarity: "The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth... Tis not the concern of a day, a year or an age; posterity is virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected even to the end of time by the proceedings now."

This was the global promise Americans saw in the American Revolution. A profound and vital conclusion flows from the fusion of the ideas that freedom was not a value to be exalted

at the expense of the community. On the contrary, when Americans of 1776 talked about freedom, they pre-supposed a community, a people. For Americans, freedom was never the right to do as they pleased. In fact, for the Americans of 1776, freedom was a shorthand word for a complex of rights which protected and enhanced both the individual and community. Self-government. This was the first grand right underscored by the First Continental Congress in their Declaration of Rights in 1774. The other rights were trial by jury and habeas corpus, and freedom of speech and of the press. Again, the ideas demonstrate the deep instinctive sense of community at the heart of American freedom. It was this sense of community that inspired John Adams and the men of Massachusetts in 1780 to base their right to create a constitution on a unique, hitherto unheard phrase: "We the people." They were well aware that they were making history. "Turning to the people as a sovereign source for fundamental law was," John Adams pointed out, "a phenomenon in the political world that is new and singular." To cope with her immense challenges, America had two primary resources: her heritage of freedom, and her profound sense of national self-hood centered in the principle of union. The sense of freedom on a continental scale created unparalleled power. The heirs of the Revolutionary generation saw this with remarkable clarity. John Quincy Adams himself said: "Liberty is power."

It would be naive to assert that all Americans have always agreed on the meaning of liberty, or to deny that there

have been times when some parts of the American community have tried to ignore the promise in the word. In turning from the past to the present and the future, we speak with a proud consciousness of what free Americans have achieved in 200 years--and with clear-eyed historical knowledge of where they have failed and that some of these failures persist. We live in an age in which the right to disagree or dissent has become prostituted to mean the right to revolt and has flourished in a pagan philosophy which has spread with alarming speed. The first steps in the loathsome ritual to qualify in that cult are to renounce faith in God, disaffirm allegiance to country, disavow any duty to obey the laws which govern an orderly society, and to claim the rights but deny the duties of citizenship. The badge of this cult of dissenters involved becoming physically filthy, mentally drugged, spiritually depraved, and mortally uninhibited. Then, properly prepared, these self-styled heroes ahead of their time go forth to burn their draft cards, to destroy the flag of the country which provides and protects their right to dissent, to trample, burn, violate, and destroy the property of their fellow men, and to be oblivious to all rights except those they pretend to champion. We have made mighty efforts to overcome these failures, but we have not yet completely succeeded.

Critics are saying that we have lost our devotion to the true American ideals of freedom. They say that the individual American has lost his faith, his discipline, and his vitality. They say that he is a spoiled, demanding, overfed oaf who cares

for nothing but his own comfort and diversion. I disagree with these critics, but at a moment in our history when we need all our sense of purpose and capacity for sustained effort, we do seem in danger of losing our bearings, or surrendering to a cult of easiness. Our national problems have become so complex that it is not easy for the individual to see what he can do about them. The tasks that faced the frontiersmen two centuries ago may have been grim, but they were obvious. Each man and woman knew what they must do. But what can a man of today do about inflation, international treaty organizations, or that balance of trade? The answers to these questions are not self-evident. The individual American, busy earning a living, repapering the dining room, getting the kids off to school, and paying the bills, too often does not hear that one clear call to action.

The men who founded this nation knew that in a world largely hostile to the idea of freedom, a free society would have to prove that it is capable of and worthy of survival. Free societies must prove their ability to make good on their promises and to keep alive their cherished values. And they must prove their vigor and their capacity to practice the disciplined virtues. Above all, they must prove their capacity to achieve excellence. The free society is still the exceptional society, and the world is still full of people who believe that men need masters. The survival of the idea of freedom for which this nation stands is not inevitable. It will survive only if enough Americans care enough. Free men

must be quick to understand the kinds of efforts that are required to keep their society vital and strong. If they have the wisdom to demand much of themselves, their society will flourish. But a free society that refuses to exert itself will not last long, and freedom alone won't save it.

As members of a free society, we want peace with justice. We want a world that doesn't live under the fear of the bomb, a world that acknowledges the rule of law, and a world in which no nation need live in fear. The establishment of a durable peace, the strengthening of a free society, and the enrichment of the traditions on which freedom depend--these cannot be achieved by aimless or listless men. All our wisdom, all our talent and vitality, all our steadfastness will be needed if we wish to attain these goals. Can we count on an ample supply of dedicated Americans? The answer must be conditional. If as a nation, we understand, expect, and honor patriotic dedication, the supply will be sufficient. It is unfortunately true that some Americans have to some degree lost the habit of asking for or expecting devoted action. Long continued, such failure to expect dedication can have only one outcome--we shall eventually lose the capacity for it and the freedom it brings.

I have the conviction that free and responsible individuals are proud to offer such devotion if given the opportunity. I believe that people would rather work hard for something they believe in than enjoy pampered idleness; they would rather sacrifice their comforts for an honored objective than pursue end-

less diversions. It is a mistake to speak of dedication as a sacrifice. Every man knows that there is exhilaration in intense effort applied toward a meaningful end. We want meaning in our lives. When we raise our sights, strive for excellence, and dedicate ourselves to the highest goals of our free society, we are enrolling in the most ancient and meaningful cause--the age-long struggle of man to realize the best that is in him. Man reaching for the most exalted goals he can conceive and man striving impatiently and restlessly for excellence have produced great religious insights, created great art, penetrated many secrets of the universe, and set standards of conduct which give meaning to the phrase "the dignity of man."

The values we cherish in a free society will not survive without the constant attention of the ordinary citizen. Unlike the ancient Pyramids, the monuments of the free spirit will not stand unattended. They must be nourished in each generation by the allegiance of dedicated men and women. The fact that millions have died while defending individual freedom, does not insure the survival of that principle if we cease paying our tithes of devotion. Every free man in his work, in his family life, in his public behavior, and in the secret places of his heart must see himself as a builder and maintainer of the ideals of his society.

Perhaps one of the greatest contributions each one of us can make to the strength of our free society is to constantly pursue excellence. The idea for which this nation stands will not survive if the highest goal free man can set for themselves

is an amiable mediocrity. At the simplest level, the pursuit of excellence means an increased concern for competence on the part of the individual. Keeping a free society truly free and strong is no job for the half informed and slovenly. In a society of free men, competence is a primary duty. The man who does his job well tones up the whole society. Likewise the man who does a slovenly job--whether he is a janitor or judge, a surgeon or a sweeper--lowers the tone of society.

Patriotism, comradeship, and the pledge of good citizenship are three basic ingredients of a free society. These ingredients of a good and strong nation had their basic origin in America. In point of history America is the young David of democracy that has emerged from mortal combat with the united forces of autocracy, depotism, bigotry, and tyranny in a victorious glory that is our proud heritage. To belong to the legions of patriots who have maintained that legacy of freedom is a high privilege. Within the last sixty years three wars have struck the spinning world, shattering its best establishments and bringing confusion to the minds of men. Today, once great world powers lay prostrate and whole peoples and populations are wandering in darkness. Yet, these generations of patriots have come forward to aid America to endure the storms--legions that have been conceived in seasons of sacrifice and splendor and consecrated to love and service of country.

To each generation has come a challenge which has been met with the creed that the price of American citizenship and

the freedom it sustains is loyalty to God and country. Both uncompromising allegiance and respect to Old Glory continue to be still other vital and fundamental concepts of patriotism. Would that all citizens might teach homage to the stars and stripes as did the patriot who counselled his child like this:

When you see the stars and stripes displayed, son, stand up and take off your hat. Somebody may titter. It is in the blood of some to deride all expression of noble sentiment. You may blaspheme in the streets and stagger drunkenly in public places and the bystanders will not pay much attention to you; but, if you should get down on your knees and pray to Almighty God or if you should stand bareheaded while a company of old soldiers marches by with flags to the breeze, some people will think you are showing off. But don't you mind. When Old Glory comes along, salute and let them think what they please. When you hear the band play "The Star Spangled Banner," get up, even if you rise alone, stand there and have no cause for shame. For, of all the signs and symbols since the world began, there is none other more full of meaning as the flag of this country. That piece of red, white and blue bunting means five thousand years of struggle upwards. It is the full grown flower of ages of fighting for liberty. It is the century plant of human hope in full bloom. Other flags may mean a glorious past, but this flag means a glorious future as well. It is no more the flag of our fathers than it is the flag of our children and the flag of all children yet unborn. It is the flag of tomorrow. It is not the flag of a king. It is the flag of yourself and of all your neighbors. Don't be ashamed when your throat chokes and the tears start when you see it flying from the masts of our ships on all the seas or floating from every flagstaff in the Republic. YOU WILL NEVER HAVE A WORTHIER EMOTION. Listen, son, the band is playing the "Star Spangled Banner." They have let loose Old Glory yonder. Stand up--and others will stand with you.

That our nation will endure and withstand the tests of time and tribulation, we need only to recall with honor and pride that America is founded upon the divine principle that the dignity and freedom of each citizen whom God has created and placed as citizens in this land are accorded recognition and protection. We must relive and perpetuate the faith of our founding fathers in an all-powerful, yet merciful, God and Creator who will not withhold His blessing from a nation which continues its dedication to the divine principle that a man, woman, or any human being, whatever may be his status with reference to life's material blessings, has dignity and worth. We must share again and again with the generations of heroes who have gone before us their faith in a nation that has measured its progress and success by the standard of well-being of the men, women and children who are its populace. So, as our eyes are fixed upon our radiant flag until the blue of its field enlarges into the heavens own plain, and the stars of the field take on the splendor of the eternal stars above, let there go out from our hearts a message of thanks to Almighty God and a prayer that we may prove worthy of this rich blessing, even as the poet prays:

Lord, while for all mankind we pray, Of every clime
and coast
O' hear us for our native land, the land we love the
most.
O' guard our shores from every foe, with peace our
borders bless--
With prosperous times our cities crown, our field
with plenteousness.
Unite us in the sacred love of knowledge, truth and
thee
And let the hills and valleys shout the songs of
liberty.
Lord of the nation thus to thee our country we
commend,
Be thou her refuge and her trust, her everlasting
friend.

GARRETT UNION GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1:30 P M.

GARRETT CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

*BENEDICTION:

Rev. James Simmons
Cedar Creek Church of The Brethren
"There's Something About That Name" -Gaither
Miss Margaret Farrington, Organist

PRELUDE:

"My Tribute" -Andre Crouch
Miss Margaret Farrington, Organist

INVOCATION PRAYER:

Rev. Richard Watt
First Baptist Church

WELCOME:

Rev. Michael Roberts
Church of The Nazarene

*CONGREGATIONAL HYMN OF PRAISE: "Lead Me To Calvary" # 140

Led by Rev. Allen Reed, United Presbyterian Church

Miss Margaret Farrington, Organist
Mrs. Milen (Jean) Howard, Pianist

SPECIAL CHOIR SELECTIONS: Joint Choirs from Cedar Lake

Church of The Brethren, and Christian Union Brethren
In Christ. Directed by: Mrs. Paul (Beth) Stepp

"Hallelujah, What A Savior!"

"Blessed Is The King of Israel" Soloist, Mary Wolf

---Both composed by John W. Peterson

OFFERTORY & PRAYER:

Rev. Ron Bowman

United Methodist Church

Offertory: "The Old Rugged Cross Made The Difference"

--Gaither

*CONGREGATIONAL HYMN:

"The Old Rugged Cross" # 141

Led by Rev. Allen Reed, United Presbyterian Church

Miss Margaret Farrington, Organist

Mrs. Milen (Jean) Howard, Pianist

RESPONSIVE READING LITANY:

"Reconciliation" # 542

Rev. Marlin Reseler

Christian Union Brethren in Christ Church

SOLO: "My Master"

Mrs. Paul (Beth) Stepp

Composed by Frances Macphail

INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER: By Honorable Judge Charles Quinn

Judge of DeKalb Co. Superior Court

GOOD FRIDAY MESSAGE: "The Trial of Christ" By Honorable

Judge Harold Stump, Judge of DeKalb Co. Circuit Court

*CLOSING HYMN OF CONSECRATION: "When I Survey The

Wondrous Cross" #144

Led by Rev. Allen Reed, United Presbyterian Church

Miss Margaret Farrington, Organist

Mrs. Milen (Jean) Howard, Pianist

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

We wish to thank Judge Harold D. Stump, of the DeKalb Co. Circuit Court, for bringing us the message at this Good Friday Service, March 24, 1978. His comments on the inequities of the "Trial of Christ" both legally and morally lead us to the inescapable conclusion that Jesus Christ is both Son of God and Son of Man, both divine and human. God's power, in this case through the Resurrection, always triumphs! Thank you, Judge Stump, for reaffirming our faith in God and Jesus, our Savior, and helping us see the pitfalls of human sin, degradation, and evil.

Also, we wish to thank the pastor, Rev. Michael Roberts, and Host Church, Garrett Church of the Nazarene, for housing our service today, their ushers, the Organist, Miss Margaret Farrington, from First Baptist Church; Our Pianist, Mrs. Milen (Jean) Howard of the Nazarene Church; The Joint Choir from Cedar Lake Church of the Brethren & Christian Union Brethren in Christ Church; The Director & Soloist, Mrs. Paul (Beth) Stepp, of Christian Union Church, The Soloist, Mary Wolf, of Cedar Lake Church, Judge Charles Quinn, for introducing Judge Stump, and each Pastor for participating in our Good Friday service today.

Our Offering today will be utilized for expenses for our service, and for the work of our Garrett Ministerial Association, who sponsor this Union Service. Thank you, everyone, for your prayer support and your gifts, and to each of you and your families we wish you, in Christ's name, a Most Blessed Easter!

**REMARKS DELIVERED
AT THE OPENING OF
THE DEKALB COUNTY
DETENTION FACILITY**

At last, and long overdue, we've assembled to commemorate the transformation of the DeKalb County jail into the DeKalb County Detention Facility. The benefits to this county are many and varied. We see in the steel and masonry the elements of restricted confinement. The electronic devices provide excellent security measures--the design and floorplans enable needed segregation to be accomplished for reasons of sex, age, medical needs, and varying security requirements of those to be detained--the needed facilities for adequate and nourishing meals are in place--a greater and more appropriate opportunity for those persons and groups who provide for spiritual nourishment for detainees is present--adequate means are available for maintaining the personal cleanliness of detained persons--adequate means are available for necessary medical attention--facilities to correlate law enforcement efforts throughout a multi-county area are available--secure areas for indoor and outdoor exercise are available for detainees, and all the many requirements of both federal and state regulations for detention facilities have been satisfied to make this one of the finest of its kind and for its purposes.

The existence of this excellent detention structure should be of immeasurable aid in handling both adult and juvenile offenders in work release and other related criminal and juvenile justice programs. With delinquent juveniles, it will no longer require the frequent dependence, as has existed in the past, on Wood Youth Center at Fort Wayne, with the cost involved in the use of such center as well as the time lost and inconvenience caused to the Sheriff's Department in transporting juveniles to and from Fort Wayne being eliminated. With the provisions of the new Indiana Juvenile Code permitting incarceration of juveniles under the age of 17 1/2 years for up to ten days in an appropriate facility, and thirty days if over 17 1/2 years of age, and with this new facility providing the needed sight and sound segregation of juvenile from adult offenders, the range of dispositional alternatives available in juvenile cases has been greatly and

beneficially expanded. The deterrent effect upon juveniles in being compelled to endure even a single 7:00 P. M. to 7:00 A. M. confinement period in an appropriate and approved secure detention facility usually has a tremendous impact upon the desire of offending young persons to conform their conduct to the standard that an orderly society has a right to expect.

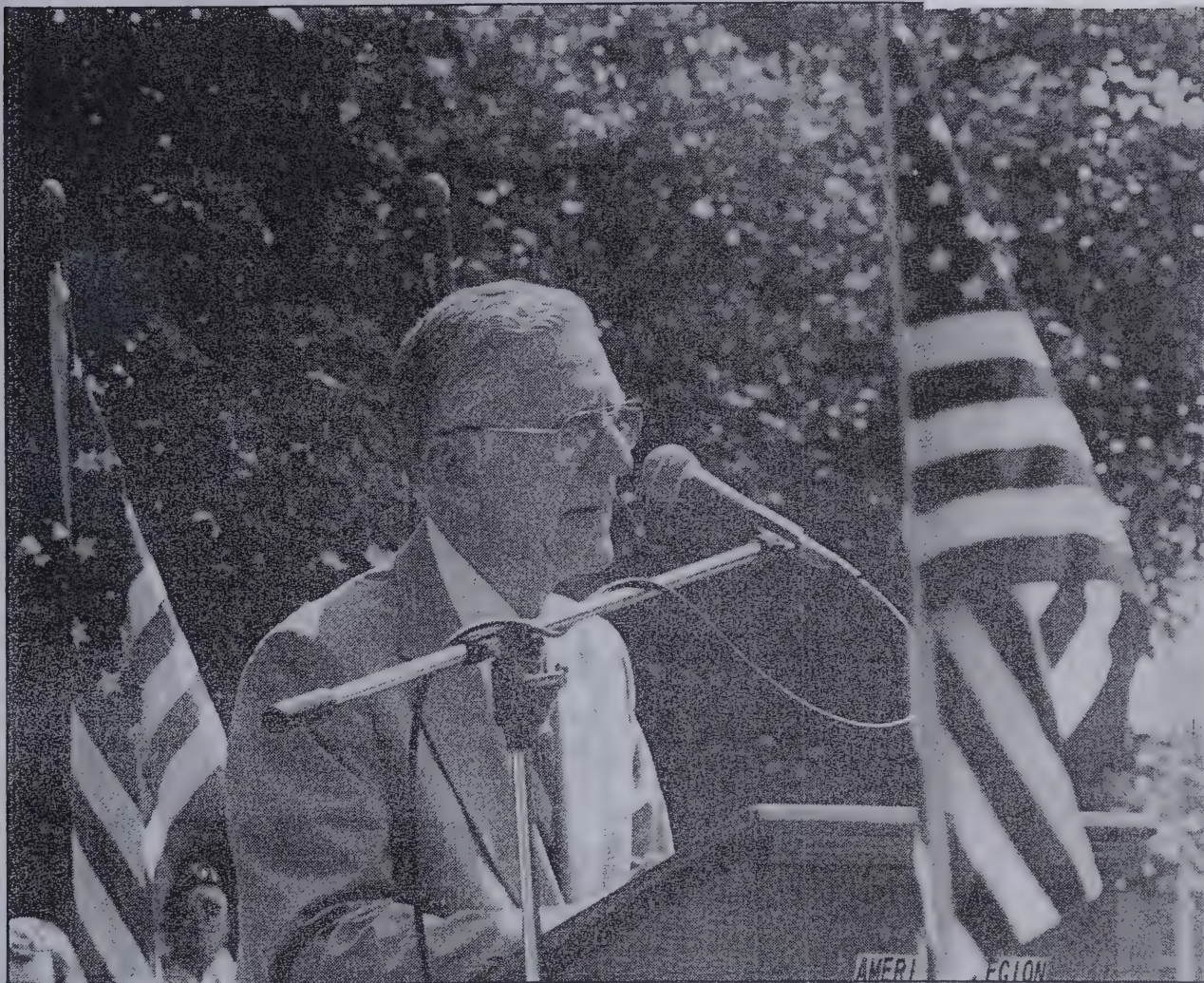
For the past twenty-six years, during each of which I have convened the Grand Jury of DeKalb County for an annual inspection of the DeKalb County jail where persons are held in care or custody for DeKalb County for the purpose of examining its condition and management as required by the statutes of the State of Indiana, the reports of the Grand Jury have consistently recommended the complete renovation of the old jail, or preferably the construction of a new jail, for DeKalb County. The Board of County Commissioners and the County Council of DeKalb County have, with equal consistency, ignored the Grand Jury recommendations. Many of those Grand Jury reports have also recommended that the Commissioners and Council at least establish a fund for jail construction which, by a modest annual tax levy and wise investment of the fund as it was collected, could well have made this building a reality years ago at a much reduced cost and without the substantial tax levy for an extended period which will be needed to retire the indebtedness which has been incurred in the Judicially ordered urgent construction of this building by order of Federal Judge Allen Sharp. It is regrettable that no accolades or credit for this fine new detention facility can honestly be given to or claimed by any DeKalb County Board, Council, or other DeKalb County governmental entity; so, regardless of the names appearing on the cornerstone or upon some plaque to be affixed to this edifice, but for the order of a Federal Judge, this space would still be parking lots for the City of Auburn and DeKalb County. It has come into existence solely by reason of an order made by a Federal Judge as the result of an action instituted by several former detainees in the old jail, who were there both as adults and juveniles, which action was based upon the substandard condition

of the old jail facility as had been pointed out by DeKalb County Grand Juries in their reports for more than thirty years. Under the Court order, the choice was simple--either build a new detention facility which would meet the reasonable standards promulgated by the State and Federal Departments of Correction, or pay for the detention of those who commit violations of the law in DeKalb County in approved detention facilities in surrounding counties, as space would become available, with the latter being a wholly unacceptable alternative for reasons too numerous and obvious to mention.

I'm certain that my invitation to participate in this proceeding did not contemplate my remarks as to how and why this facility became a reality, but without which the story would not be complete, and I know of no acceptable substitute for the truth, for which I make no apology.

Thank you.

The Evening Star, Tues., May 31, 1988,



MEMORIAL DAY SPEAKER — DeKalb Circuit Judge Harold D. Stump spoke at Monday's Memorial Day service, in ceremonies on the

courthouse lawn in downtown Auburn. He said Americans must be willing to make the effort to defend their liberties.

Judge Stump urges defense of liberties

DeKalb County Circuit Judge Harold D. Stump admonished citizens to protect their liberty in a Memorial Day speech delivered on the County Courthouse Square.

Stump pointed out that critics of the United States say its citizens have lost their faith, discipline and vitality, and that the typical American is a "spoiled, demanding, overfed oaf who cares for nothing but his own comfort and diversion."

While disagreeing with such criticism, Stump said Americans do seem in danger of "surrendering to a cult of easiness" arising from the complexity of today's problems.

"The tasks that faced the frontiersmen two centuries ago may have been grim, but they were obvious," Stump said. "But what can a man or woman of today do about inflation, international treaty organizations or the balance of trade?"

Stump suggested that for the ideas and values of freedom for which America stands to survive,

"All our wisdom, all our talent and vitality, all our steadfastness will be needed.

"Free men and women must be quick to understand the kinds of efforts that are required to keep their society vital and strong. If they have the wisdom to demand much of themselves, their society will flourish. But a free society that refuses to exert itself will not last long, and freedom alone won't save it. The establishment of a durable peace, the strengthening of a free society, the enrichment of the traditions on which freedom depend — these cannot be achieved by aimless or listless people."

Stump went on to praise those who dedicated their lives toward preserving American liberty, saying, "We must share again and again with the generations of heroes who have gone before us the faith in a nation that has measured its progress and success by the standard of well being of the men, women and children who are its populace."

**HAROLD'S FAVORITE INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGES AND
MEDITATIONS WHICH WERE FOUND IN HIS PERSONAL
EFFECTS AFTER HIS DEATH**



FOSTER FLIER

Serving Indiana Counties of DeKalb, LaGrange, Noble, Steuben, Wells, Whitley

VOLUME	15	NO	4	NOVEMBER 1991
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A PRAYER

Let me do my work each day; and if the darken hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of ungarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep burning before my vagrant steps and the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

Written by Max Ehrmann

The Prayer of the Christophers

*Lord,
make me an instrument
of Your peace.
Where there is hatred,
let me sow love;
Where there is injury,
pardon;
Where there is doubt,
faith;
Where there is despair,
hope;
Where there is darkness,
light;
And where there is sadness,
joy.*

*O Divine Master,
Grant that I may not
so much seek
To be consoled as to console;
To be understood
as to understand;
To be loved as to love;
For it is in giving
that we receive;
It is in pardoning
that we are pardoned;
And it is in dying
that we are born to
eternal life.*

— Francis of Assisi

Every day our newspapers carry headlines reflecting hatred, injury, doubt or despair:

FAMILY VIOLENCE ON RISE

Out of 47 million couples in the U.S., a study reveals that in over two million households, one spouse has been beaten by another. Child abuse and family stress are linked.

KIDNAPPED INDUSTRIALIST KILLED

Terrorists have widened their aim from government targets to private citizens. Since 1968, on a worldwide basis, they have killed over 1,000 business executives.

MAN, 52, LEAPS FROM BRIDGE

More than 1,000 people around the world commit suicide every day. Ten times that number try. For many, it is failure, low sense of self-worth, illness or feelings of isolation that leads to despair. Incidence among young people is rising.

RACISM STILL ALIVE

Three decades after the Nazi killing of 6,000,000 Jews, the 1978 meeting of the International Council of Christians and Jews — representing 75 nations — has as its topic, Neo-Nazism.

June-July, 1978 — No. 235

CHRISTOPHER NEWS NOTES
12 EAST 48 STREET NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

FUNCTIONAL ILLITERACY HIGH

In the U.S., over 18 million adults cannot read: want ads, job applications, work orders, street signs, food labels or directions for medication.

RUNAWAY FEARED DEAD

Each year an estimated one million juveniles in the U.S. run away. Some turn to crime to survive. Many never return home.

...

Every person who has been in — or behind — one of these headlines may at some point have been within reach of another person who could have made a difference.

Any one of us may know someone who one day could be at just such a point. Or who is there right now — at a point where our love, our hope, our pardon could make that difference.

...

“Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good. (ROMANS 12:21)

Where There Is Hatred—

BELFAST — Bitter strife between Protestants and Roman Catholics in Northern Ireland has, since 1969, claimed over 1,700 lives.

In 1976, two women met. Mairead Corrigan, the aunt of three children who had just been killed, was a Catholic. Betty Williams, incensed by the deaths, was a Protestant. Together they started a march and a movement for peace that led to a Nobel Peace Prize for both.

"Violent deaths in Northern Ireland have dropped by 54 percent," said Mrs. Williams, who with Miss Corrigan had risked her own life. "We hope this has something to do with our movement. We have not yet brought peace to Northern Ireland. We have created a climate for peace to become respectable."

Where There Is Injury—

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — Bob and Golden Bristol travelled 2,000 miles from their Michigan home to the prison where their daughter's murderer is serving a life sentence. They went to forgive him.

They made the trip, said Mrs. Bristol, because "we knew God could make something good out of this pain."

The prisoner, Michael Keeyes, later said, "People like the Bristols give meaning to the word 'forgiveness.'"

Where There Is Doubt—

NEW YORK, N.Y. — In juvenile court, a

desperate father said he and his wife felt that all they had done for their delinquent son had been in vain.

"Your Honor," said the father, "we'll have to give the boy up — disown him. I don't see what else we can do."

"If you desert your son now, you'll lose him forever," the judge told him. "You'll break the last thread of hope — his faith in you. Without that faith, he'll be hopeless."

Where There Is Despair—

CHICAGO — A wealthy young couple surprised officials of an orphanage here.

Seeking to adopt two children, they were interviewed and filled out all the forms. Then officials said, "Now we'll show you two of the nicest children in the orphanage."

"Oh, please no!" said the wife. "We don't want the nicest children; we want two that nobody else would take."

Where There Is Darkness—

LONG ISLAND, N.Y. — A young couple rejected the diagnosis of autism and possible institutionalization for their one-and-a-half-year-old son and made a desperate effort to bring the severely withdrawn child "to life."

Barry and Suzi Kaufman adjusted their lives and gave little Raun many months of almost constant loving attention and play, "totally accepting him." Communication developed and, at four and a half, Raun entered kindergarten.

Where There Is Sadness—

LONDON — A woman with a dream of a special place to care for the dying has made it a reality.

Convinced that "you can live in dying," Dr. Cicely Saunders founded St. Christopher's Hospice which caters to the physical, emotional and social needs of the dying. It is a model for health professionals.

Families visit at any time, children wander freely; even pets are welcome. Gloom is not. "It was so cheerful there ..." said a

visitor. "I saw people coping and helping each other."

Not So Much To Be Consolated—

HOUSTON — When his wife died in Methodist Hospital, Charles Henderson decided to spend the rest of his life helping the sick there.

Known as "Uncle Charley," he cheers the patients, runs errands and makes phone calls.

"You'd be surprised at the things people need," said Mr. Henderson, in his 60's. "And I'm the man who can get it for them."

Not So Much To Be Understood—

HOLLIS, N.Y. — Two subway motormen have blazed a trail in community race relations.

In the 40's, Russell Marks, a white man, and Herb Coddington, a black man, began a series of weekly neighborhood debates. The result was The Hollis Discussion Club which has celebrated its 35th anniversary.

"It's hard to believe now," says Mr. Coddington of their integrated neighborhood, "but in those days if a black man and a white man walked down the street together, people would stare at them."

Not So Much To Be Loved—

TUSCUMBIA, Ala. — The young teacher of the blind and deaf Helen Keller lived at first with frustration and abuse from the child. But Annie Sullivan taught Helen what love is.

"I remember the morning," wrote Miss Keller, when "Miss Sullivan put her arm gently around me and spelled into my hand, 'I love Helen.'"

"What is love?" I asked. She drew me closer to her and said, 'It is here,' pointing to my heart ... 'You cannot touch love, but you feel the sweetness that it pours into everything ...'"

It Is In Giving That We Receive—

DUMONT, N.J. — James Smith wrote in a

letter to *The New York Times*:

"I have come to realize that it is indeed a great blessing to be able to help in any small way to touch those who suffer ...

"There is a place in the city called Under 21 ... Here you will see people who work with young street kids, nomads and run-aways. In trying to help these kids to find a new beginning, I find a new beginning."

In Dying We Are Born To Eternal Life—

ASSISI, Italy — A richly dressed youth, Francis, rode his horse one day on the Umbrian plain.

As his horse shied he saw the sight he most feared. A leper stood before him. But he fought down his loathing, dismounted and gave the man money. Suddenly Francis was filled with love. He kissed the leper's hand, then embraced him.

In that moment he had turned to new life.

LET US SOW LOVE

The Journal-Gazette

PARADISE RESOLUTIONS

No one will ever get out of this world alive.
Resolve therefore to
maintain a reasonable sense of values.

Take care of yourself. Good health is
everyone's major source of wealth. Without
it, happiness is almost impossible.

Resolve to be cheerful & helpful. People will
repay you in kind.

Avoid angry, abrasive persons. They are
generally vengeful.

Avoid zealots. They are generally
humorless.

Resolve to listen more & to talk less. No
one ever learns anything by talking.

Be chary of giving advice. Wise men don't
need it & fools won't heed it.

Resolve to be tender with the young,
compassionate with the aged, sympathetic
with the striving & tolerant of the
weak & the wrong. Sometime in life you will
have been all of these.

Do not equate money with success.
There are many successful money-makers
who are miserable failures as
human beings. What counts most about
success is how a person achieves it.

BY LLOYD SHEARER, COPYRIGHT 1986



SACRIFICE—A mural in the Chapel of Four Chaplains depicts the sinking of the *Dorchester* and the bravery of the men for whom the chapel is named.



No Greater Love

By Lawrence Elliott

FRIDAY, Jan. 22, 1943. The ship tied up at the Army embarkation pier in New York Harbor was rusting through her battered gray paint. Soon she would be standing out to the North Atlantic, a bitter battleground that second winter of the war.

Once the *S.S. Dorchester* had been a luxury cruise liner, accommodating 314 cabin passengers in style, even opulence. Now, gutted and refitted, she had become a troop ship. That cheerless

*THEY WERE
ORDINARY MEN,
EMBUED WITH
EXTRAORDINARY
COURAGE AND
FAITH.*

night, 524 soldiers trudged aboard to be berthed belowdecks in bunks stacked four-high. The coastal steamer seemed too small and slow for the hazardous journey. But with Nazi submarines sinking Allied ships faster than they could be replaced, every available craft had been pressed into service.

Four Army chaplains—Fox, Goode, Poling, Washington—were aboard the *Dorchester*. For Lt. George Fox, it was the second time around.

GEORGE LANSING FOX is not old enough when President Wilson calls the nation to arms in the spring of 1917, but he tells officials he is 18, and they hand him a uniform. He is assigned to an ambulance company and serves through every major American campaign. Two days before the Armistice, Fox is caught in an artillery barrage. His back is riddled with shrapnel. The war is long over before he returns to his native Vermont, wearing a Silver Star, a Purple Heart and France's Croix de Guerre.

Fox gets a job as an accountant, but feels a call to preach and enrolls in a Bible Institute in Chicago. There he

Please turn page

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meets his future wife. They marry, move to Vermont and have two children. George Fox begins serving in the Methodist Church and, at 34, is ordained.

The next years are hard, but the Foxes get through them. George rides the circuit of half a dozen Vermont villages too small to afford their own pastor. He is content—until the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor.

Now past 40, Fox tells his wife, "I must go. I know what these boys are facing." He volunteers for the Corps of Chaplains.

SATURDAY, JAN. 23. The *Dorchester* joined a convoy—freighters, troopships, tankers, naval escorts—steaming due east through the swelling gray-green sea. The ocean was not rough, but in the close confines of the overheated holds, where food, fuel and bilge smells were on permanent parade, those not already seasick were planning for it.

After seasickness, the most compelling preoccupation in the hold was guessing where the ship was bound. The rumor mill ground out destinations from Iceland to North Africa to the South Pacific. "Hey, come on, Rabbi," someone called to Lt. Goode. "Tell us where we're going." Pledged to secrecy, Goode replied, "What, and spoil the surprise?"

THREE YEARS to the day after the Armistice that ends World War I—Nov. 11, 1921—a hush falls over Arlington National Cemetery. Ten-year-old Alexander David Goode stands at the edge of the crowd and watches as a soldier, killed in France, is laid to rest. No one knows his name. It doesn't matter; he is an American and he will forever memorialize America's war dead. Tears fill the young boy's eyes; his heart swells with love for his country.

In high school Goode joins the National Guard and serves nine years, considering it his duty. His father is a rabbi, as was his father's father, and his father. Alex Goode becomes a rabbi too. He marries Teresa Flax, his childhood sweetheart, and when war comes he is leading the temple in York, Pa. Goode joins the Corps of Chaplains and puts in for overseas duty.

When his orders arrive, he has a brief last holiday in New York City with Teresa. Then he takes a ferry to Staten Island and reports aboard the *Dorchester*.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30. At a fueling stop in St. John's, Newfoundland, the soldiers no longer doubted their destination. The *Dorchester* had docked there so often that everyone in town knew it was headed for Greenland. Even children shouted it out to them.

The *Dorchester* and two merchant ships sailed out of St. John's escorted

*"IT WAS
THE FINEST
THING I HAVE
EVER SEEN,
OR HOPE TO SEE,
THIS SIDE
OF HEAVEN."*



by three Coast Guard cutters. Two patrolled the flanks; the third, the *Tampa*, was 3,000 yards out front. They were making for Torpedo Junction, the nickname for the dangerous waters off Newfoundland, where dozens of ships had been blasted to the bottom by German U-boats.

From this day on there would be repeated drills and alerts. The chaplains noted that attendance at evening worship services was up sharply.

It turned bitterly cold. The sea rose, smashing against the ships. Ice began building up on the decks, slowing the *Dorchester* to 10 knots. The men listened nervously as the bulkheads groaned and the steering chain clanked with every course correction.

The chaplains offered sympathy and dry crackers against an epidemic of seasickness. One sufferer said to Lt. Washington, "Listen, Father, if you

really want to do good, get me out on deck so I can jump overboard." A few minutes later, the chaplain cajoled him into a game of cards.

For those still ambulatory, evening entertainment was music, wildly applauded, on bagpipes and guitar. Pfc. John Garey, playing the piano, attracted an ardent company of sing-alongs. Lt. Poling was impresario, searching out talent, bolstering fading courage and joining earnestly in song.

The ships beat north through gale-force winds. Then, on Tuesday, the *Tampa*'s sonar detected the presence of a submarine, somewhere astern in the convoy's wash.

CLARK POLING'S family has a long tradition in the ministry, dating back seven generations. Clark grows up plain-spoken and sometimes brash. He tells his father, a noted clergyman and writer, that he is going to break the tradition and become a lawyer.

At Michigan's Hope College, Clark gets into plenty of mischief, and his marks are only mediocre. In his second year, he comes to his father and says, "Dad, I am going to preach. I can't deny the calling."

Clark enters Yale Divinity School, is ordained in 1938 and called to the First Reformed Church (Dutch) in Schenectady, N.Y. Everyone responds to him. The very exuberance that got him into trouble at school now wins hearts. Unbidden, he shows up at the doors of people who haven't been to church in years. "Hi," he says, "I'm Clark Poling, the new minister. Can you help me get started?"

When the war comes, Clark is married, has a two-year-old son and his wife is expecting another child. "Don't pray for my safe return," he tells his father. "Pray that I do my duty."

TUESDAY, FEB. 2. The *Tampa* dropped back and swept the periphery of the convoy, but failed to fix the sub's position. In the evening she returned to the patrol area up front, sharpening her evasive twists and turns. The other ships scrupulously followed.

Aboard the *Dorchester*, Capt. Hans J. Danielson ordered the men to sleep in their clothing, with life jackets close at hand. They were hard by the coast of Greenland, he said, only 150 miles from their destination. With daylight, there would be air cover from the American base.

Please turn to page 60

FOUR CHAPLAINS

Continued from page 24

The men returned to their bunks, subdued. A few wrote letters; others started a halfhearted poker game. But most men crawled onto their blankets and lay there staring.

Fear is catching, but so is laughter, and all four chaplains summoned it to pierce the gloom. Lt. Washington announced that God was prepared to forgive the poker players for raising the stakes from pennies to quarters. One soldier slyly asked him to bless his cards. The chaplain looked at the hand. "What?" he asked loudly. "Me bless a measly pair of deuces?"

The men began laughing; the tension broke.

JOHN WASHINGTON is the first of seven children born to Irish-immigrant parents in Newark, N.J. The family doesn't have much, but the neighborhood is full of families just like theirs, people who join hands and march up to life's landmarks together—first Communion, illnesses, graduations. At age 12, John is stricken by a severe throat infection. When the doctors have done all they can, the parish priest administers the last rites. But John survives, and tells his sister, Anna, "God must have something special he wants me to do."

John becomes a Catholic priest and, in 1937, is assigned to St. Stephen's in Arlington, N.J. He serves five happy years, but when the war comes, Father John applies at once for a chaplaincy. He now knows what God wants of him.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3. It was just after midnight, and the GIs were curled into their bunks. But few were asleep, and even fewer were wearing their clothes, despite the orders. Down in the hold it was just too hot.

John Garey came off guard duty, face and fingers stiff with cold. Hoping to get coffee, he went to the galley. He was there at 12:55 a.m., when a U-456 caught the *Dorchester* in its cross hairs.

Garey heard a distant thump and felt the deck lurch under his feet. "What's going on?" he yelled. The cook, who had been through it before, said, "We've been hit!" Garey ran for the deck.

Men were already pouring up out of the gangways, stunned and disoriented. The suffocating smell of ammonia from burst refrigeration pipes drifted out behind them.

The wound was mortal. The *Dorchester* took on water rapidly and began listing to starboard.

For all the practice alerts, nothing seemed to go right. Without power, the radio was silenced. No one thought to send up a distress flare, and the escort vessels pushed on into the darkness, unaware that the *Dorchester* was sinking. Overcrowded lifeboats capsized; rafts drifted away before anyone could reach them.

The men milled around on deck on the ragged edge of panic. Many came up from the hold without life jackets; others, wearing nothing but their underwear, felt the arctic blasts and knew they had only minutes to live.

The testimony of survivors tells us that the sole order in that ferment of struggling men, the only fragment of hope, came from the four chaplains, who suddenly appeared on the steeply sloping starboard side.

Calmly they guided men to their boat stations. They opened a storage locker and distributed life jackets. Then they coaxed men, frozen with fear, over the side.

Pvt. William B. Bednar was floating in oil-smeared water, surrounded by debris and dead bodies, the ship looming over him.

"I could hear men crying, pleading, praying, swearing," he recalled. "I could also hear the chaplains preaching courage." With his last strength Bednar swam out from under the ship and crawled aboard a life raft. "Their voices were the only thing that kept me going."

Coast Guard CPO John J. Mahoney realized he had forgotten his gloves and started back to his cabin. He was stopped by Chaplain Goode. "Never mind," Goode said. "I have two pairs."

Later, Mahoney realized the truth: A man preparing to abandon ship doesn't carry extra gloves. Rabbi Goode had already decided he wasn't leaving the *Dorchester*.

On the promenade deck, Second Engineer Grady Clark saw the chaplains coolly handing out life jackets from the locker until there were no more left. Then he watched in awe as they gave away their own.

By now the rail was awash, and Clark slipped into the frigid water. Looking back as he swam away, he saw the chaplains standing—their arms linked—braced against the slanting deck. They were praying.

Other men drew close. There were no more outcries, no panic, just words of prayer in Latin, Hebrew and English, addressed to the same God.

Then the stern came high out of the

water and the *Dorchester* slid down into the sea.

OF THE 904 MEN aboard the troop carrier, 605 were lost. Those who lived will never forget the chaplain's heroism. Said John Ladd, one of the survivors: "It was the finest thing I have ever seen, or hope to see, this side of heaven."

BY VOTE OF CONGRESS on Jan. 18, 1961, a Special Medal of Heroism—the only one ever given—was posthumously awarded to the four chaplains. Feb. 3 became Four Chaplains Observance Day, and in 1951, The Chapel of

the Four Chaplains, an interfaith shrine, was dedicated in Philadelphia, with President Harry S. Truman in attendance and Daniel A. Poling, Clark's father, presiding.

Nearly half a century later, the legend of the four chaplains speaks to something deep in our hearts. For Father Washington didn't call out for a Catholic when he handed over his life jacket, nor Rabbi Goode for a Jew. They gave them to the next soldier in line—and then stood shoulder to shoulder in mutually supporting faith. This is the ideal of brotherhood. This is what we all want in America. This is what the four chaplains gave us. □



THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

From THE RED SKELTON HOUR
January 14, 1969

I remember this one teacher. To me, he was the greatest teacher, a real sage of my time. He had such wisdom. We were all reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, and he walked over. Mr. Lasswell was his name. . . . He said:

"I've been listening to you boys and girls recite the Pledge of Allegiance all semester and it seems as though it is becoming monotonous to you. If I may, may I recite it and try to explain to you the meaning of each word:

I — me, an individual, a committee of one.

Pledge — dedicate all of my worldly goods to give without self-pity.

Allegiance — my love and my devotion.

To the Flag — our standard, Old Glory, a symbol of freedom. Wherever she waves, there is respect because your loyalty has given her a dignity that shouts freedom is everybody's job.

Of the United — that means that we have all come together.

States — individual communities that have united into 48 great states. 48 individual communities with pride and dignity and purpose, all divided with imaginary boundaries, yet united to a common purpose, and that's love for country. Of America.

And to the Republic — a state in which sovereign power is invested in representatives chosen by the people to govern. And government is the people and it's from the people to the leaders, not from the leaders to the people.

For which it stands.

One nation — meaning, so blessed by God.

Indivisible — incapable to being divided.

With liberty — which is freedom and the right of power to live one's own life without threats or fear or some sort of retaliation.

And justice — the principle or quality of dealing fairly with others.

For all — which means it's as much your country as it is mine."

Since I was a small boy, two states have been added to our country and two words have been added to the Pledge of Allegiance — "under God."

Wouldn't it be a pity if someone said, "That's a prayer" and that would be eliminated from schools, too?

~~Let us pray~~ that strength and courage abundant be given
to all who work for a world of reason and understanding &
that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by
day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly
not that which divides them, but that which unites them &
that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not
of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and
weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—
its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—
may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—
the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sym-
pathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

~~our~~
~~work~~
~~presents~~
~~blessings~~
~~earned~~
~~threshold~~
~~tomorrow~~

JUST FOR TODAY

JUST FOR TODAY, I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle my whole life problem at once. I can do something for 12 hours that would appall me if I felt I had to keep it up for a lifetime.

JUST FOR TODAY, I will be happy. This assumed to be true what Abraham Lincoln said: "Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be."

JUST FOR TODAY, I will try to strengthen my mind. I will learn something useful. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

JUST FOR TODAY, I will adjust myself to what is; and I will not keep trying to adjust everything else to my desires.

JUST FOR TODAY, I will exercise my soul in three ways: I will do somebody a good turn, and not get found out. I will do at least two things I don't want to do - just for exercise. And today, if my feelings are hurt, I will not show it to anyone.

JUST FOR TODAY, I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, talk low, act courteously, criticize not one bit, and not try to improve or regulate anybody except myself.

JUST FOR TODAY, I will have a program. I may not follow it exactly, but I will have it. I will save myself from two pests: hurry and indecision.

JUST FOR TODAY, I will have a quiet half hour all by myself for meditation and relaxation. During this half hour I will try to get a better perspective of my life.

JUST FOR TODAY, I will be unafraid. Especially I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful, and to believe that, as I give to the world, so the world will give to me.

Newpaperback— for adults only

By Aigail Van Buren

DEAR READER Every week I received more newly published books that I can lift, much less read. But one little paperback caught my eye: "Parenthood Without Hassels—Well, Almost," by Dr. Kevin Leman.

It was dedicated to my high school counselor, who told me, 'Leman, with your disciplinary record and grades in this school, I couldn't get you into reform school.'

Being one who appreciates humor, I read on and found it to be well worth reading. With the author's permission, I quote:

"A CHILD'S TEN COMMANDMENTS TO PARENTS"

1) My hands are small; please don't expect perfection whenever I make a bed, draw a picture, or throw a ball. My legs are short; please slow down so that I can keep up with you.

2) My eyes have not seen the world as yours have; please let me explore safely; don't restrict me unnecessarily.

3) Housework will always be there. I'm only little for such a short time—please take time to explain things to me about this wonderful world, and do so willingly.

4) My feelings are tender; please be sensitive to my needs; don't nag me all day long. (You wouldn't want to be nagged for your inquisitiveness.) Treat me as you would like to be treated.

5) I am a special gift from God; please treasure me as God intended you to do, holding me accountable for my actions, giving me guidelines to live by, and disciplining me in a loving manner.

6) I need your encouragement, but not your praise, to grow. Please go easy on the criticism; remember, you can criticize the things I do without criticizing *me*.

7) Please give me the freedom to make decisions concerning myself. Permit me to fail, so that I can learn from my mistakes. Then someday I'll be prepared to make the kind of decisions life requires of me.

8) Please don't do things over for me. Somehow that makes me feel that my efforts didn't quite measure up to your expectations. I know it's hard, but please don't try to compare me with my brother or my sister.

9) Please don't be afraid to leave for a weekend together. Kids need vacations from parents, just as parents need vacations from kids. Besides, it's a great way to show us kids that your marriage is very special.

10) Please take me to Sunday school and church regularly, setting a good example for me to follow. I enjoy learning more about God."

I SHALL PASS . . .

I shall pass through this life but once.
Any good, therefore, that I can do
Or any kindness I can show to any fellow creature,
Let me do it now.
Let me not defer or neglect it,
For I shall not pass this way again.

Étienne de Grellet

MAKE YOURSELF AN HONEST MAN . . .

Make yourself an honest man and then you may
be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

Thomas Carlyle

FIRST THINGS FIRST . . .

Everybody thinks of changing humanity
and nobody thinks of changing himself.

Leo Tolstoy

GOD'S MESSAGE . . .

Every child comes with the message
that God is not yet discouraged of man.

Rabindranath Tagore

NEEDED, MORE TO IMPROVE

Point out the need for:
More to improve, fewer merely to
disapprove.
More doers, fewer talkers.
More to say "it can be done,"
fewer to explain why "it can't be done."
More to inspire others with confidence,
fewer to throw cold water on anyone taking
even one step in the right direction.
More to get into the thick of things
and do something, fewer to sit on the side-
lines merely finding fault.
More to point out what's right with
the world, fewer to keep harping on what's
wrong with the world.
More to be interested in "lighting
candles," fewer in blowing them out.

Anonymous

LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME . . .

. . . that there is no fear in love,
but that perfect love casts out fear . . .
Yet when men are ruled by fear,
they strive to prevent the very changes
that will abate it.
Fear of change is, no doubt, in all of us,
but it most afflicts
the man
who fears
that any change
will lead to loss of his wealth and status.
When this fear becomes inordinate,
he will, if he has political power,
abrogate such things as
civil rights
and the rule of law,
using the argument
that he abrogates them only to preserve them.
Life has taught me . . .
that active loving saves one
from a morbid preoccupation
with the shortcomings of society
and the waywardness of men.
Life has not taught me . . .
to expect nothing,
but she has taught me
not to expect success to be the
inevitable result
of my endeavors.
She has taught me
to seek sustenance from the endeavor itself,
but to leave the results to God.
To try to be free of self-deception,
to try to see with clear eyes
oneself
and others
and the world,
does not necessarily bring
an undiluted kind of happiness.
Yet it is something I would not exchange
for any happiness built on any other
foundation.
There is only one way
in which one can endure man's inhumanity
to man
and that is,
to try in one's own life
to exemplify man's humanity to man.

Alan Paton

HOPE IN ACTION

Hope looks for the good in people instead of harping on the worst.

Hope opens doors where despair closes them.

Hope discovers what can be done instead of grumbling about what cannot.

Hope draws its power from a deep trust in God and the basic goodness of mankind.

Hope "lights a candle" instead of "cursing the darkness."

Hope regards problems, small or large, as opportunities.

Hope cherishes no illusions, nor does it yield to cynicism.

Hope sets big goals and is not frustrated by repeated difficulties or setbacks.

Hope pushes ahead when it would be easy to quit.

Hope puts up with modest gains, realizing that "the longest journey starts with one step."

Hope accepts misunderstandings as the price for serving the greater good of others.

Hope is a good loser because it has the divine assurance of final victory.

"In the world you will have trouble, be brave: I have conquered the world."
(John 16:33)

James Keller

A LEADER IS...

A leader is best
When people barely know he exists.

Not so good
When people obey and acclaim him.

Worse when they despise him.

But of a good leader

Who talks little

When his work is done

His aim fulfilled

They will say

"We did it ourselves."

Lao-Tse
(c. 565 B.C.)

IT'S UP TO YOU...

God has created me to do Him
some definite service;

He has committed some work to me
which He has not committed to another.

I have my mission...

I am a link in a chain,
a bond of connection between persons.

He has not created me for naught.

I shall do good. I shall do His work

I shall be an angel of peace,
a preacher of truth in my own place
while not intending it —

if I do but keep His commandments.

Therefore I will trust Him.

Whatever, wherever I am,
I can never be thrown away.

If I am in sickness,
my sickness may serve Him;

in perplexity,
my perplexity may serve Him;

if I am in sorrow,
my sorrow may serve Him.

He does nothing in vain,

He knows what He is about.

John Henry Newman

THE BEST THING TO GIVE...

The best thing to give your enemy is
forgiveness:

— to an opponent, tolerance;

— to a friend, your ear;

— to your child, good example;

— to a father, reverence;

— to your mother, conduct that will make
her proud of you;

— to yourself, respect;

— to all men, charity.

Ben Franklin

DON'T LOOK BACK...

Go very lightly on the vices such as carrying
on in society — this social ramble ain't restful.
Avoid running at all times. Don't look back.
Something may be gaining on you.

Satchel Paige

WIN BY LOSING . . .

I asked God for strength, that I
might achieve,
I was made weak, that I might learn
humbly to obey . . .
I asked for health, that I might do
greater things,
I was given infirmity, that I might
do better things . . .
I asked for riches, that I might be happy,
I was given poverty, that I might be
wise . . .
I asked for power, that I might have
the praise of men,
I was given weakness, that I might feel
the need of God . . .
I asked for all things, that I might
enjoy life,
I was given life, that I might enjoy
all things . . .
I got nothing that I asked for — but
everything I had hoped for,
Almost despite myself, my unspoken
prayers were answered:
I am among all men, most richly blessed.

— Anonymous

NONE OF US CAN BEND HISTORY . . .

Few will have the greatness to bend history
itself, but each of us can work to change a
small portion of events, and in the total of all
those acts will be written the history of this
generation.

Robert F. Kennedy

CHRISTOPHER PRAYER

For a free copy of the Christopher Prayer, "The
Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi," 8 by 10 inches,
suitable for framing, write The Christophers, 12 East

THE MEANING OF SUCCESS

That man is a success
who has lived well, laughed often and
loved much;
who has gained the respect of intelligent
men
and the love of children;
who has filled his niche
and accomplished his task;
who leaves the world better than he found it
whether by
a perfect poem
or a rescued soul;
who never lacked appreciation of earth's
beauty
or failed to express it;
who looked for the best in others
and gave the best he had.

Robert Louis Stevenson

WHEN THE OTHER FELLOW ACTS . . .

When the other fellow acts that way,
he's ugly . . . When you do it, it's
nerves.

When he's set in his ways, he's obstinate
. . . When you are, it's just firmness.

When he doesn't like your friends, he's
prejudiced . . . When you don't like his,
you are simply showing good judgment of
human nature.

When he tries to be accommodating, he's
polishing the apple . . . When you do it,
you're using tact.

When he takes time to do things, he
is dead slow . . . When you take ages,
you are deliberate.

When he picks flaws, he's cranky . . .
When you do, you're discriminating.

— Anonymous

BE YOURSELF

to be nobody but yourself
in a world which is doing
its best day and night to
make you everybody else
means to fight the hardest
battle which any
human being can
fight and never
stop fighting.

e. e. cummings

'All Quiet on the Western Front'

The author says war novels are really about the human condition

By Tim O'Brien

[CBS broadcasts "All Quiet on the Western Front" this Wednesday, Nov. 14. See "Sports and Specials" in the program section for time and channel.]

From Homer to Tolstoy, Shakespeare to Hemingway, Crane to Mailer, Orwell to Jones to Shaw to Heller to Vonnegut to Pynchon, many of the world's finest writers have been drawn to the subject of war. And why not? War is drama. In its perilous, savage swirl, war is rife with the raw materials of old-fashioned storytelling: suspense, action, narrative inertia, big themes, psychological intensity. Literally and metaphorically, the final fact of war—life or death—is also the final fact of human drama.

War stories, however, are not really about war. Not in the important sense. War stories—at least good ones—do not dwell on bullets and bombs and blood; they do not focus much on war as an institution, or war as a social event. Stories are always about people, and war stories are therefore about people at war, or people caught in war, or people running from war. Like any other story, a war story is ultimately about human emotion.

If the true subject of war stories is the human heart, the human spirit, then it seems a bit foolish—even demeaning—to lump

them together under the heading "War Stories." Although they may share a common backdrop of danger and noise and pain, a story by Stephen Crane would differ radically from one by, say, Ernest Hemingway or George Orwell. Moreover, we do not call "Moby Dick" a "whaling story," for that would be misleading and simplistic. The very intent of literature is, in large part, to break away from strict categories—to break away, finally, from genres—in order to show, through drama and characters, the immense variety of experience, the particulars of life that give meaning to death.

Take, for example, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Various critics have called Erich Maria Remarque's masterpiece the greatest war book that has yet been written. What are we to make of this? Is "All Quiet on the Western Front" really "about" World War I? I think not. I think it is "about" a group of characters, each beautifully delineated, each trapped in the muddy and desperate circumstances of that terrible trench war. The novel is "about" those men. It is about their boredom—

the long waits between battles, the grinding monotony, the homesickness, the bickering and petty feuds. It is about the physical discomforts of war—lice, hun-→



continued

ger, thirst, sore feet. It is about the loss of dignity—as when, in one brilliant section of the novel, a character covets the new boots of a dying comrade. In short, Remarque's book is not "about" war; it is not a "war book." Rather, it is a "people book," and it is "about" the human heart.

"All Quiet" is told from the perspective of a young, intelligent German soldier named Paul Baumer, who has volunteered for the war in a flush of eagerness and naiveté. But quickly he is stripped of any illusions of patriotic glory. The dreadful realities of combat—bombardments, gas attacks, death, maiming, wanton destruction—turn him into a hardened veteran at the age of 19. He becomes bitter, then angry, then, in the end, utterly empty. Like an old man with vacant eyes, Paul Baumer sees only the black grave of despair, nothing else. And yet he goes on. With the aid and friendship of his fellow soldiers—especially a 40-year-old veteran named Stanislaus (Kat) Katczinsky—he manages to persist in the face of absurdity and chaos, somehow finding hope in the midst of hopelessness.

In clear, lucid prose, "All Quiet" celebrates the strength and stamina of the human spirit. If it can endure, like Paul Baumer, the trenches of World War I, what can it not endure?

Remarque's novel is not merely one of the "greatest of all war books." Rather, it is one of the greatest of *all* books, war-related or otherwise. To set it apart, judging it only against other "war stories," is to do an injustice to it and to its author.

My own novel, "Going After Cacciato," has been measured against other so-called war novels. On the one hand, this is fine: "Going After Cacciato" will hold its own. But like any serious writer, I want my work to be viewed through a broader lens; I want "Cacciato" to be read as literature, as a novel that is set in time of war but that is not "about" war.

I like to think that "Cacciato" offers a unique perspective on the ways in which men cope with the stresses of war. Surely my novel, with its elements of fantasy, differs from Remarque's more grimly realistic approach. Surely the time warps in Kurt Vonnegut's "Slaughterhouse-Five" offer insights different from those in Homer's heroic tales of combat. Surely the black humor in Joseph Heller's "Catch-22" shows an artistic sensibility quite removed from Ernest Hemingway's posture in "A Farewell to Arms." Surely the pursuit of raw physical courage, the chief theme of Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," is not the theme that dominates the stories of George Orwell.

The point is this: there is diversity. Diversity of emphasis, morality, logic, theme, action, style. By lumping stories into easy categories we blur those very qualities that make for lively and spell-binding reading.

But, for all this quibbling, there is no question that stories set in times of war have a built-in intensity that makes them somehow special. If we are lonely in peacetime, we are even lonelier in time of war; if we are in love in peacetime, the prospect of death makes us love even harder; if we are greedy in peacetime, war can make us greedier. We realize how much we value families and lovers and friends; we see the value of a good warm bed and a bottle of beer and a decent meal; we see the value of life itself in the swirl of death.

In this sense, every so-called "war story" is actually a "peace story." The human heart, when seeing destruction, yearns for construction. The human spirit, when sensing despair, yearns for happiness. It is, I think, this intensity of yearning for peace that makes "All Quiet on the Western Front" such a fine work of art. It is one of the greatest peace novels ever written. **END**

Tim O'Brien's novel "Going After Cacciato" recently won a National Book Award.

I AM OLD GLORY: For more than ten score years I have been the banner of hope and freedom for generation after generation of Americans. Born amid the first flames of America's fight for freedom, I am the symbol of a country that has grown from a little group of thirteen colonies to a united nation of fifty sovereign states. Planted firmly on the high pinnacle of American Faith my gently fluttering folds have proved an inspiration to untold millions. Men have followed me into battle with unwavering courage. They have looked upon me as a symbol of national unity. They have prayed that they and their fellow citizens might continue to enjoy the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, which have been granted to every American as the heritage of free men. So long as men love liberty more than life itself; so long as they treasure the priceless privileges bought with the blood of our forefathers; so long as the principles of truth, justice and charity for all remain deeply rooted in human hearts, I shall continue to be the enduring banner of the United States of America.

Originally written by
Master Sergeant Percy Webb, USMC



A time to lead

IN the mornings, when I raise our Stars and Stripes, I can sense the distant lure of fifes and drums.

Thoughtfully, as I stand-down in her eminent glory, I am humbled by a spiritual presence of heroes.

In my mind, it is evident, the crimson in her stripes forever binds me to that tradition of courage.

I must step forward *now*, and take my place at the front of that succession, because

I am freedom's HERE AND NOW!

—Rich Wilson

I GET SO TIRED

God, sometimes I just want to give up
go off someplace and hide.
I get so tired
I don't want to try any more.
Where can I find
the courage and strength to go on?
The idea
that things will get better
isn't enough.
The thought
that adversity builds character
doesn't convince me.
The only thing that gives me any hope is
Your Son.
May I find in His life the pattern
according to which I can live mine.
Amen.

HELP ME TO SEE

Lord
help me to see
the conditions
in which my brothers and sisters live.
Lord
help me to hear
the cry of the anguished
the whisper of the hopeless
the plea of the forgotten.
Lord
help me recognize the stench of poverty
the odor of illness
the air of loneliness.
Lord
help me to realize
why some people have no taste for life
no palate for living.
Lord
help me to reach out and touch
these my brothers and sisters.
Amen.

IT'S HARD TO BE HONEST

God, it's hard to be honest
to admit my true motives.
And it's so easy to use "white lies."
So easy to say I'm being honest
when I'm only being tactless.
That doesn't prevent me
from suspecting the motives of others.
Teach me to face
the discomfort of knowing myself
and to give others
the benefit of the doubt.
Help me to seek to do Your will
which I recognize
more than I care to admit.
Make me honest enough
to treat the inadequacies of other people
as I would want them — and You —
to deal with mine.
Amen.

TOO FEW SIGNPOSTS?

I seem to be always
at some kind of crossroads, Lord.
And there are so few signposts.
I know
it's a path no one has ever taken
so there's no travel guide.
A long time ago, You told Abram:
"Go into the Land that I will show you."
Every day, You tell me the same thing.
You show me the way in the people
circumstances and events of my life.
And every decision I make can be a step
on that journey of faith —
faith in You
faith in myself and faith in others
because You have made us all.
Guide my feet, Lord, in right paths.
Amen.

WHAT I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE IN SONG, THOUGH IT BE OF BIRDS--
I BELIEVE IN SONG, THOUGH I HAVE NO WORDS--
LET THE SONG BE RIGHT, FELT WITHIN MY HEART
LET IT FILL MY THOUGHT NEVER TO DEPART.

I BELIEVE IN JOY--CAUSED BY WHAT I SEE--
I BELIEVE IN JOY--BROUGHT FROM YOU TO ME--
LET ME PASS IT ON WITH A WORD OR SMILE
TO RETURN TO ME IN A LITTLE WHILE.

I BELIEVE IN THE SUN--THOUGH THE SHINE BE HID--
I BELIEVE IT'S THERE AND WILL SHINE WHEN BID--
LET THE CLOUDS ROLL BACK SO THE GLORY SHOWS;
LET THE SUN SHINE DOWN WHERE THE FLOWER GROWS.

I BELIEVE IN STARS THOUGH THE CLOUDS OBSCURE--
I BELIEVE THEY DWELL WHERE THE AIR IS PURE--
LET THE STARS HOLD SWAY O'ER THE LIVES OF MAN
LET THEM MAKE MAN DREAM, LET MAN KNOW "HE CAN".

I BELIEVE IN LOVE THOUGH IT BE THAT I
CANNOT FEEL THE JOY--AND MAY WONDER WHY--
I BELIEVE IN LOVE--AS FROM ME TO YOU
AND I TRUST THAT LOVE IS FOREVER TRUE.

I BELIEVE IN GOD, THOUGH HE CAN'T BE HEARD
THOUGH IT SEEMS TO ALL THAT HE SAYS NO WORD.
I BELIEVE IN GOD, THOUGH HE SEEMS ASLEEP
FOR I KNOW HIS LOVE TO BE TRUE AND DEEP.

I BELIEVE WE'VE LIVED, AND WILL LIVE AGAIN
THOUGH WE CAN'T RECALL AND WE DON'T KNOW WHEN;
THAT WE TASTE OF SORROW AND OF JOY THE SAME
AND WE KNOW OF BLISS THAT CAN HAVE NO NAME.

I BELIEVE IT TRUE THAT GOD MADE ALL THINGS--
THE SUN THAT SHINES AND THE BIRD THAT SINGS--
THAT HE GAVE US JOY AND THE LOVE WE PRIZE
AND THE STARS THAT SHINE IN A LOVED ONE'S EYES,

I BELIEVE THERE'S WRONGS THAT WE CANNOT MEND--
I BELIEVE THERE'S WARS WHERE WE MUST CONTEND--
I BELIEVE WE WALK WHERE GREAT ONES HAVE TROD--
I BELIEVE WE LIVE BY OUR FAITH IN GOD.

AND LAST OF ALL, I BELIEVE IT TRUE
THAT HEAVEN AWAITS FOR ME AND YOU --
THOUGH WE PICTURE IT FALSELY--IT'S A PLACE--
THE FINAL HOME OF THE HUMAN RACE.

--H. RHEA PRITCHARD

Lawrence Siple's mother

ON RISK

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool
To weep is to risk appearing sentimental
To reach out for another is to risk involvement
To expose feelings is to risk exposing your true self
To place your ideas, your dreams before the world
is to risk loss
To live is to risk dying
To hope is to risk despair
To try at all is to risk failure
But to risk we must
Because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing
The man, the woman, who risks nothing
does nothing
has nothing
is nothing.

---Anonymous

Abe Martin Revisited

The March, 1982 issue of the *Indiana Magazine of History* carries an article about Kin Hubbard's Abe Martin, whose comic sayings were nationally syndicated at the time of his death in 1930. Abe's crackerbarrel humor was often about his neighbors in Brown County and many of his sayings have become classics, particularly his political observations, such as:

"It's purty hard t' underpay a city official."

"We'd all like t' vote fer th' best man, but he's never a candidate."

"How'd you like t' be marooned in Napoleon, Indianny, an' dependin' on the Congress t' git you out?"

"You can lead a feller to the polls, but you can't make him think."

THE LIGHTER SIDE:

******THE WIT AND WISDOM OF FRIENDSHIIPS**

******THE COURT HOUSE GANG**

******OLD PETS REMEMBERED**

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Although Harold always spoke eloquently and had an appreciation for a well-turned phrase, Harold's sense of humor and clever comments were legendary among his friends and family. When Harold and Letha were married in 1968, their closest friends were Bob and Erlene Fee, the couple who had introduced them and who had been their only attendants at their wedding. The foursome enjoyed one another's company greatly and attended the Tennessee Walking Horse Celebration in Tennessee each year; laughter was always heard whenever they were together reliving their adventures on these annual trips. On one occasion, the Fees and the Stumps attempted to make the drink, Velvet Hammers, an after-dinner drink which they frequently enjoyed on their many evenings out. Bob and Harold thought that it was made with "real" ice cream, and the two of them melted two gallons of ice cream only to discover that the two gallons only made two drinks. Later they realized that a liqueur was used to make the drinks and that ice cream was totally absent from the authentic Velvet Hammers. During one visit to the Fee's home, Harold deliberately wore bright red socks and made a point of sitting with his pant legs raised so that the stockings were in full view; Bob Fee finally mentioned them, much to Harold's delight, and the four friends laughed heartily over Harold's lack of color sense. Harold also had many expressions which were designed to tease his wife and daughters. One such saying was that male birds have the brightest and most beautiful plumage, just the way it is in the human kingdom too. As the only male in a female-dominated household, after that comment, Harold laughingly endured the stares from the women in his home whenever the subject arose of the beautiful birds that flocked to their many bird feeders. Letha, however, got her revenge on Harold one Valentine's Day as he unwrapped a package containing a pair of panty hose into which she had sewed a zipper. No one laughed louder than Harold, and Bob and Erlene, of course, were the first people with whom Harold shared the joke. Harold also had humorous ways of expressing distaste, particularly when it came to mutton which he said always made him feel like he had "a mouth full of fur." Similarly, before his marriage to Letha when Harold was the cook for the household, Dianna would tease Harold when he would serve her runny eggs by wrinkling her forehead and loudly asking, "What's that?" to which Harold would respond with mock hurt and dismay as Dianna giggled. Dianna and Harold's parental bond was always punctuated with laughter as Harold always would cover his plate with his hands each meal when an over-eager Dianna tried to clear the dishes prematurely so that she could finish her chores quickly. Harold also shared with Carolyn his lifelong habit of carrying a buckeye in his pocket for good-luck, and Carolyn often felt the token being pressed into her palm at special leave-takings from her father, most notably when she started college and whenever she traveled to Chicago to her teaching position after spending a weekend with her parents. After his marriage to Letha, she too good-naturedly tolerated his teasing as he often joked that she washed the five picture windows in the family room so often that the panes were "paper thin."

Harold's most dramatic joke, however, was perpetrated on the unsuspecting strangers who rang the bell of his front door, particularly those who purported to be

purveyors of religious wisdom. As a judge, Harold was keenly aware of the need for protection against those who might hold a grudge against him for an adverse decision, and he wanted to make certain that anyone coming to his home was announced and expected. As a result, he always had a Doberman Pinscher as a household pet whom he wanted everyone to think was, in his words, "the meanest dog in the county." When the front doorbell would ring with an unexpected guest, Harold would place his finger in the Doberman's collar as if to hold the dog back as he and the dog answered the door. The caller always beat a hasty retreat so as to avoid the Doberman's teeth, and no one but family and close friends knew that Harold's Dobermans would never hurt anyone. In spite of his firm religious convictions, Harold maintained a belief throughout his life that most pastors had an exaggerated sense of their own entitlement, and he especially took pleasure when a Bible-spouting man or woman left his premises never to return.



Norman Rockwell

1948 was a vintage year for masochism among Chicago baseball fans. Both Charlie Grimm's Cubs and the White Sox, piloted by Ted Lyons, contrived to finish the season in the cellars of their respective leagues. The Cubs—spurred on by stalwarts such as the veteran Phil Cavarretta (then in his fifteenth of twenty seasons with the club) and Handy Andy Pafko—managed to win 64 games against 90 losses. Things might have been much worse had not Johnny “Bear Tracks” Schmitz had the best season of his pitching career, winning eighteen games with an ERA of 2.64. For the most part, the bleacher bums at Wrigley Field had to satisfy themselves with betting nickles on balls and strikes; for White Sox fans, things were even worse. Their ball club ended the year with a record of 51 wins and 101 losses. They did not have a single winning pitcher on the team, and only Luke Appling, then nearing the end of his playing career, batted over 300. The solitary high spot of the season was provided by outfielder Pat Seerey, who hit four home runs in a single, eleven-inning game. Toward the end of the campaign, Norman Rockwell's own record of this dismal chapter in Chicago sporting history appeared as a *Post* cover (Fig. 289). He shows us the dugout and the jeering fans. Some peculiarly embarrassing incident has evidently occurred on the playing field. The whole story is summed up by the expressions of disbelief worn by the players and the bat boy.

HAROLD'S FAVORITE BASEBALL TEAM WAS THE CHICAGO CUBS. DURING THE SUMMER OF 1939, HAROLD HITCHHIKED TO FLORIDA TO TRY OUT FOR THE CUBS FARM TEAM. HE WAS SELECTED AS A PITCHER FOR THEIR CLASS AAA TEAM, BUT HE KNEW THAT HIS FATHER, WALTER, WOULD NOT HAVE APPROVED SUCH AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE FOR HIS SON; HAROLD THEREFORE DECLINED THE OFFER AND RETURNED TO HIS STUDIES AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY. UNTIL THE END OF HIS LIFE, HAROLD COULD NAME ALL OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CUBS' TEAMS OF HIS YOUTH AND THEIR STARTING POSITIONS ON THE FIELD.



Game Called Because of Rain. Post cover, April 23, 1949. National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc., Cooperstown, New York.



*The Locker Room. Post cover,
March 2, 1957*

By Deanna Provinces
Auburn, Indiana

WHEN MY MOTHER, Jessie Rohm, bought the Auburn Diner in Auburn, Indiana, I got a raise from 35¢ to 50¢ an hour.

I started working as a waitress at the diner in 1953, when I was 13. I worked for Herman Tritch, the son-in-law of the man who started the diner, "Dad" Shuman. My mother bought the diner the next year, when I was a freshman in high school.

The diner was actually an old streetcar that was brought in and set on a basement foundation. All the cooking was done in the basement. The diner had one long counter with 10 stools and two short counters with three stools each. And all of those stools were usually full of customers, many of whom were regulars.

The courthouse was across the street, and we got a lot of customers from there. One woman who worked at the courthouse was diabetic, so my mother always cooked something special for her. In fact, although there was a menu every day, Mom would cook something special for anyone who asked...like the three ladies from the courthouse who every once in a while would say, "Well, Jet, we're going on a diet."

"Jet" Gave Speedy Service

Mom was known as "Jet" because she was always on a dead run in the diner.

Another regular was Judge Harold Stump, who came in for lunch every day. On Monday, when the menu was ham and beans, he'd say, "I'll have a ham and a bean." Then he'd bury his nose in the newspaper.

So one Monday, Mom sliced a little sliver of ham, put it and one bean on a butter "chip" and set it on the counter in front of the judge. The judge began to poke his fork all over the counter before he finally looked up from the paper and saw that Mother had pulled a joke on him.

Two blocks from the diner was an old hotel. Four elderly men from the hotel also came in for lunch daily. If one of them didn't show up, I was sent to the hotel to see if he was ill. If the man was sick, I'd report his symptoms to my mother, and she'd fix up enough food to last him a couple of days.



Nothing Was Finer Than the Auburn Diner

we closed at noon. Her pies were picture-perfect as well as delicious. The crusts were so good and flaky because they were made using lard.

No matter what Mom cooked, though, I never saw her use a recipe book.

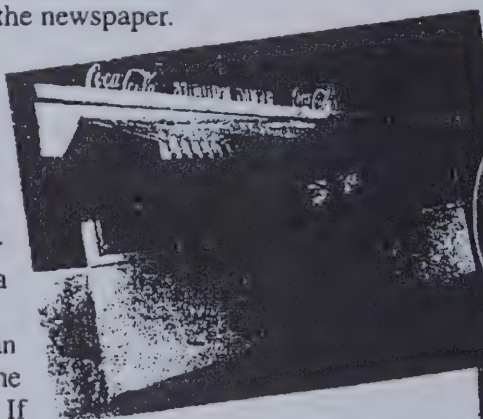
Attracted Unusual Customers

Our most unusual customers came at the end of September during the annual street fair. Booths were set up all around the courthouse square and down some of the side streets.

During fair week, we opened an hour early, at 5 a.m. That's when workers from the sideshows came in to get their food for the day. They couldn't leave their shows during the hours people were paying to see them. I remember the alligator man, the ape woman, the fat lady and the three-legged man...and I never had to pay a cent to see them.

The Court Theater was next to the diner. The very nice young man who took tickets there often came in for a ham sandwich. That nice young man became my husband in 1957.

The diner is long gone and the space is now a parking lot for the courthouse. But I still have my wonderful memories.



DINING DELIGHTS. The Auburn Diner (above) was the place to eat around the Auburn, Indiana courthouse in the '50s. The author (in cameo today) worked for her mother (center at right).





**HAROLD, LETHA, AND GLEN STONESTREET WAITING
FOR THE CEREMONY TO BEGIN FOR THEIR
DAUGHTER, CAROLYN'S, WEDDING---JUNE 27, 1970**

HAROLD FAVORITES:

TELEVISION PROGRAMS:

- 1. GUNSMOKE**
- 2. THE RIFLEMAN**
- 3. GOMER PYLE, USMC**
- 4. THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW – BARNEY FIFE
WAS HIS ALL-TIME FAVORITE TELEVISION
CHARACTER**
- 5. THE TONIGHT SHOW WITH JOHNNY
CARSON**

FOOD:

- 1. DEVILED EGGS**
- 2. OYSTER STEW**
- 3. CHERRY BREAD PUDDING**
- 4. GARLIC BREAD WITH ENOUGH BUTTER
THAT YOU COULD SEE YOUR TEETH
IMPRINTED WHEN YOU TOOK A BITE.**
- 5. PEANUTS**
- 6. CARAMEL CORN**
- 7. PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES**

BOOK:

**A TALE OF TWO CITIES
BY CHARLES DICKENS**

MOVIE:

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

SINGER:

**EDDIE ARNOLD
JOHNNY MATHAS
PERRY COMO**

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Harold enjoyed telling the story of attending a judge's convention in southern Indiana for which the evening's entertainment was the singer, Johnny Mathas. What impressed Harold the most about the singer's talents was his relaxed, melodious voice in which every word was understandable. Harold also remembered Mr. Mathas' humility as he spoke about the gratitude he felt toward his fans. Harold took great interest in Mr. Mathas' own story about needing to choose after high school between a singing career and a career in track and field events at a major university for which he had obtained a scholarship. Undoubtedly, the singing career proved to be a lucrative choice for the singer, and on that evening, Harold joined the millions of people who have been affected by Johnny Mathas' superb talents.

On another occasion, Harold was greatly amused by seeing Barbra Streisand in the movie, What's Up Doc, when he and Bob Stonestreet were visiting the Mayo Brothers Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota in the middle 1970's. The movie was racy by Harold's standards and by the standards at the time, and at a particularly suggestive scene, Harold looked over to Bob who was seated next to him only to find his best friend asleep. Harold teased Bob about his napping during the movie for many years afterwards, and Bob good naturedly laughed as well. Until the day he died, Harold remembered Miss Streisand only for her acting in that movie and was totally uninterested in any singing that she did.

THE FRIENDS

Harold's friends over the years were fiercely loyal to him as he was to them, and in addition to the Stonestreets and the Fees, one of Harold's closest friends during his adult years was Phil Butler, an Auburn attorney. Phil and Harold had met each other after Harold returned from World War II when Phil, a devout Catholic, and his wife, Jody, wanted to start a family and had come to Harold's law office to arrange an adoption. After the final papers were signed, Phil asked Harold how much his fee would be, and Harold said, "five dollars," merely a token fee. Even then, Harold's love of children extended not only to the children themselves but also to those who would take a needy child into their hearts and home. The two men remained close friends during the next forty years, and in 1993 when Phil had stomach cancer and Harold was facing colon surgery, Phil came to Harold's home in the Spring and cheered Harold with his optimistic attitude and encouraging manner even though Phil knew that his cancer was terminal. Phil offered Harold such consolation on that day that Harold said that Phil was one man who "would not have to shovel much coal when he met his Maker." How prophetic those words were Harold could not have guessed as Harold passed away in June of that year after his colon surgery and Phil passed away in the fall of that year from his condition.

One friend whom Harold knew only a short time but whose influence is still felt in Auburn today was Bill Heimach, the Presbyterian minister. Bill's sermons were legendary for their eloquence, and even Harold attended Bill's church on Sundays as did even the most recalcitrant Christians in town. Harold frequently said that Bill read the Scripture so beautifully, it was as if "he had written it himself." After establishing a reputation as a quality pastor and an equally quality human being, Bill Heimach gained even more stature in Harold's eyes as he and his wife Evvy added two adopted children to their natural brood of four. As sometimes happens to those whose lives are filled with goodness and promise, Bill contracted cancer at the age of forty and passed away within six months of his diagnosis. Before he died, he called Harold and told him that he wanted the judge to read a passage from his favorite book of meditations, The Prophet by Kahil Gibran. Although Bill had accepted his fate and was prepared for the Kingdom of God, Harold struggled with his grief and questioned the justice of a God who would cut short a life which had been so inspirational to the citizenry of Auburn. Harold read at Bill's funeral the selected passage and had to struggle with his emotions and deliberately pitch his voice lower to keep it from shaking. As a tribute to Bill, the Heimach Center for Senior Citizens thrives in Auburn, and eventually Harold too found solace that Bill's work on earth would always continue through the center and through those whose lives he touched.

As Harold's thirty-year career as judge grew to a close, he became a mentor and friend to younger men and women who worked at the Auburn Court House and to those who tended his five acres of land. Each of these colorful personalities brightened the judge's days with their own brand of wit and wisdom. Early in his career, Harold enjoyed conversing in his limited proficiency with the Italian language with the courthouse elevator operator, Dominic Palumbo, and each man duly looked forward to their morning

and evening rituals of exchanging pleasantries in Dominic's native language. Among his trusted and respected court house friends during his career were his court reporters, Madge Robinson, Alta Garrigus, Florence Seiple, Carol Schaeffer, and Donna Davis as well as her husband, Chet, his bailiffs, Eddie Pickart, Morris Close, Phil Straham and Conrad Schaeffer, the courthouse custodian, Clint Stephens, and the probation officer, Lloyd Hoodelmeier. In the 1970's and 1980's, Harold grew particularly close to the two young probation officers whom he had hired, John Davidson and Tim McAlhany, and their wives, Jenny and Jan. It was a sincere pleasure for Harold and Letha to play host to their court house gang at Christmastime by taking the group to the St. James Restaurant in Avilla. There gifts would be exchanged, and even years later at Letha's wake, Tim and John remembered getting the most beautiful sweaters from the Judge and Letha each Christmas. Harold in turn was delighted when Tim and John asked him to accompany them to a Chicago Cubs game after Harold retired, and Harold particularly relished sharing John's pride in his daughter, Darcy, as John brought her as a toddler to the courtroom where she was asked by John to find the "clock," and she responded by pointing to the timepiece in the room. Harold too delighted in seeing the miniature horse which Tim and Jan housed in the barn on their property, but never was Harold more enthralled than when Tim donned a gorilla suit for a day which he wore to visit Harold in his courthouse office; the story and pictures of that event entertained the judge for many years as he would relive that time frequently in the presence of his family and friends.

Harold's closest friends also included Rod Kain and his wife Marylou, Rod being Harold's neighbor and companion when they were growing up on Seventh Street, Warren Lige, who had been a childhood friend and who also lived across the street from Harold on Morningstar Road, Letha's brother and sister-in-law, Dale (Sam) and Helen Grogg, and Jim McCanna, a prominent attorney in Auburn whose abilities Harold greatly respected and trusted and who shepherded the Stump family through the ordeal of settling Harold's estate after his death. Harold too enjoyed the company and companionship of his dentist, Dr. Daniel Schmidt, with whom he always shared observations about life and the human condition and with whom he discussed the status of world events during his scheduled appointments. As Dr. Schmidt noted during a dental visit by daughter, Carolyn, in 2007, Harold always seemed aware of the "big picture" when he commented on his own world view and the limited impact that any single mortal could affect on the life of a nation or the effects of time upon us all. Since Harold disliked the aftereffects of novocaine, his dental procedures were always completed without any anesthesia, and Harold's natural stoic attitudes toward life and his own infirmities as well as his wisdom derived from lifetime experiences were always duly noticed by his friend, Dr. Schmidt. Harold also greatly admired the director of the Department of Public Welfare for DeKalb County, Mary Southern, who in Harold's view was intelligent, conscientious, compassionate, and a wonderful human being, and he frequently told his family that Mary was "one of his favorite people." Many years after Harold's death in 1993, Mary too shared with the Stump family that Harold was also one of her "favorite people" during their professional association as they stood unified in their dedication to the welfare of the neglected children in the county.

Also included in Harold's retinue were his trusted friends, Willie Watson and his wife Emma, with whom Harold and Letha also exchanged Christmas gifts each year. Willie and Emma were natives of Kentucky who mowed Harold's and Bob Stonestreet's expansive lawns during the summers and with whom Harold and Sue could always exchange many hours of great conversation and shared experiences. As with so many of the Stumps' friends, Willie and Emma never stood on ceremony or pretense and were honest, hard-working citizens, and they were also the adoptive parents of a lovely daughter, Cynthia Grace, whom Harold and Letha proudly watched grow up, even displaying a picture of the Watson family in their family room. On one occasion, Harold gave Willie a sportcoat which he had outgrown, and Willie accepted it gratefully as his weekly job was at a factory and he seldom had a need for dressier clothes. During Letha's wake, it was with a mixture of great sadness and great pride that Willie told Carolyn and Dianna that he had been the pallbearer for the funerals of all four of his friends and employers, Bob, Doris, Harold and Letha. Loyalty and gratitude for the gift of understanding were two enduring benefits of being a member of Harold's extended family of friends.

December 19, 1969

Mr. Phil M. McNagny, Jr.
Attorney-at-law
Columbia City, Indiana

Dear Phil:

Last Friday night, December 12, 1969, I was exposed to the horrors of Big Blue Country. The preview which we had so colorfully and articulately described to us by Merritt Diggins was certainly accurate.

When the Big Blue came on the floor, bedlam reigned, or you might even say all hell broke loose. Each member of the East Noble band blew a different note on his or her instrument as loudly as possible, each fan from ages eight to eighty stood and emitted piercing screams, and those fans below eight and over eighty stomped their feet. During this period it was impossible to converse with the person sitting beside you in the gymnasium.

When order was restored to some degree, some little black haired guy with a blue shirt and white tie, who I took to be the coach, although I am still not sure, swaggered onto the floor. Thereupon, the band, having previously blown the rust and sediment from their instruments, launched into "Sweet Georgia Brown". At this time the East Noble team, under the direction of the little guy in the blue shirt, went through ball handling maneuvers which would have done credit to the Harlem Globetrotters. All this procedure was accompanied by the deafening screams of the local populace as above described. Needless to say, the DeKalb team were completely awed by this performance and neglected to warm up, but rather stood around agape and watched the proceedings. The DeKalb team then, having been completely demoralized by the noise, retreated to the dressing room. At this point, the East Noble team monopolized the whole floor and put on a mock scrimmage which was much more entertaining than was their performance of the game itself.

East Noble then produced pom pom girls in large numbers who proceeded to shake their pom poms and scatter small bits of paper on the end of the floor which was to be used for a hurried warmup by the DeKalb team, which made footing very hazardous. In addition, trying to shoot baskets in the midst of a bunch of half clad high school girls seemed to further demoralize the DeKalb team.

Many things are done differently at East Noble this year. The Star Spangled Banner is not played until half time and the school

Mr. Phil M. McNagny, Jr.
Page 2.

song of the visiting team is not played at all. In addition to the pom pom girls who performed in the portion of the floor assigned to the visiting team, there are at least a half dozen janitors with brooms who followed them around the floor feebly attempting to keep the bits of paper swept in a pile at about the point at the free throw line where the magic nail is driven into the floor. It reminded one of the scoop shovel and wheelbarrow brigade which follow horse exhibitors at a parade.

When the referees finally assembled five boys from each team on the Court and threw the ball up at center to start the game, activities came to a complete halt, particularly on the part of the East Noble team. They took one shot at the basket each quarter, and the rest of the time were content to do their Sweet Georgia Brown thing, to the insane delight of the East Noble fans. The new coach at East Noble apparently would prefer to look upon the final score of 10 to 5 as a demonstration of his outcoaching the opposition and only being beaten by five points by a vastly superior team. There are those, however, who would look upon the final score as though East Noble had had the score doubled on them.

That was about it, except for some minor details which I have omitted for the sake of time and space, such as the half time show which was a take off on the Rockettes from Radio City Music Hall and various other activities, all of which were designed to take the minds of the DeKalb players off their purpose for being at Kendallville on December 12th.

Merritt paid his dollar. I wouldn't want to say that he was a poor loser, but any fellow who will compel his wife to pay his lost bets is something else.

If the game with Columbia City is to be played on the Columbia City floor, I am tempted to attend just to see how much of the fiasco to which I was exposed at Kendallville may be taken on the road.

Yours very truly,

Harold D. Stump.

HDS:fs

Harold D. Stump
Judge of the 75th Judicial Circuit
Auburn, Indiana 46706

January 23, 1974

Hon. Henry C. Springer, Esq.
Attorney-at-law
Butler, Indiana

Re: Eighty Golden Years

Dear Clark:

Cards which are purchased from a card rack in a store, however beautifully appointed and composed, somehow are inadequate and cannot generate the warmth I feel in sending you birthday greetings on this, your eightieth birthday.

Suggested at my father's knee and nurtured through thirty years of affectionate personal association, a tremendous respect has grown in my heart and my feelings. Tough yet compassionate--industrious yet with the ability to relax--an enormous capacity for friendship yet expecting even friends to measure up to a high standard--fiercely patriotic without compromise--diplomatic yet demanding--resourceful but within the limits of propriety--constructively critical but without rancor--a great sense of humor without offense--a great lawyer without any reservation--all these fine attributes and many more flood my mind in retrospect as thirty years stretch backward in too short a path of time. If a benign Providence should favor me with four score years, I would only hope that in some small way I might earn even a token of the high esteem with which you are so widely held.

With every sincere wish that life may hold many more joys and worthy achievements to be enjoyed by you in good health and in due season, I am

Yours Respectfully,



P. S. Sue and I join in sending our very best to Mrs. Springer.

February 5, 1970

Mr. George T. Angelone
TKE House
607 Grant Avenue
Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933

Dear George:

The usual, official contact I have with young people is for the most part a rather exasperating experience. Accordingly, it is refreshing to be able to write a letter to a young man who exemplifies the attributes which seem to be so sadly lacking in too many of the young people of our time.

I am led to believe that which I could have readily anticipated, viz: that you are making a good academic record and are acquiring the status of a fine campus citizen at Wabash College. All this certainly justifies the faith which has been reposed in you and has been the source of a feeling of justifiable pride by not only your parents but by others whose respect you have won.

Sometimes, George, it seems that those of us in the forgotten generation who came to maturity in the Great Depression, and were dumped inauspiciously between the Lost Generation and the Beat Generation, have been overlooked in the appraisal of the feelings and attitudes of our populace. This generation might also have been known as the Hungry and Frustrated Generation. For, besides not having enough to eat, they did not have enough money to buy airplane tickets and bus tickets to go to distant places to protest their condition. Their right to disrupt college campuses and programs was impaired by the necessity of spending their spare time working in order to pay for tuition, books, and minimal housing. After four years of college, few could afford the luxury of attending graduate schools--their right to postpone reality was harshly crushed by the exigencies of making a living. True, they marched the streets, but they were hunting for work. Most of them found jobs and became the middle class establishment whose principal privileges are to pay the bulk of the nation's taxes and buy airplane tickets for sons and daughters who travel to distant places to protest and express their independence. Unfortunately these sons and daughters who shout the loudest to be independent really wish to be told what to do and are so told by the counsels of unreason.

It has become difficult to be tolerant of a society that seems to have sympathy only for the individual who by his own acts or omissions has become a misfit, maladjusted, born loser. It is distressing to realize the efforts to idealize freedom against

Mr. George T. Angelone
February 5, 1970
Page 2

order. It is time perhaps that all segments of society join in bringing into proper balance and perspective not only the rights of those misfits but also of those who are the victims of their acts and omissions.

So I deem it a privilege to salute a young man who apparently is able to recognize perversion of freedom for self alone and who by faithful attention to the noble tasks ahead and obedience to the rules which must govern an orderly society is opposing the threats to this nation.

I am certain that your continued scholastic excellence and zest for right and reason will make you an invaluable asset to some community upon the completion of your academic pursuits. I would hope that this community would receive a favored place in your thinking, and it would be my great privilege to be able to extend the hand of welcome across the bench to you as a member of the legal fraternity.

Keep up the good work, as I am sure you will, and the rewards of a truly useful life will certainly be your deserved prize.

Yours very truly,

Harold D. Stump, Judge.

HDS:fs



**THE COURT HOUSE GANG: LEFT-RIGHT: MAURICE
CLOSE, DONNA DAVIS, CAROL SCHAFFER, JOHN
DAVIDSON, FLORENCE SEIPLE, AND HAROLD**

HAROLD, FLORENCE SEIPLE, EDDIE PICKERT, AND
DONNA DAVIS IN THE COURT ROOM.





**HAROLD RECEIVING THE SAGAMORE OF THE
WABASH AWARD: WITH HIM ARE JUDGE KEVIN
WALLACE, TIM MCALHANY, JANET GOEN, AND
JUDGE PAUL CHERRY**



FLORENCE AND HAROLD

FLORENCE SEIPLE



The
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..



JOHN AND JENNY DAVIDSON

JENNY DAVIDSON

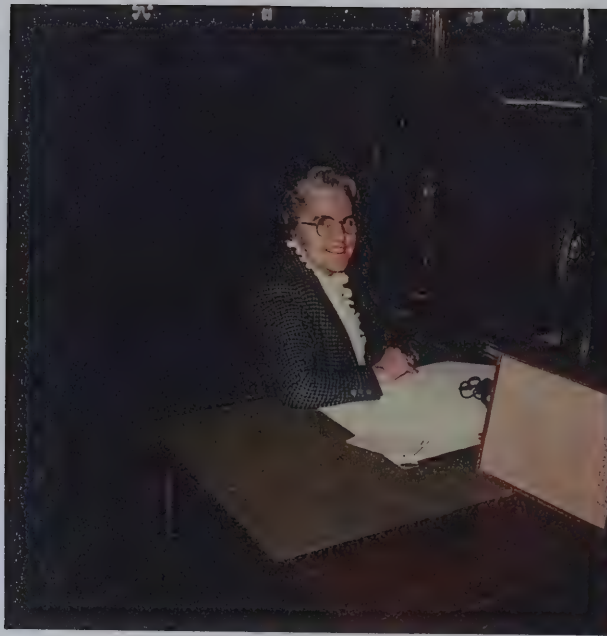




TIM AND JAN MCALHANY

CHET AND DONNA DAVIS

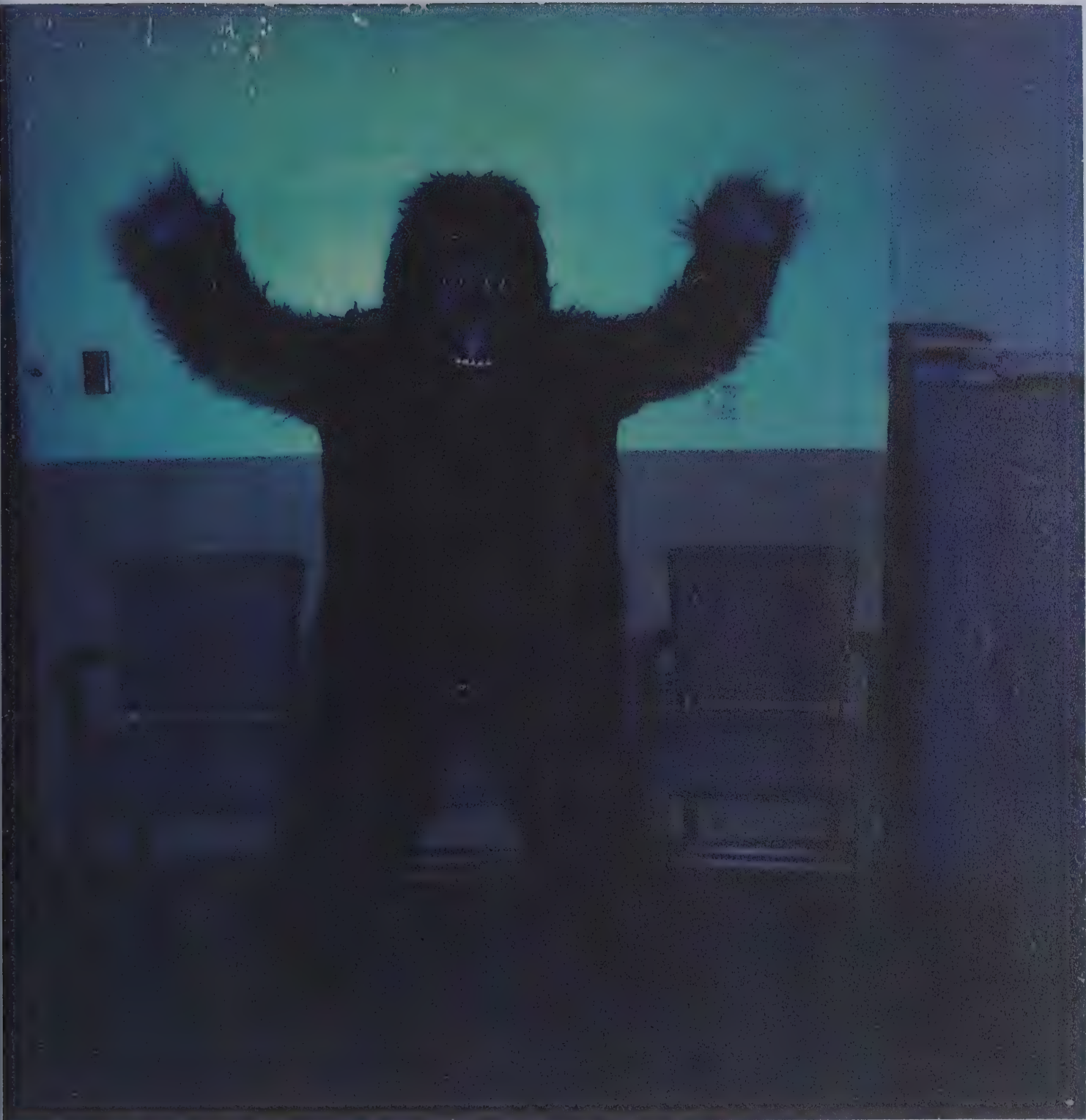




FLORENCE SEIPLE

HAROLD AND DONNA DAVIS





TIM MCALHANY AS THE GORILLA



**TIM AND HAROLD ---HAROLD WAS GREATLY
AMUSED AND ENTERTAINED BY TIM'S JOKE, AND
FOR MANY YEARS AFTERWARD, THE MENTION OF
THE GORILLA BROUGHT LAUGHTER AND SMILES
TO HAROLD'S FACE WITHOUT FAIL.**







Waiting for the Vet
by
Norman Rockwell

OLD PETS REMEMBERED

“A dog will not bite the hand that feeds it...
And that is the principle difference between
A dog and a Man...”

Mark Twain

Among the treasured mementoes that were bequeathed to the Stump children after Harold's death was his baby book which had been lovingly kept by his mother, Clementine. Nestled within the pages recording his development was the fact that Harold's first spoken word was “doggie.” The love of animals, particularly dogs and horses, was an intrinsic part of Harold's being which heralded the shepherding of numerous critters during his life.

Harold's first exposure to canines occurred when his grandfather, Daniel D. Stump, introduced the Toddler Harold to his sporting dog, appropriately named, “Sport.” When the time came that Harold could properly care for his own dog, his father Walter and mother Tinah provided Harold with his first Boston Terrier, Pat. Being a robust and gregarious creature by nature, Pat accompanied Harold everywhere, including the home of Grandfather Daniel D. in Noble County. During one such visit, Daniel D. and Walter D. determined that Pat would be more suitably attired if his procreative parts were “snipped off.” As Daniel D. and Walter were attuned to the finer points of castrating their own livestock on Daniel's farm, the older men shed all formality and summarily stuffed Pat's head in a boot while the surgical alterations were taking place. Duly rendered sexless, Pat became a more docile gentleman for the remainder of his life. When old age crept upon him and diminished his quality of life, Walter D. summoned the veterinarian to put Old Pat to rest but only after Pat had consumed his weight in his favorite food, hamburger. Tinah and Harold were inconsolable after Pat's demise, but a stoic Walter D. who had witnessed firsthand the ravages of World War I was outwardly unaffected by Pat's absence from the household.

Due to Walter's influence, the running of Fox Hounds along the hills and dales of Brown County, Indiana was also to become a shared hobby of the two veterans after World War II. Walter's expertise in selecting and breeding quality foxhounds was well-known in the Hoosier countryside, and Harold naturally followed his father into the homespun traditions and quaint countryside around Bloomington. As the locals in Brown County became familiar with the Stump men, they gathered each morning at Walter's log cabin where they would regale Walter, Harold, and Bob Stonestreet with tales from their vast reservoir of folksy fables about foxes and foxhounds, all of which delighted the assembled throng. Gracing the kitchen table during these gatherings would be Tinah's cast iron skillet turning out eggs, bacon, and hotcakes to fortify the men after their nights around the embers of their campfire listening to the gentle restrains of the dogs as they bayed at their quarry in the moonlit distances along the hills of their Brown County home. Harold's love of the lore of the foxhunts was to be an abiding memory which

would sustain and comfort him throughout his life as he settled into the Golden Years with Letha by his side on the banks of his home along Cedar Creek.

Harold was to be the owner of two more Boston Terriers during his lifetime...Old Mitzie, the pet whom he had after he returned from World War II, and Mitzie, the Younger, the pet whom he purchased a year before he retired in 1989. Both Mitzie the Elder and Mitzie the Younger were doted on by Harold, and both were taught the finer points of sitting up on their haunches to beg for special morsels from the table when Harold was dining with his family. Both Mitzies enjoyed entertaining Harold by bringing their squeaky toys to Harold as he was sitting in his recliner each evening with Old Mitzie's favorite toy being a rubber mouse and Young Mitzie's being a stuffed bear. When the end to Old Mitzie's life became imminent at the age of fourteen, Harold spent many nights consoling his faithful companion until the inevitable parting came early one morning in 1959. Although Harold thoroughly enjoyed the antics of both Boston Terriers, he proclaimed Young Mitzie a "little bit ornery" as the precocious puppy terrorized the family cat, Tippy, on a regular basis. Undaunted by the mischievous pup, Harold duly repaired each wound from Mitzie's rough treatment of her stuffed bear by sewing each rip with fishing line to protect the toy from Mitzie's fierce shaking and biting. During Harold's retirement, the scene of Harold holding Mitzie in his lap while Tippy reclined in a fleece-covered bed was repeated each evening and was a comforting and predictable routine to both Harold and Letha. Although Harold and Letha's death preceded the demise of Mitzie the Younger, Harold's daughters, Carolyn and Dianna, and Harold's son-in-law, Ken, found a suitable new home for the last dog that Harold was destined to own.

During the growing years of the sixties and seventies when Harold's daughters and the Stonestreet boys, Glen and Yancy, were being groomed and feted for their futures, Harold owned a red dachshund named Schnitzie, the exposure to whom was a memory that each person who encountered the dog remembered for the rest of their lives. Schnitzie also sat up when begging for handouts from the table, and Harold was often heard to muse that the dog would "eat anything that wouldn't eat her..." In spite of his minor complaints about the dog's behavior throughout Schnitzie's seventeen years of life, Harold dutifully rinsed the hound's chest and paws each evening when the weenie dog was digging on the banks of Cedar Creek and swimming in the Stump's pond, and before going to bed each evening, he carefully tucked the canine's afghan around her body as Schnitzie snoozed on her favorite easy chair. One of the dachshund's least endearing traits was her stubbornness which resulted in the "presents" with which she graced the Stump family when she was not included in an outing in the car. Even on these occasions, Harold cleaned up the affected area knowing that in a few days Schnitzie would again seek revenge for being slighted. When Schnitzie was put down during her seventeenth year, it was with both tenderness and resignation that Harold dug her grave on the banks of Cedar Creek where the dog loved to roam.

The dogs which Harold also owned during his tenure on the bench in the 1970's and 1980's were the large, muscular breeds of German Shepherds and Doberman Pinchers. These creatures were necessary, Harold reasoned, as his position in the community was

one in which someone was always an adversary and oftentimes an enemy who wanted to settle a grudge against the judge for some real or imagined rebuke or unpopular verdict. The names of "Knight" and "Pepper" were known throughout the Morningstar Road neighborhood as these German Shepherds were fiercely protective of Harold and his family during the 1960's, but Harold's Doberman Pinchers were spoken of throughout the county as the "meanest dogs around," which is exactly the desired reaction that Harold sought from anyone approaching his home for an unexpected visit. The fates of the succession of Dobermans which Harold and Letha owned from Dobie, Tish, and Gretel were sealed by their tendencies to cross Morningstar Road in the paths of oncoming vehicles, and it was only with the acquisition of Gretel in the 1980's that Harold fenced the backyard of his home to protect his dogs.

Cats too frequented the Stump homestead in an assorted array of colors and of types. At one stage in the continual evolution of the Stump property, Harold gave sanctuary to four domesticated cats, all of whom were tiger-striped and were given the monikers of Buttons, Hobo, Mittens (due to having six toes on each front paw), and Harold's favorite, Clyde. During the residency of Clyde in Harold's home, Clyde graced Harold one morning at 3:00 A.M. with a frog which he had brought into the judge's bedroom by entering under the Visqueen which covered the wall due to the construction of a new family room in 1968. For many years afterwards, Harold delighted in entertaining the family with his embellished description of how he tried to catch that frog who took up its hiding place directly under Harold's bed. Clyde was relegated to the position of "Top Cat" after the frog episode, and he was petted and admired each evening as he took his favored position on Harold's lap. During their Golden Years, Harold and Letha also adopted a Siamese kitten named Tippy who became the diva of their household and who held court each day while lying on a towel-draped pillow in their spare bedroom. Tippy became the bane of Young Mitzie's existence as the Boston Terrier was always certain that the cat was bestowed favors that the canine coveted, and yet in spite of their sibling rivalry, both Mitzie and Tippy were most content when they were both in the same room, and even occasionally, on the same chair.

Harold's favorite story about the age-old feud between dogs and cats was one which he remembered from his youth growing up on Seventh Street in Auburn. He once became acquainted with an alley cat whose scars and scratches attested to many skirmishes with other creatures of the night...this battle-hardened victor of the alleyways along Harold's neighborhood terrorized dogs and cats alike, and its position as The Kat who was the king of all that he surveyed was challenged regularly. As The Kat staved off the threat of potential rivals, he was confronted one sunny afternoon by an equally determined canine who wanted to assert its authority over the other critters on Seventh Street. Harold watched in amazement as The Kat leaped on top of the stray dog, dug its four claws into the dog's back, and rode the dog down the alley behind Harold's house with the dog howling in pain, fear, and disbelief as it galloped as fast as it could from its unseen enemy. With this instruction in mind, Harold always was a bit tentative to leave his dogs and cats together in the same space, but the memory of The Kat never failed to bring a smile to Harold's lips and audible chuckles among his audience as he recounted the legend of that awesome feline.

Horses too were favored residents of Harold's Morningstar Road home throughout the 1960's and 1970's, a hobby no doubt engendered by Harold's Grandfather Daniel D. Stump as Harold in his youth and during the summers of his college years drove the draft horses who did the work harvesting peppermint on Daniel's farm in Noble County. When he had the time to devote to training and showing his own steeds, Harold invested in building a pole barn on his property and promptly purchased two quarter horses, Chubby Chucker and Ladd. Both Chubby and Ladd were groomed, exercised, and showcased in local horse shows by Harold and his daughter, Dianna, with Yancy Stonestreet also entering the show ring aboard Ladd on numerous occasions. Harold, who always enjoyed rising late on the weekends, however was never remiss in rising before dawn while he owned his horses to clean the stalls and to feed his steeds grain and hay, a process which was also repeated each evening. Dianna and Harold so enjoyed their shared hobby that Harold eventually purchased a champion Tennessee Walking Horse named Jethro which Dianna and Letha rode around the show ring which Harold had created in the two acres west of his dwelling. Jethro won each horse show in the Indiana locale for many years as did the other steeds which Harold owned in Tennessee, and Harold was fulfilled and happy during these years in which he and Letha were in the Walking Horse business.

Harold's love of nature and the natural life was evident even in his care and concern for other species of less domesticated wildlife, including the birds and squirrels who depended upon his larder for food during the harsh Hoosier winters. Harold's first foray into the world of aviary occurred during the 1950's when he own a parakeet named Mike. Harold so enjoyed Mike that he devoted many hours into teaching the bird to talk, holding him up to his mouth as Mike perched on his forefinger with Harold shouting, "Mike's a dirty bird" at the top of his voice. Mike's extensive vocabulary included the following expressions: "Philipine" (a reference to Harold's second wife), "Merry Christmas," "Howdy Doody," "Michael Stump," "Hello, Mike," and "Ugly Bulldog." (a reference to Mitzie the Elder.) As the parakeet recited his prepared list of phrases each night, he grew so excited that the words soon became mixed up; the resulting rush of syllables which were shouted at his assembled family could best be translated as "Ugly Philipine" and "Merry Bulldog" followed by loud squawking. Peals of laughter from his appreciative audience only encouraged the talking bird, and thus the cycle began again throughout the evening. So trusting was Mike the parakeet that he would hop on the living room floor of Harold's home on Indiana Avenue and pull the whiskers of the bulldog while she slept. Mike's demise occurred suddenly one day at the age of four when he was found lying on the bottom of his cage with his feet in the air, and the occasional references to the bird in later years were part and parcel of the pet lore that suffused the Stump home with love and laughter.

During the years after his retirement, Harold particularly enjoyed the acrobatics of the squirrels on his bird feeders in his back yard, and he also relished ridding his property of the destructive groundhogs which threatened the foundations of his buildings. The eradication of the groundhogs themselves proved to be a source of family fun as Harold would invariably take aim and shoot out of the window of his bathroom with his rifle,

seldom missing his prey and priding himself on still retaining his sharpshooting status that he earned while a Special Agent in the FBI in the early 1940's. The man with the rifle is gone, but his mark on the minds and hearts of his family remains each time they celebrate his many kindnesses to those within the animal kingdom who, unlike us, have no voice and have no choice in the winds of fate and chance.

Senator Vest's Tribute to a Dog

"The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw stones of malice when failure settles its clouds upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health, and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the sores and wounds that come from encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper-master as if he were the prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If misfortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death."



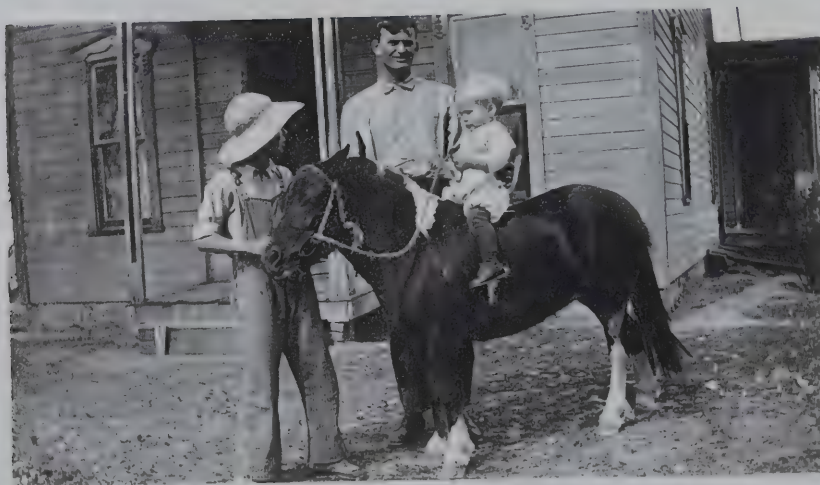
HAROLD AND OLD PAT

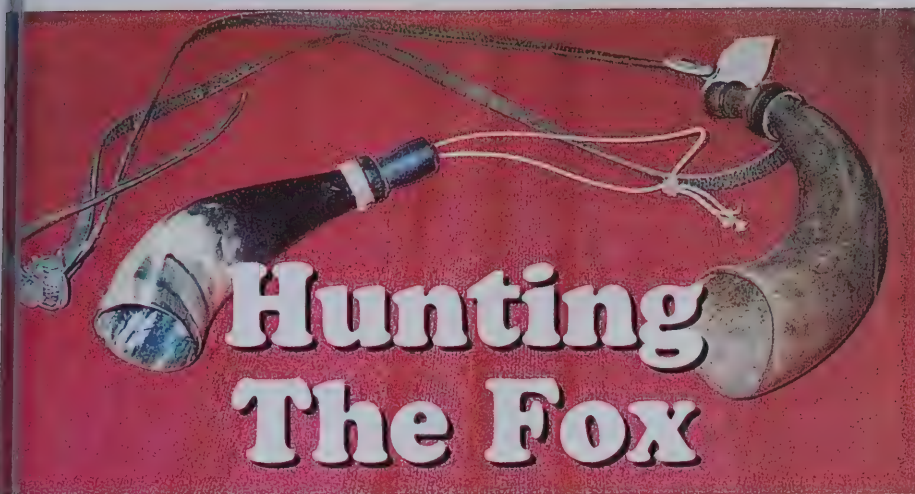


**HAROLD AND THE DRAFT HORSE AT HIS
GRANDFATHER DANIEL D. STUMP'S FARM**



**UNCLE WES HARTSOCK IS STANDING BESIDE
HAROLD**





Hunting The Fox

The fun was in the chase back in the 1940s in East Texas.

Foxhunters are a dying breed. Seldom does one now hear of Walker foxhounds or people who run the fox. At one time in East Texas, however, foxhunting was a popular sport.

My father, Cecil Murphy, was an avid foxhunter in the 1940s and into the '50s. He usually kept four or five Walker hounds in a pen behind the house.

Tan-and-white dogs with names like "Done Gone," "Lady," "Sport" and "Flash" barked their desire to chase a fox every time they saw his pickup truck coming their way.

In the late 1940s, my father took me foxhunting quite a few times, and I discovered that the main emphasis was not treeing the fox, but listening to the dogs barking, hot on the trail of a fox.

Each hunter could recognize his own dogs' barks during the chase. He could tell which dog was in the lead

just by the way it barked.

"Listen—Flash is in the lead now; hear his bark?" Dad would say. "Now that was Done Gone's bark. He's getting close to the fox."

Foxhunting was fun; we would drive around in a pickup truck on the dusty backroads, following the dogs. Some hunters rode horseback.

One thing that was taboo: killing the fox. It could be chased again sometime. After all, it was the chase that mattered.

My father used to foxhunt with a traveling evangelist at least once a year. Brother B.B. Crimm would hold a revival at our church each year.

He always brought his own hounds with him in a trailer. After a night service, seven or eight local foxhunters would drive several miles out of town and let their foxhounds out. Then they would listen for the chase to begin.

One night, one of the foxhunters fell, slightly injuring his leg and letting out a string of profanities.

My father wondered what, if anything, the traveling preacher/foxhunter would do.

Well, he stopped his horse, got down on his knees and prayed earnestly for the salvation of the curs-er. Nothing was said as he got back on his horse and continued the hunt.

Another time, the foxhounds, in hot pursuit, were close to some railroad tracks. The dogs were barking their signals to the listening ears of the hunters.

Unfortunately, a long freight train roared by, drowning out the barking.

The preacher cried out, "Curse that train, boys! I can't curse it, but *you* can!"

Gradually, a menace to foxhunting appeared on the scene—barbed-wire fencing. In the 1930s and '40s, there was a great deal of open range. But new landowners put up that barbed wire, and both dogs and hunters would get tied up in it, injuring both.

Open range and pasture became more rare as time passed. The time came when my father reluctantly gave his foxhounds away and hung up his foxhunting gear, tired of fighting the fences.

His two horns (top of page), used to call the dogs off the chase, now hang on my wall.

Today, Walker foxhounds are a rare commodity in East Texas, as is the sport of foxhunting.

Sometimes, when I drive through the backroads, I'm sure that I hear the sound of Done Gone barking and the sound of my father's horn calling the dog off the chase...sounds of a by-gone era.

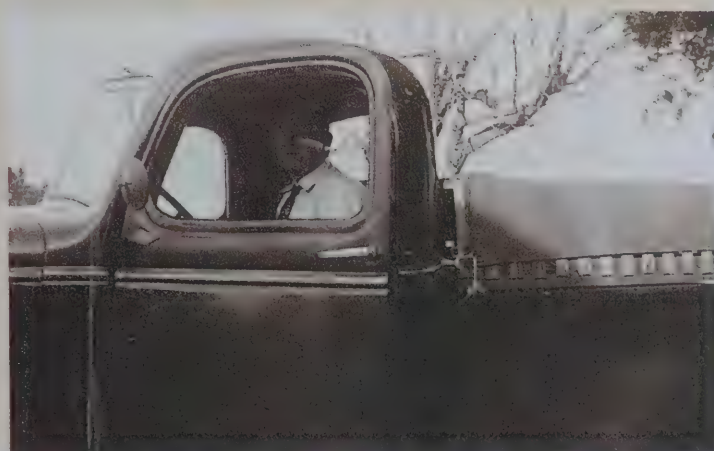


*By Neal Murphy
San Augustine, Texas*



HUNTING BUDDIES.

The author's father, Cecil Murphy, is pictured with his hunting hounds around 1950 (at left) and in his truck (at right) with the cage where the dogs were transported. Above are the horns that Mr. Murphy used to call his hounds off the hunt.



A THOUGHT TO REMEMBER: The strongest words are usually used in the weakest arguments.

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TIMOTHY J. BLOOM

TELEPHONE 244-5129

10/25/84

Dear Harold,

Enclosed is a copy of the "Traditional Fox Hunters' Blessing". The author is not given credit, and 99 out of a 100 it was written by Dad. It was typed by his secretary at the office.

I am sending a copy to Byron C. Kennedy + Bill Foust. They are about the only ones whom I know who are still living.

Enclosed also is a picture found on the frame back of the "Blessing". I wish I could have copied it in color for you. It's worth a glance.

God bless them all - and you, too

Bill

TRADITIONAL FOX HUNTERS' BLESSING

To the Sun that shines from azure Skies,
To the Winds that cause the Clouds to rise
And shower on Earth their gifts of Rain,
Restoring the World to life again,

Our Thanks.

To the Stars that watch throughout the night,
To the Hunters' Moon with its gentle light,
To the Soil of Earth for food it provides,
To the Unseen Hand that unerringly guides,

Our Thanks.

V. F. Latus

Frank Gen' l

Chas. Latus

Benjamin Latus

Sam Samson

Ellie Mandy

Ralph F. Wilson

Bud Farmer

Kirk Wallace

Clayton George

C. F. Faust

W. H. Stump

Mr. Carr

Howard Mead

W. B. Bloom

George Bloom

Kennedy

Red Caldwell

Frank B. Turkey

John H. Johnson

Frank H. Scherer

5/15/1947



HAROLD D. STUMP WITH THE LOCALS OF BROWN COUNTY, INDIANA -- TAKEN AT THE STUMP LOG CABIN ON A FOXHUNTING VENTURE – TINKER, HAROLD'S DOG, IS IN THE FOREGROUND





**SCHNITZIE: HAROLD'S SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD
DACHSHUND**

CAROLYN (STUDENT AT WESTERN MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY), DIANNA (THE HORSEWOMAN),
GERMAN SHEPHERD, KNIGHT, TWO HORSES,
CHUBBY AND LADD, AND THREE CATS,
BUTTONS, CLYDE, AND HOBO



FROM ALL OF

US...



CAROLYN (STUDENT AT WESTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY), DIANNA (THE HORSEWOMAN), GERMAN SHEPHERD, KNIGHT, TWO HORSES, CHUBBY AND LADD, AND THREE CATS, BUTTONS, CLYDE, AND HOBO



**SCHNITZIE WITH A CHRISTMAS TOY—CAROLYN
IS BESIDE THE DACHSHUND: DECEMBER, 1970**

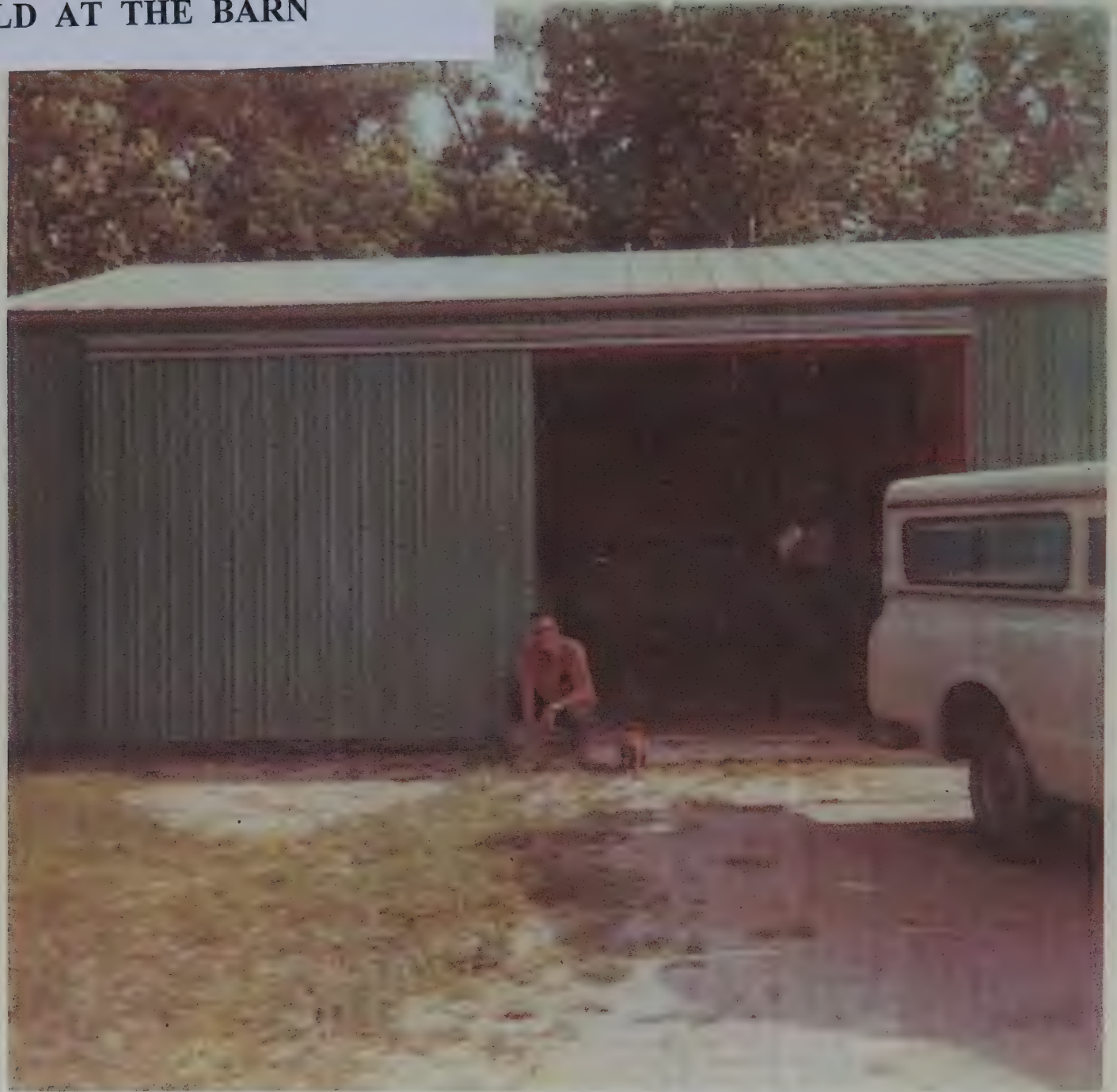


SCHNITZIE WITH HAROLD IN HIS LIVING ROOM



SCHNITZIE WITH HAROLD IN HIS LIVING ROOM

SCHNITZIE WITH HAROLD AT THE BARN





GRETEL AND RYAN RHOADS



GRETEL AND HAROLD

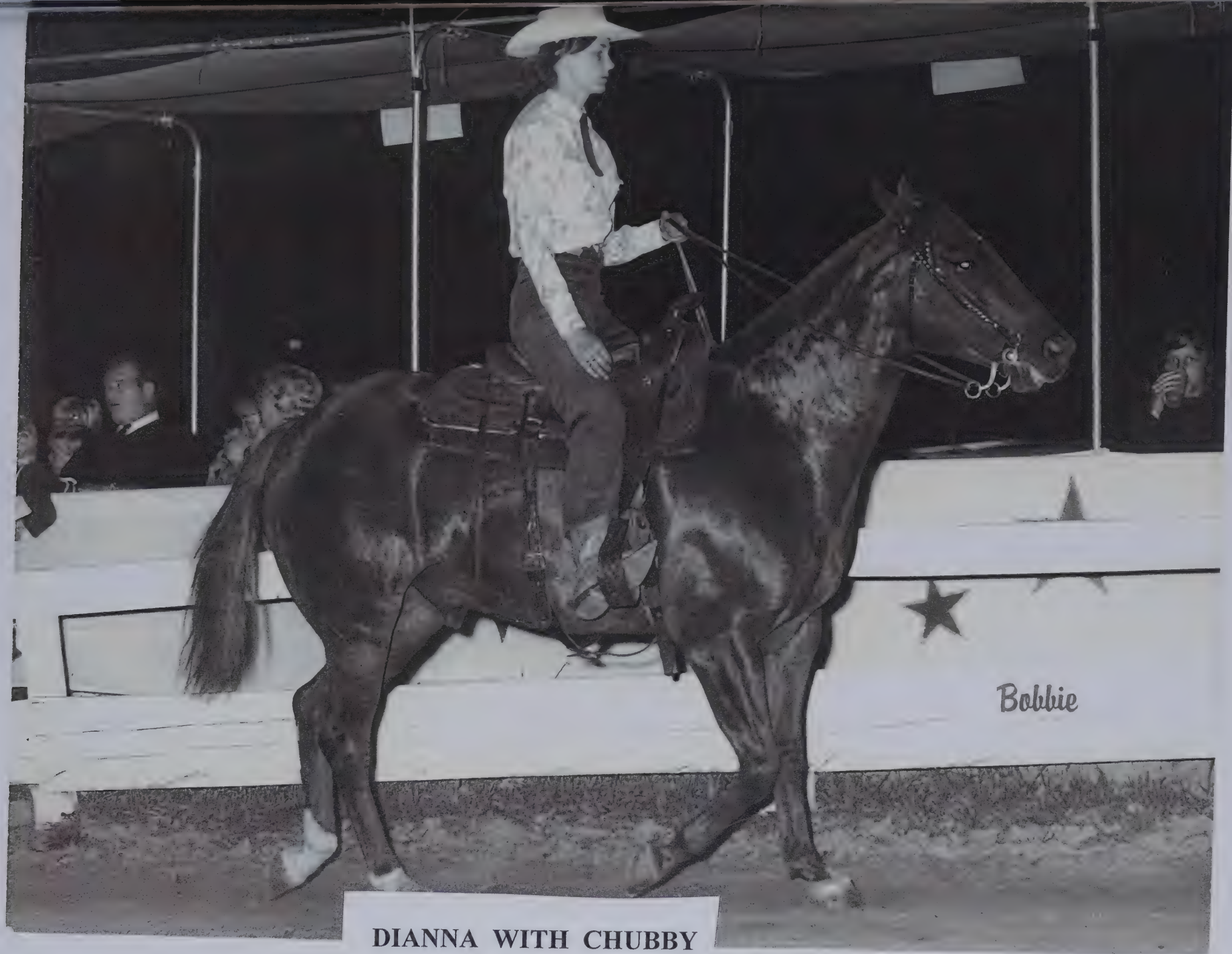


GRETEL





ANGELA WITH HAROLD'S BLACK CAT



Bobbie

DIANNA WITH CHUBBY

DIANNA RIDING JETHRO





YANCY STONESTREET AT A HORSESHOW



**YANCY STONESTREET AT A HORSESHOW ABOARD
LADD**



**YANCY STONESTREET AT A HORSESHOW ABOARD
LADD**



DIANNA RIDING JETHRO



DIANNA RIDING JETHRO



■
DIANNA AND JETHRO WITH HAROLD



LETHA RIDING JETHRO



LETHA RIDING JETHRO



LETHA RIDING JETHRO



HAROLD RIDING JETHRO



HAROLD RIDING JETHRO



HAROLD RIDING JETHRO



**LETHA AND HAROLD WITH THEIR TENNESSEE
WALKING HORSE**



LETHA AND GO BOY'S JOE



Mike & Kim Finton
unretouched

LETHA AND HER TENNESSEE WALKING HORSE



LETHA AND HER TENNESSEE WALKING HORSE

Dear Carolyn + Ken:

Enclosed are a few pictures for your collection. I believe you know everyone except the one trying to do mayhem to a stuffed bear - she is Mitzie.

We are all anxious to see you

Love
Mom + Pop
Stump

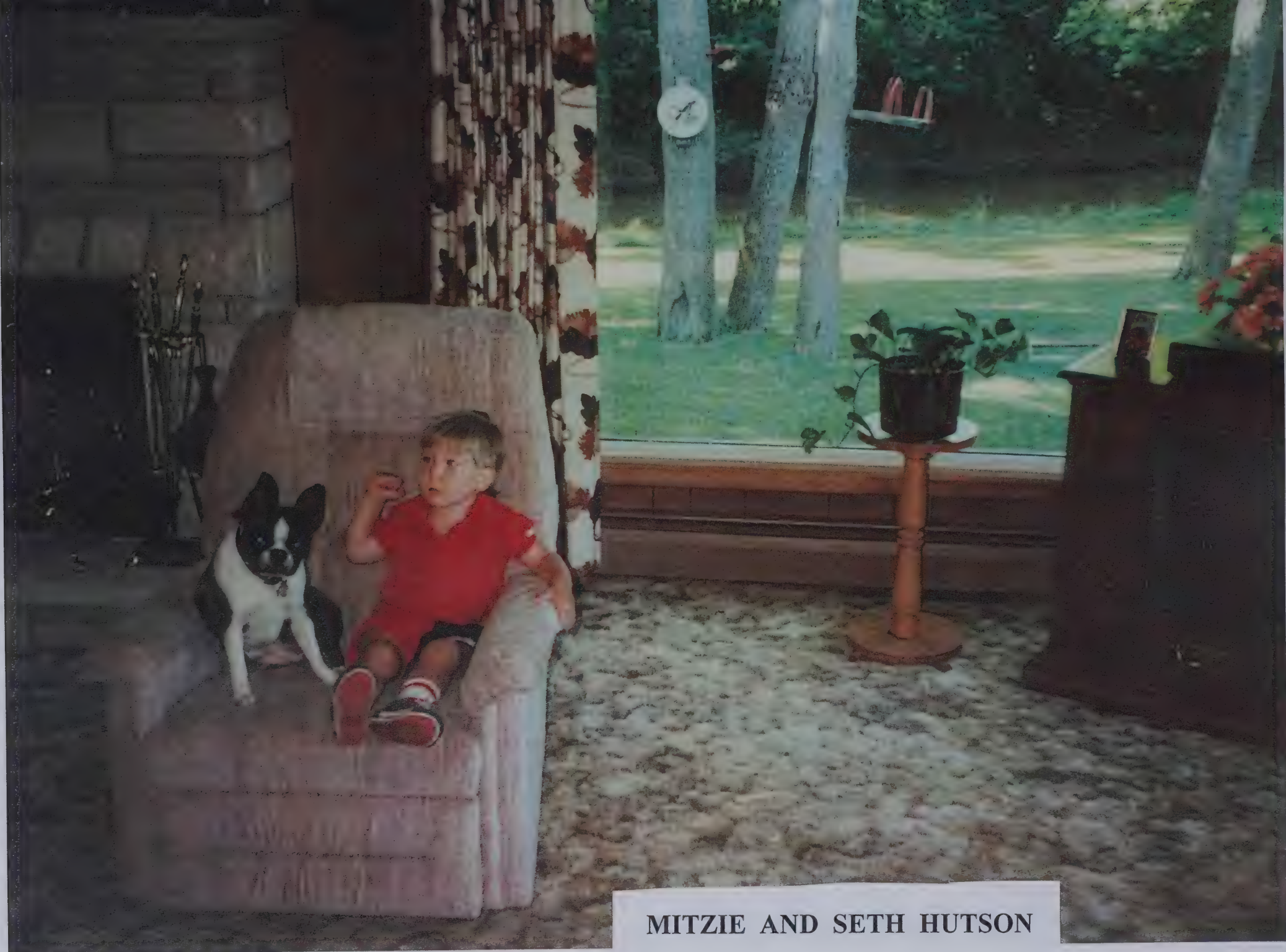


**LETHA AND MITZIE, THE
BOSTON TERRIER, AS A
PUPPY (1990)**





MITZIE AND HER STUFFED BEAR



MITZIE AND SETH HUTSON



MITZIE AND SETH HUTSON



MITZIE AND SETH HUTSON

LETHA AND MITZIE





LETHA AND MITZIE



LETHA AND MITZIE

TIPPY AND MITZIE



TIPPY AND MITZIE





TIPPY AND MITZIE



HAROLD WITH TIPPY AND MITZIE





MITZIE

TIPPY



**THE GOLDEN YEARS:
1985 -- 1993**

THE GOLDEN YEARS

As Harold and Letha faced their "Golden Years" after Harold's retirement in 1989, they relished their times together, and Harold finally had the luxury of unstructured time in which he could read and could enjoy his sporting events on television. As he had throughout his life, Harold enjoyed listening to the chirping of the frogs whose home was in the pond beside his bedroom, but after retirement, their songs to him seemed especially sweet. He still carved the turkey each Christmas and checked the steaks when Letha broiled them, tasks which were comforting and reassuring to him and to his family. Always introspective and contemplative by nature, Harold thought a great deal about his life and those who had touched his soul, and he began at this time to organize his vast collection of memorabilia. As his life became condensed into pictures and memories as he grew older, the simple pleasures in life became more important. Always a very frugal man regarding his own needs, Harold continued to recycle manila envelopes that came through the mail to hold his various personal papers and continued to discourage Letha from spending too much money on his clothing, once even sending her back to Fort Wayne to return an overcoat that he thought was too expensive for him to own and wear. Harold always disliked crowds, but he encouraged Letha to travel if he should precede her in death. As the quality of his life became measured by the nearness of his beloved wife, Letha, he and Letha sustained one another by their nightly ritual of holding hands in bed and saying together the words of "The Lord's Prayer." During the five years of his well-earned retirement, he and Letha also ate out more often and were always delighted to hear from their daughters and grandchildren, all of whom lived in other states. Harold continued to be the anchor of the family and the supportive parent who assisted his progeny by giving sage advice and emotional and financial support to all of his children. He remained a man of great religious convictions, and firmly believed in promise of Eternal Life through the Resurrection. During one memorable telephone call from Harold three months before he died, Harold told Carolyn that he, in his words, was "optimistic about the future," and Carolyn knew that he had no regrets, had made peace within himself and with all others, and, in his words, could look himself "square in the mirror."

As Harold grew weaker during the next three months due to colon blockages, he remained the protective spouse and parent whose spent the final moments in his home before the drive to the hospital for his colon surgery in Fort Wayne instructing Letha on how the thermostat of their home worked and writing a check to each of his daughters reimbursing both of them for the expense of the airline flight which brought them to their father's side, an unnecessary gesture as Carolyn and Dianna traveled to be with their parents at this time because of their unconditional love and respect for each of them. On that day, Harold insisted on driving himself to Park View Hospital and chauffeuring his family to that destination; during his two-month confinement at the hospital prior to his death on June 11, 1993, he greeted each person who entered his room with a robust handshake as his grip and the warm expanse of his hands were the only remaining vestiges of strength his body was able to sustain. During the last month of his life, the

family attorney and friend, Jim McCanna, visited Harold in the hospital at Harold's request and he finalized the remaining details of Harold's estate. Harold then placed a telephone call to his daughter, Dianna, at the county hospital in San Antonio, Texas, where she worked and lived in which he reassured her that even with his death, she need not have any anxiety that her children's college aspirations would continue to be fulfilled through the individual trusts which Harold had established in each child's name. The dignity and patience with which he spent his final days became tributes to the true gentleman and the gentle man he was in the hearts and minds of everyone who knew and loved him. Throughout his life, Harold did not merely set standards for civility... he lived them.

As a tribute to Harold's homespun wit and wisdom, one image that Harold and Letha's children and grandchildren should always treasure of their grandparents is a picture in this book of the two of them as they sat in their spacious family room each evening watching MASH reruns, with Harold holding Mitzie, his Boston Terrier, in his lap and their cat, Tippy, lying in the pet bed beside Letha's chair. The security, stability, and warmth of their love which encircled the Stump family unit are their timeless and eternal legacies to us all. As Harold's descendants continue to read and to reread their stories and remember again Harold and Letha, the power of their life experiences, their unwavering belief in the dignity of hard work, and their tribute to the sanctity of the family can illuminate the paths for all of us whose steps sometimes falter and who sometimes lose our way along life's journey.

*1985: THE FIFTIETH REUNION OF THE CLASS OF
1935 FOR WHICH HAROLD SERVED AS
MASTER OF CEREMONIES*

3208 CR 40
Auburn, Indiana 46706
July 1, 1985

Mr. Donald Coar
10 Tina Lu 0
Naples, Florida 33942

Re: 50th Anniversary Reunion
Auburn High School
Class of 1935

Dear Mr. Coar:

The Class of 1935 of Auburn High School has finalized the date of August 17, 1985, as the time for celebration of its Golden Anniversary Reunion.

The reunion will be held on August 17, 1985, at Greenhurst Country Club at the north edge of Auburn, which you may remember as the Auburn Country Club. The time for the dinner will be at 7:00 o'clock P. M. Eastern Standard Time, with a cash bar available from 6:00 to 7:00 o'clock P. M. for those who care to indulge.

All members of the class, of whom slightly more than half will be in attendance, will be greatly honored if you would be able to attend.

Enclosed herewith please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope which you may use for your reply and indication of the number of reservations you would like to have made for you.

Again, we would all consider it a distinct honor if you would be our guest at the Golden Anniversary Reunion of the Class of '35.

Yours very truly,

Harold D. Stump

Harold D. Stump.

*encl:
copy of all
letters sent x
class members*

7-9-85

Dear Harold -

As you have probably heard, Mrs. Coar and I are in Indiana and are planning on being in Auburn on July 20 for the 55th Reunion class of 1930. While in Auburn early in June we visited with Zeke and learned that Bob Mendenhall had checked ref. our address and the probable date of your reunion. So I stopped and talked to Bob a few minutes.

We came north this summer earlier than usual because of injury to our youngest son, hence it is essential that we return to Fla. by end of this month.

We appreciate and thank you very much for the invitation to your 50th. Would like to be present very much but just can't stay in Indiana that long. Tell everyone I say 'hello' and any one visiting the Naples area are

Cordially invited to pay us a visit.
Our name is in the Tel. directory
and we expect to be there unless
it should be during the Xmas
season.

Have a good get together
and a great year.

Respectfully
Donald Coar

50 GOLDEN YEARS AGO THROUGH THESE PORTALS



STRODE THE CLASS OF 1935

W E L C O M E

to the
50th Anniversary
Reunion

of

AUBURN HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF 1935

Greenhurst Country Club
Saturday, August 17, 1985
Auburn, Indiana

PROLOGUE

"Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overtake me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the sadness of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world knows me not, my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. May I be willing to take less than I may deserve and freely give more than I receive. Comfort me when I may be overcome by affliction, and afflict me with the pain of loving involvement when I am overcome by seeking comfort. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am and not for what little I may possess. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet. And may the evening's twilight find me gentle still."

--May Ehrman

CLASS OFFICERS

1934-1935:

Pres. - - - - - Lee Anderson
Vice-Pres.- - - - - Mahlon Rieke
Secretary - - - - - Doris Coyle
Treasurer - - - - Georgia Vachon
Class Advisor - - - Mr. Weathers

1933-1934:

Pres. - - - - - Lee Anderson
Vice-Pres.- - - - - Mary Carper
Secretary - - - Charlotte Lochner
Treasurer - - - - - Harold Stump

1932-1933:

Pres. - - - - - Joseph Lumm
Vice-Pres.- - - Don Merchanthouse
Secretary - - - Charlotte Lochner
Treasurer - - - - Barbara Gordon

1931-1932:

Pres. - - - - - Joseph Lumm
Vice-Pres.- - - - Robert Berg
Secretary - - - - Rovine Dawson
Treasurer - - - - Geraldine Mason

IN MEMORIAM

- * ROBERT BERG
- * BUD CHORPENNING
- JANE CLOUSE
- VIVIAN DAVIDSON
- ROBERT DOUGLAS
- CHARLES EDWARDS
- HOMER FROWNFELTER
- * DARRELL B. GROSH
- ROBERT GUMPP
- ARTHUR (PATCH) HINES
- RANSOM (BUD) PHILLIPS
- GEORGE PULVER
- ROBERT PULVER
- CHARLES RAINIER
- CARL RANNEY
- HELEN RUSKIN
- * GEORGIA VACHON

*Deceased since Class Reunion
held five years ago.

MILDRED (ABEL) HARNISH
Husband: HAROLD (deceased)
R. R. #2, P. O. Box 147
Hamilton, IN 46742

1 daughter (47); 4 sons (45, 43,
39, 34); 12 grandchildren (8 to
28 yrs.); 11 great-grandchildren
(4 mos. to 17 yrs.).

Homemaker.

LEE ANDERSON
Carolina Trace
4007 Deer Track Trail
Sanford, NC 27330

1 daughter (33); 1 son (37);
2 grandchildren (4 and 7).

Automotive Body Engineer.

MARJORIE (BARR) DOWERS
Husband: HOWARD (deceased)
10177 Penrith Dr.
Indianapolis, IN 46229

2 daughters (37 & 34); 3 sons
(43, 39, 31); 7 grandchildren
(2 to 18 yrs).

Supervisor.

HELEN BASSEN
c/o DeKalb County Home
2315 CR 40
Auburn, IN 46706

KATHRYN (BLICKENSTAFF) BRANDON
Husband: HARRY, JR.
802 N. Cedar Street
Auburn, IN 46706
Salesclerk

DONABELLE (BOREN) MARSHAND
Husband: DALE
310 W. Berry Street
Fort Wayne, IN 46802

MARTELLE (CARPER) RHOADS
Husband: HOWARD
1909 CR 35
Waterloo, IN 46793
Avon Representative

MARY (CARPER) DOUGLAS
Husband: ROBERT (deceased)
2024 Bradford Dr.
Auburn, IN 46706

ROBERTSON B. CLARKE
Wife: RUTH
c/o C. A. SCAFFIDI
4749 Constance Dr.
San Diego, CA 92115
Microbiologist Technician

FRANCES (CLOSE) ARMSTRONG
Husband: HAROLD
4001 Sharon Park Ln. #20
Cincinnati, OH 45241
1 daughter (44); 1 son (40);
7 grandchildren (12 to 18);
3 step-grandchildren
Claims Representative
Social Security Administration
DHHS

ROBERT CONNER
109 E. 9th St.
Auburn, IN 46706
1 daughter (41); 1 son 43).

DORIS (COYLE) HENNING
Husband: WILLIAM F. (deceased)
718 N. Jackson St.
Auburn, IN 46706
2 sons (42, 38);
4 grandchildren (5 to 9);
Secretary: Rieke Corp.

ROVINE (DAWSON) NARDAHL
Husband: MARVIN
197 N. Golden West
Tucson, AZ 85710
2 sons; 2 grandchildren;
Production Controller

GENEVIEVE (ELSON) THOMSON
Husband: WILLIAM C., JR.
325 N. Chauncey St.
Columbia City, IN 46725
4 daughters (43, 42, 38, 36);
4 stepsons & stepdaughters (44,
41, 38, 35); 11 grandchildren
(8 to 18); 8 stepgrandchildren
(2 mos. to 14 yrs.);
Buyer W&D; Social Worker;
Homemaker; Volunteer

BARBARA (GORDON) PENDLEY

Husband: HOWARD

969 Mooring Dr.

Charleston, SC 29412

2 sons (43, 35);

2 grandchildren (14 & 15);

Accountant in California School

District 21 yrs.

RUTH (GROGG) GEORGE

Husband: ROBERT

1524 Fenwick Court

Indianapolis, IN 46219

1 daughter (40); 2 sons (46, 44);

6 grandchildren (15 to 23);

Homemaker

MARGARET (HINSEY) KOLKMAN

Husband: HERBERT (deceased)

351 W. 2nd St.

Auburn, IN 46706

MARJORIE (LAWHEAD) DYER

Husband: ROBERT

2213 Crestwood Dr.

Anderson, IN 46011

1 daughter (38); 2 sons (40, 31);

6 grandchildren (6 mos. to 8 yrs)

Homemaker: Secy-Treas. Dyer Corp.

RUTH (LIGE) BREEDING

Husband: HARVEY

7425 S.W. 70th Terr.

Miami, FL 33243

1 daughter (36);

1 grandchild (6);

"Harvey's Little Helper"

CHARLOTTE (LOCHNER) AUBREY

509 S. Walsh St.

Garrett, IN 46738

1 daughter (43);

2 grandsons (19, 17);

Teacher; Chemist; Lab. Supvr.;

Exec. Dir. Social Agencies;

Case Mgr. Council on Aging.

JOSEPH LUMM

7117 N. 36th Ave., Apt. 1

Phoenix, AZ 85021

GERALDINE (MASON) LOCKWOOD

Husband: DEAN

2804 Thompson Ave.

Fort Wayne, IN 46807

2 daughters (44, 40);

5 grandchildren (11 to 20).

Homemaker

DOROTHY (MAVIS) BOGER

Husband: HAROLD

1107 Ensley Avenue

Auburn, IN 46706

3 daughters (49, 46, 37);

5 sons (48, 45, 43, 41, 40);

21 grandchildren (2 to 30);

11 great-grandchildren (2 to 13).

Homemaker.

ALICE (McCLELLAN) WEBB
Husband: CLIFFORD (deceased)
3119 Socorro, Box 82
Deming, NM 88031
2 daughters (40, 38);
2 sons (34, 29); 8 grandchildren
(3 to 14)--incl. a set of twins)
Accountant; Office Mgr.;
Medical Transcriber

IRENE (McCLELLAN) MAXWELL
Husband: HARLAN
7005 Canfield Road
Jacksonville, FL 32222
1 daughter (34); 2 sons (46, 43);
9 grandchildren (7 to 26); 2 great-
grandchildren (2 and 2 1/2 mos.)
Homemaker

HOWARD MCKENNEY
Wife: ELSIE
2543 Russell Road
Bloomington, IN 47401
2 daughters (39, 29); 1 son (42);
3 grandchildren (8, 15, 18)
Utilities Draftsman; Architect

ROBERT MENDENHALL
Wife: VERNA
608 N. Van Buren Street
Auburn, IN 46706
1 daughter (42); 1 grandchild (10);
Salesman

DON C. MERCHANHOUSE
Wife: DOROTHY
871 Oak Tree Lane; P. O. Box 734
Lake Helen, FL 32744
1 daughter (36); 1 son (41);
5 grandchildren (4 to 20);
Sheet metal worker; Welder 40 yrs.

JAMES W. MILLER
Wife: DORIS
Box 71
Nobleton, FL 34263
2 daughters (39); 2 sons (44, 42);
15 grandchildren (7 to 24);
1 great-grandchild (age 2).
Factory worker; supervisor--
Bendix Corp., South Bend, IN.

JOHN MORRIS
(Unable to locate)

ESTHER (NAGLE) CLOSE
Husband: LEROY
512 S. Guilford; P. O. Box 268
Garrett, IN 46738
1 daughter (39); 2 sons (46, 32);
3 grandchildren (1 to 14);
Homemaker; Shaklee Distr.;
Ass't. Supervisor.

ROBERT L. PAULSEN
Wife: SALLY
202 Biltmore Terrace
Warner Robins, GA 31093
2 daughters (42, 39);
1 grandchild (14);
Lt. Col. USAF (Ret.)

JUNE (PROVINES) DEIHL

Husband: CARL

1836 CR 31

Waterloo, IN 46793

1 daughter (38); 1 son (34);

4 grandchildren (9 to 14);

Foodservice Supervisor

JACKSON RATRIE

Wife: FLORENCE

1406 W. 5th St.

Joplin, MO 64801

1 daughter (45); 1 son (40);

4 grandchildren (8 to 24);

1 great-grandchild (age 1);

Dept. Store Display Mgr.--Director

L. JAY RENZ

Wife: HELEN

3534 Gaylord Place

Montgomery, AL 36105

2 sons (38, 36); 1 grandchild (5)

U. S. Air Force 22 yrs (Ret.)

Microbiologist 14 yrs (Ret.)

MAHLON RIEKE

Wife: MARGARET

4484 CR 45

Auburn, IN 46706

1 daughter (33);

3 sons (41, 38, 33).

President: Rieke Corp.

MARGARET (RINGLER) BURTCH

Husband: HOWARD (deceased)

R.R. #1, Box 494

Pleasant Lake, IN 46779

2 daughters (47, 42); 1 son (45);

8 grandchildren (13 to 27);

3 great-grandchildren (1 to 5);

Homemaker

EVELYN (ROSENBERY) OREWILER

Husband: RUSSELL

703 Elizabeth St.

Petoskey, MI 49770

2 daughters (45, 42); 1 son (34);

6 grandchildren

Secretary

DOROTHY (SLICK) SHAWVER

Husband: RICHARD (deceased)

R. R. #1, Box 367

Pleasant Lake, IN 46779

1 daughter (39); 1 son (49);

5 grandchildren (13 to 25);

4 great-grandchildren (1 mo.
to 5 yrs.)

Director of foods MSD.

of Steuben Co.

ESTHER (SMITH) MAXWELL

Husband: ROMY

2419 CR 31

Waterloo, IN 46793

PRESTON E. STACKHOUSE

Wife: BODEY

722 N. Jackson St.

Auburn, IN 46706

1 daughter (39); 1 son (43);

4 grandchildren (8 to 20);

Supt. Foley Pattern Co.

HAROLD STUMP

Wife: LETHA

3208 CR 40

Auburn, IN 46706

2 daughters (37, 34); 1 step-
son (47); 3 grandchildren (9 to 12);

3 step-grandchildren (20 to 28)

Lawyer; Circuit Court Judge

NORMA (UPDIKE) JARVIS

Husband: (deceased)

1921 Fisher Street

Speedway, IN 46224

2 daughters (43, 40); 1 son (35);

5 grandchildren (13 to 21);

1 great-grandchild (age 2 1/2)

Retired Mail Clerk, Homemaker.

JOYCE (WAGGONER) MEESE

Husband: RAYMOND (deceased)

431 Beebe Ave.

Elyria, OH 44035

1 daughter (41); 2 sons (47, 36);

7 grandchildren (6 to 22).

Homemaker; Supervisor.

LAUREN D. WALTER

Wife: JEANNETTE

6932 Ranchito Ave.

Van Nuys, CA 91405

3 daughters; 2 sons;

11 grandchildren

Owner: Walter Plumbing Parts Mfg.,
Inc., Made replacement parts for
plumbing faucets and valves

MARIE (WILSON) DAVIS

Husband: JOSEPH

410 King Arthur Parks

Warner Robins, GA 31093

* * * * *

We welcome the following who
were members of the Class of 1935
at some time during the four years,
but did not graduate from Auburn
High School:

GEORGE M. GILLESPIE

Wife: JOYCE

8063 Wallingwood Drive

Indianapolis, IN 46256

2 sons (45, 43);

6 grandchildren (7 to 23)

Minister 27 yrs.;

College President 17 yrs.

ALTA (GRIEST) STOOPS

5097 CR 31

Auburn, IN 46706

Graduated from Hicksville, OH.
High School.

EPILOGUE

RUTH L. (GROGG) ANTHONY
Husband: (deceased)
112 E. Madison St.
Auburn, IN 46706

3 daughters (44, 42, 30);
3 sons (39, 34, 32)
16 grandchildren;
1 great-grandchild (age 1)
Telephone Operator at
Indiana Bell 38 yrs.

NAOMI (PROSSER) RYAN
Husband: JAMES
2807 Westbrook Drive
Bldg. 1, Apt. 106
Fort Wayne IN 46805

LeROY RIGG
Wife: LEON
3263 CR 53
Butler, IN 46721
1 son; 1 grandson;

Two score and ten years ago, by the coincidence of birth and parental decision, we shared a common experience. We were each a maturing hoosier teenager about to cross the ominous and tenuous threshold that separated youth from maturity. Together, we received the scroll that identified us as graduates of Auburn High School, Class of 1935. Launched in the Great Depression and punctuated by three wars that struck this spinning globe in the intervening fifty years, we have endured periods of varying degrees of prosperity and depression--joy and sadness--success and failure--love and dislike--anger and patient resignation--tears and laughter. We have both resisted and yielded to temptation as we demonstrated our human strengths and frailties. From 'the man in the moon' to men on the moon, we have had to be a resilient generation.

Today we have touched each others' hands and hearts in tender reunion. As we part, may we each wish to the others of the Class of '35: that your pathway through life may be ever smooth to your tread with a slight downhill slope--that your troubles may all be small ones--that the harvest of your crop of

peace and joy may be munificent--that a gentle wind may always be at your back--that the stream of your life with your loved ones may flow smoothly, free from rocks and shoals--that the embers of peace, contentment, and happiness may ever hold you in their warmth. May you share your life with those who have a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and an encouragement for every hope.

We wish each other a few friends who understand us, love us, and respect us; a work to do, which has real value and without which the world would feel the poorer; a mind unafraid to blaze new trails, seek new fields and to fight for what we believe to be right and just; an ever understanding heart; to be able to see and understand the eternal peace of the hills, the quiet valley, the vast prairie, and something also as beautiful made by the hand of man; a sense of humor, the power to laugh, and the urge to sing; a little leisure with absolutely nothing pressing for our time; a few moments alone each day for quiet meditation; the patience to wait for the coming of these things, and the wisdom to recognize them when they come.

So, let this not be Farewell, but only, 'Till we meet again!'

NOTES



50TH REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1935
August 17, 1985; Harold D. Stump is
standing on the far right side on the top
row

HAROLD'S NOTES FOR THE OCCASION OF THE 50TH
REUNION OF THE AUBURN HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF
1935 FOR WHICH HE SERVED AS MASTER OF
CEREMONIES

-
1. INVOCATION - George Gillespie
 2. DINNER
 3. REUNION COMMITTEE

One thing we neglected to do in the spring of 1935 was to select a Reunion Committee; so you are probably curious as to how the convening of this assemblage came to pass. The principal credit must go to Charlotte Lochner Aubrey. Toward the end of 1984 Charlotte sent notes to those classmates who were selected by fate to remain in or return to the Auburn area, convening a meeting to exchange ideas about the feasibility of a golden anniversary reunion of the Class of 1935 of Auburn High School. Several attended, some of whom had obtained some of the ~~data~~ ^{former} compiled by ^Aclassmate Darrell Grosh, now departed, God rest his soul. The plans evolved in subsequent meetings and here we are. At the risk of omitting some who helped, I would like you to know the members of the ad hoc committee that made this meeting possible: Bob Mendenhall, Dorothy (Slick) Shawver, Margaret (Ringler) Burtch, Esther (Nagel) Close, Dorothy (Mavis) Boger, Mildred (Abel) Harnish, Martelle (Carper) Rhoads, June (Provines) Diehl, Doris (Coyle) Henning, and of course, Charlotte (Lochner) Aubrey.

So much for the committee. How the person was selected to do whatever² I am supposed to do, I'm not so well informed. All I know for sure is that at the next meeting after the one I missed, I learned that the selection had been made at the prior meeting and that I was it, but I never learned what selection process had actually been used. I am strongly inclined to believe that absence at the selection meeting was not only a bad mistake but also my only qualification.

4. INTRODUCTION OF CLASS MEMBERS

Fifty years ago the next event would certainly have been unnecessary. Tonight it may still be unnecessary; so let's just say that it might be helpful. Fifty short years ago just a glance, a sound of a voice, the music of a laugh, the sound of a tread on the wooden floors of the assembly room, or the touch of a hand would have identified each of us to the other. The toll and toil of fifty years have dimmed those distinguishing criteria; so we would ask that each of you please stand, give your names, with the girls giving their surnames then and now ^{introduce} ~~and~~ ^{not state residence?} Would you then also please ~~include~~ your guest or guests, whose presence is greatly appreciated. May we start with the.....

On behalf of all us, thank ^{to} each one of us, classmates and guests alike, ^{Zeke Young} ~~(over)~~ ^{for the clue as to your identity.}

5. PROGRAM

Now for the formal portion of our program. — I am not a comedian. I cannot sing, dance or play a musical instrument. I am not a magician, juggler, or acrobat. I am not a spellbinding orator. I have not walked on the moon, discovered the cure for any horrible affliction of mankind, or done anything really worthy of note except what each of you has also done—namely to have survived on this planet for a half century after the spring of 1935. ^{I think capsule dance - gemma garage or hall above 8 minutes -} ^{State, Indiana, Dist. 1, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 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3870, 3871, 3872, 3873, 3874, 3875, 3876, 3877, 3878, 3879, 3880, 3881, 3882, 3883, 3884, 3885,}

suffered a long illness, would appreciate one of the centerpieces and would know others who have spent time at a nursing home who would also be appreciative. (b) HOW MANY OF YOU FEEL that we should reassemble five years hence for a 55th reunion? Would you kindly raise your hands until a count can be made? (c) DON COAR LETTER. (d) BARBARA GORDON PENDLEY, from and JACK RATRIE, whom I'm sure you recall as members of our class, had sent in their reservations to attend this reunion. I regret to report that they each have sustained some illness which necessitated their cancellations. Their addresses appear in the souvenir booklet and I'm certain a card from as many of you as wish would be greatly appreciated by each of them. (e) THERE WILL BE A group picture taken by Kelso Davis, so we would request that no one stray too far away until after the picture has been taken.

CLOSING

It is without hesitation that I express to you my certainty that I will treasure this day with ^{each of} you as long as God gives me breath. How certain am I that this occasion will remain a tender, meaningful one which will sustain me till memory fails me? I'm as certain as was William Jennings Bryan when he eloquently stated the certainty of his belief in ^{the} immortality ^{of human kind} in these words....

IF THE FATHER DEIGNS TO touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? IF HE STOOPS TO GIVE to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? IF MATTER, MUTE AND INANIMATE, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? NO, I AM SURE THAT He who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I AM AS SURE THAT we live again as I am sure that we live today.

Again, thanks to each of you for coming. May we please stand for
a brief benediction?

(6)

"Lord, may You bless each one here assembled and see
them safely to their homes--Before Thy mystic altar,
heavenly truth, we kneel in adulthood as we knelt in
youth--thus let us kneel till these dull forms decay
and life's last shade be brightened by Thy ray.

Amen."

The visiting lamp is lit.

(6)

*1990: RETIREMENT FESTIVITIES AT THE COURT
HOUSE AND A RECOGNITION DINNER AT THE
SAINT JAMES RESTAURANT IN AVILLA*

Judge Stump won't run again

Harold D. Stump, DeKalb Circuit Court Judge since 1959, will not seek re-election this year.

Judge Stump, 70, announced his decision Tuesday, saying it was "reached by my wife and me." He said he will end his 30 years of service when his current term expires Dec. 31.

His announcement said, "The final decision was made late in the year 1987, and I then so informed several persons, including Paul R. Cherry, who had asked me if I intended to seek re-election."

Cherry announced last week that he would be a candidate for circuit court judge in this year's election.

Judge Stump said his career held "30 changing, eventful, rewarding and satisfying years."

His announcement said, "This long judicial service has been made possible by the support of the voters of DeKalb County of both major political parties, to each of whom I shall be ever grateful. I have never recognized affiliation with any particular po-



Judge Harold D. Stump

litical party to be entitled to any weight whatsoever in my selection of employees, appointments to boards or agencies and certainly not in the exercise of my judicial functions. Partisan political considerations have never been permitted to be a factor in the functioning of this court, either by me or by those who preceded me as judge in this court."

Judge Stump ran for office on the Democratic ticket. He was first elected judge in 1958, defeating Republican candidate Phyllis R. Gratz by 6,842 votes to her 5,816.

In 1964, he was opposed by Republican candidate Howard S. Grimm. In a year of Democratic victories in DeKalb County, Judge Stump had the biggest winning margin: 8,804 votes to Grimm's 5,012.

Judge Stump was unopposed for re-election in 1970, 1976, and 1982.

"I had considered retirement on Jan. 1, 1987," his announcement said. But he reconsidered.

"In Indiana, it is the governor who has the statutory and constitutional authority to appoint a successor to complete the unexpired term of vacant judgeship, and, inasmuch as it has been the consistent policy of the governors of Indiana of both major political parties for too many years, to select the successor to judges whose term of office has terminated by death, resignation or retirement in a purely partisan political manner, being usually some Statehouse employee who does not even reside in the county in which the vacancy has occurred and is rarely qualified, I decided to wait until the end of my term to retire in order that the electorate of DeKalb County would not be deprived of their right to choose the person whom they desired to be the Judge of the Circuit Court of DeKalb County," he said.

Judge Stump graduated from Auburn High School, Indiana University and Indiana University School of Law. He served with the FBI and U.S. Marines. He began his law practice in 1946 and was judge of Auburn City Court for 10 years.

His father, Walter D. Stump, served as circuit judge from 1947-58.

Compliments of
City National Bank
of Auburn

Judge Stump ends era in Circuit Court

By LARRY CZAJA

After 30 years on the bench of the DeKalb County Circuit Court, Harold D. Stump will turn over the gavel of justice to Paul R. Cherry.

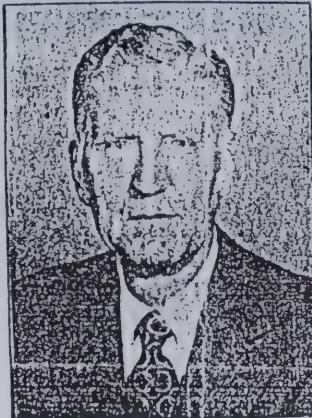
Judge Stump's four-decade-spanning career officially comes to an end tonight at midnight. He will swear in the new judge Tuesday morning at 8:30.

Judge Stump's retirement ends a long, colorful era in the county's history of jurisprudence. He presided over cases ranging from the trivial to the weighty, from the mundane to the momentous.

He's seen a number of changes since he took the bench in January 1959, not all of which he likes.

"Today, young graduates from law school are more interested in chargeable hours than the quality of the advice they give to clients," he said. "In the old days, attorneys were expected to spend many hours on the behalf of an indigent defendant. That doesn't seem to prevail today." Stump added that the exception to that claim was the county public defender's office. "I have no complaint with Charles Rhett and Kevin Wallace. They've done a great job."

He added that lawyers also have changed the way they prepare for a trial. "There doesn't seem to be as much attention paid to detail and they appear to be more interested in their own welfare than their clients," said the judge.



Judge Stump

Judge Stump noted another area of change was in the sheer volume of the court's caseload. "Criminal and civil matters now take 10 times as much space in the order book than they did 30 years ago," said the judge.

He noted that when he first started, his court averaged about 50 juvenile cases a year as opposed to more than 300 a year now.

"Juvenile matters have troubled this court as much as any matter that's come before this court," he said. "Growing up in today's society, in today's environment, is a tough assignment for young people. It's much more difficult

than it was when I was a in high school student and greater even than when their parents were high school students. Pressures from controlled substances, temptations which come by the mobility of an automobile, cause increasing disrespect for all elements of an orderly society, whether it be neighbors, friends, relatives, teachers, or law enforcement officials.

"In the old days, it could be said a young person could be a delinquent for having an overdue library book. These days, it's difficult to find a young person who knows where the library is located, let alone going in to get a book. They may go in to remove something from the display case, but rarely to take books from the shelves," the judge said.

He blames that attitude on an erosion of the family system and the influence of the automobile. He believes that parents too often allow children to use the family car without exercising good judgment. He said that three out of four cases that come before him involve a juvenile's use of an automobile.

He sees some recent Supreme Court decisions as having a negative effect on law enforcement. "Cases which have been decided with the Miranda decision as their foundation have favored the rights of the offenders and violators of the law, whether adult or juvenile, with more weight than the rights

of the victims against which the offense was committed," he said.

Other changes, however, he has welcomed.

With the establishment of a second county court in 1974, and the elimination of city courts in Auburn, Garrett and Butler and six justices of the peace scattered around the county, court matters became simpler.

"It was a great relief to me," said the judge, when the Superior Court was given equal status to the Circuit Court. "There was no concurrent agreement before that. By local rule, we decided how to share the work."

By mutual agreement, the Circuit Court handles juvenile cases, Superior Court takes criminal cases, and they share civil cases.

One of Judge Stump's favorite cases occurred in 1972. It involved the Pine Valley addition on Fort Wayne's north side.

"The case took two weeks to try. It involved millions of dollars and a thousand pages of deposition. It was a bench trial requiring specific findings of fact and conclusions of law. The best lawyers in northeastern Indiana were involved," he said. Stump added that the case was appealed, but his ruling was upheld.

He points with pride to a letter written by Judge Joe W. Lowdermilk, of the Indiana Court of Appeals. Lowdermilk wrote, "Yours was the finest resume, statement of fact and conclusions of law that I have ever seen or read."

Judge Stump has had many high spots and few low ones in his career. The lone blight, on an otherwise impeccable record, occurred seven years after he granted an Auburn woman's request to have her teenage daughter sterilized.

In a case that attracted national attention, the Supreme Court ruled in 1978 that the daughter, Linda Sparkman, could not sue Judge Stump in an attempt to recover damages. The landmark ruling meant that no person could sue a judge as a result of a court decision.

An obvious source of pride to the judge is DeKalb Memorial Hospital. In earlier years, it was the responsibility of the Circuit Court Judge to appoint members to boards of various governmental agencies. The judge was responsible for at least 20 boards.

He said that when it became obvious DeKalb County needed its own hospital, he appointed the people to take care of the job. "I appointed a board to investigate all facets of seeing to the construction of the hospital," he said. "All were leaders in business, industry and farming. Geographically, they represented the entire county. In a year-and-a-half, we had a hospital under construction and paid for."

Judge Stump was well known for his sense of independence. He said he didn't pay attention to anyone's politics when it came to making appointments. "I always considered the person's interest

and abilities," he said. He made it known to county political chairmen that he would not discuss their suggestions for appointments.

Judge Stump took over from his father, Walter Stump, because of the elder judge's failing health. Walter Stump sat on the bench from 1946 to 1958. When he reminisces about his father, he does so glowingly: "My father was the greatest lawyer I ever knew. He was the best judge I ever knew. He was a prolific writer." Judge Stump said that during his retirement, he was considering organizing the many letters his father wrote while serving in World Wars I and II and possibly publishing them.

The judge said his 30 years on the bench made an interesting experience as he's viewed the progress of humanity in the county. He's honored to have been a part of its growth and development.

What he will miss most about the job are the fine people he's worked with. "I'll miss the association of the attorneys whom I respect and consider my friends," he said.

"I won't miss the sticky, trying dissolutions of marriages that shouldn't take place. I won't miss the disappointment of juveniles failing to straighten themselves out. I won't miss the tremendous tales of abuses or lack of interest in children too young to fend for themselves."

The judge plans to enjoy his retirement with his wife, Sue. He said he has no plans to actively participate in law. He added that he may advise some people from time to time.

"At my age (70)," he said, "I have no intention of joining a law firm or opening an office."

Judge was a 'teacher of lawyers'

Judge Harold D. Stump made a lasting impression on the attorneys who stepped into his courtroom. Whether they liked him or not, all said they respected him.

Phil Butler, a retired Auburn attorney who's known the judge all his life, shared some thoughts about the judge in a letter:

"From the lawyer's viewpoint, the legal profession can be successful only to the extent to which the attorney is afforded the opportunity to fully present to the court all of the evidence, arguments, citations, objections, pleadings, petitions and appeals. Judge Stump exercised great patience listening to arguments, which were sometimes wholly without

merit and often poorly presented.

"He was usually better prepared on the law of the case than the lawyers. He heard and decided all cases, large or small, with equal attention and concern, as though all cases were of equal importance.

"Knowing that Judge Stump would be well prepared for any matter before him, attorneys made an extra effort to prepare themselves. That added dignity and decorum to the proceedings that were often missing in other courts. That, of course, accounted for the large number of cases venued from surrounding counties.

"Much court work takes place in the judge's chambers, and it is extremely important that the judge be available to

attorneys for the filing of a great variety of pleadings, to informally discuss cases, to hear oral arguments and for consultation and advice on many matters. Some judges become adept at hiding themselves from this onslaught of work, but Judge Stump made a great effort to be available even while involved in other important and complicated matters.

"It might fairly be said that words are the tools of the legal profession. Judge Stump was a master craftsman, always able to come up with the right words, the right phrase and the right inflection to make his point clear and convincing. In so doing, he became a teacher of lawyers."

COMPLIMENTS OF



CITY NATIONAL BANK
OF AUBURN

THE PROGRAM

DeKalb County Bar Association



Recognition Dinner

for the Distinguished Service of

THE HONORABLE HAROLD D. STUMP

Judge

of the

Seventy-Fifth Judicial Circuit

1959 - 1988

Wednesday, the Sixteenth of November

at Six O'Clock in the Evening

St. James Restaurant

Avilla, Indiana

Invocation

*The Honorable Charles L. Quinn
Judge, DeKalb Circuit Court*

Recognition Dinner

"Historic Perspective"

*John Martin Smith
DeKalb County Historian*

Introduction of The Honorable Harold D. Stump

Philip Butler

Response

The Honorable Harold D. Stump

Tribute

*Kirk D. Carpenter
President, DeKalb County Bar Association*

Benediction

*Paul R. Cherry
DeKalb County Prosecuting Attorney
and
Judge Elect of the DeKalb County Circuit Court*

DeKALB COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION

THE MENU

1988 Roster

Lawyers' Libations
Stump Soup
Seventy-Fifth Circuit Salad

Litigious Lobster
Harold's Cut of Prime Rib au Jus
Baked Potato under Advisement
Judgment Rolls

Sue's Pie
Due Process Drinks:
Coffee Tea Milk Soft Drinks

Mr. Douglas J. Atz
Mr. Daniel J. Brinkerhoff
Mr. Monte L. Brown
Mr. J. Philip Butler
Mr. Kirk D. Carpenter
Mr. Paul R. Cherry
Mr. Mark T. Dykstra
Dr. Lee Ellen Ford
Mr. Howard Grimm, Sr.
Mr. John C. Grimm
Mr. Douglas Johnston
Mr. David A. Kruse
Mr. Derald D. Kruse
Mr. Kevin Likes
Mr. James P. McCanna
Mr. Gerald T. McNerney
Mr. Donald T. Mefford
Mrs. Phyllis Gratz Poff

The Honorable Charles R. Quinn
Mr. Paul C. Raver, Sr.
Mr. Charles C. Rhett, Jr.
Mr. Frederic L. Romero
Mr. John Martin Smith
Mr. Donald J. Stuckey
The Honorable Harold D. Stump
Mr. Warren G. Sunday
Ms. Carolyn Sutton
Mr. Hugh Taylor
Mr. Richard J. Thonert
Mr. Jeffrey L. Turner
Mr. Grant Van Horne
Mr. Winslow Van Horne
Mr. Kevin P. Wallace
Mr. William R. Wible
Mr. H. Charles Winans

GUESTS

Our Very Honored Guests

*Mrs. James A. Angelone
Mrs. James D. Brinkerhoff, Jr.
Mrs. William H. Husselman
Mrs. George Mountz
Mrs. Hugh Sanders*

Our Special Guests

*Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bohmfalk
Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Close
Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Davis, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hoodelmier
Mr. and Mrs. Dale Grogg
Mr. and Mrs. John Hutson
Mr. and Mrs. James D. Kroemer
Mr. and Mrs. Tim McAlhany
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Olson
Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Schaeffer
Mr. and Mrs. David L. Southern
Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Stonestreet
Mr. and Mrs. Yancy Stonestreet
Mr. and Mrs. Phil Strahm*

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE
HONORABLE
HAROLD D. STUMP
JUDGE
OF THE
SEVENTY-FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
1959 - 1988**

Harold D. Stump was born October 28, 1917, in Auburn, DeKalb County, Indiana. His father was Walter D. Stump and his mother was Clementine (Hartsock) Stump. He attended public school in Auburn, graduating from Auburn High School in 1935. He attended Indiana University, receiving an AB degree in 1939, and a JD degree from the Indiana University School of Law at Bloomington in January, 1942.

After receiving his JD degree, he became a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and was assigned to the field offices of Washington, D.C., Des Moines, Iowa, and New York City, in which capacity he served until May 5, 1944, when he resigned and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. After basic training, he was a drill instructor at Parris Island, South Carolina, marine base for three months when he requested and was assigned to the 12th Marine Regiment of the 3rd Marine Division. He served in the Pacific Theater of Operations in World War II with the 3rd Marine Division through the conquest of Iwo Jima.

At the surrender of Japan, he was assigned to the 3rd Amphibious Corps, a multi-faceted military unit formed and based at Tientsin, China, fifty miles southeast from Peking, to slow the advance of the Chinese Communist forces in the effort to drive the Chinese Nationalist forces out of China. After being in Tientsin until May of 1946, he was returned to the United States Marine Corps in July, 1946.

He returned to Auburn to practice law with his father, Walter D. Stump; however, since his father was a candidate for Judge of DeKalb Circuit Court in 1946 and elected to such office, Harold began the private practice of law in the office of his father as his father assumed the bench. During the period of his law practice, Harold was appointed as the first Judge of the newly created City Court of the City of Auburn, which office he held until he was elected Judge of the DeKalb Circuit Court. He practiced law in Auburn until the 1958 election when he was elected to the bench as Judge of the DeKalb Circuit Court, succeeding his father, who declined to seek the office for a third term. He was thereafter elected to five successive terms of the DeKalb Circuit Court with his term ending December 31, 1988.

He was very active in civic, welfare, youth, and many other community groups until election as Circuit Court Judge reduced the number of activities in which he could appropriately participate. He was one of the principal organizers and supporters of Region II of Foster Care Services, Incorporated, serving the Indiana Counties of DeKalb, LaGrange, Noble, Steuben, Wells, and Whitley in Northeast Indiana.

On May 5, 1968, Harold D. Stump was married to Letha Mae (Grogg) Smith. Harold and Letha were involved in raising, training, and showing of Tennessee Walking Horses for several years. Their hobbies include fishing, traveling, and nature studies. They are members of the Auburn Presbyterian Church, and reside on the bank of Cedar Creek on Morning Star Road just outside the city of Auburn.

*John Martin Smith
DeKalb County Historian*





**LETHA AND HAROLD AT THE RECEPTION
HONORING HIS THIRTY YEAR TENURE AS THE
JUDGE FOR THE DEKALB COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT**







**LETHA AND HAROLD AT THE COURT HOUSE
RECEPTION**







LETHA AND HAROLD AT THE COURT HOUSE
RECEPTION





*HAROLD RECEIVING THE SAGAMORE OF THE
WABASH AWARD IN 1991*



***HAROLD'S BELOVED HOME ON MORNINGSTAR ROAD
WHICH HE BUILT IN 1960 AND TO WHICH HE
GRATEFULLY RETIRED IN 1993***







Carolyn Olson with her parents,
Harold and Letha Stump



Dear Carolyn and Ken:

For your inspiring presence at the Retirement Ceremony, I am deeply grateful.

I apologize for the somewhat tardy nature of this note. I am still encountering some delay in reaching full retirement due to the reticence of my successor to take a firm grasp of the reins of office. I have taken a more firm stance in the completion of many matters and the end is now coming into clearer focus.
Mom is still very patient

THANK YOU NOTE FROM HAROLD TO KEN AND CAROLYN
OLSON ON THE OCCASION OF HAROLD'S RETIREMENT

Harold at his desk in his den; the last picture taken of Harold before he passed away on June, 11, 1993



in the slow pace at which I am
approaching her list of "Honey- do's",
but I am anxious to bring order
out of the chaos I visited upon her
by greatly over-crowding the den
with many items of dubious value.

Love, best wishes and another
thank you for coming to this
event in Old Dad's earthly pursuits.

Dad



LETHA MAE STUMP



LETHA, HAROLD, AND MITZIE

*HAROLD, SUE, MITZIE, AND TIFFY RELAXING ON A
TYPICAL EVENING AFTER HAROLD RETIRED*





*HAROLD WITH HIS FAITHFUL COMPANIONS, MITZIE
AND TIPPY*



HAROLD AND LETHA DURING
CHRISTMAS, 1992 AS THEY ARE OPENING
THEIR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CLOCK
CELEBRATING THEIR TWENTY-FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY; THE CLOCK WAS A GIFT

FROM THEIR CHILDREN AND
GRANDCHILDREN, AND IT IS NOW
PROUDLY DISPLAYED IN THE HOME OF
THEIR OLDER GRANDDAUGHTER,
MICHELLE BOSLEY



JUNE 11, 1993

EULOGIES AND LETTERS OF RESPECT FOLLOWING HAROLD'S DEATH IN 1993

Former DeKalb judge Harold Stump dies

Harold D. Stump, 75, died Friday at 10:15 a.m. in Parkview Memorial Hospital, Fort Wayne.

Mr. Stump presided as judge of DeKalb Circuit Court at Auburn for 10 years, from January 1959 through the end of 1988.

The former judge made his home on DeKalb County Road 40, near Auburn.

He was a member of St. Mark's Lutheran Church in Auburn, the Auburn Masonic Lodge, the Auburn Lions Club and the Auburn Post of the American Legion.

Mr. Stump first won election as judge in 1958, running on the Democratic ticket. He succeeded his father, who had served as judge of DeKalb Circuit Court from 1947-53.

In 1964, Harold Stump won reelection with the largest winning margin of any candidate in DeKalb County. He was unop-

posed for re-election in 1970, 1976 and 1982.

Mr. Stump was born Oct. 28, 1917, in Auburn to Walter D. Stump and Clementine Hartsock Stump.

He graduated from Auburn High School (in 1935), Indiana University (1939) and the Indiana University School of Law (1942).

He served with the FBI for two years before enlisting in the U.S. Marine Corps. Following three months as a drill instructor, he served in the Pacific Theater during World War II and participated in the conquest of Iwo Jima. He then was assigned to duty in China.

In 1946 he returned to Auburn to join his father's law practice. He instead took over his father's practice when his father was elected as circuit judge that fall.

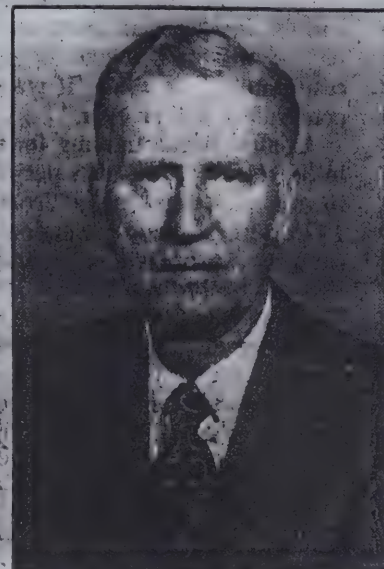
Before becoming circuit judge, Harold Stump served as judge of

the former Auburn City Court for 10 years.

He was one of the chief organizers and supporters of Region II Foster Care Services Inc., serving six area counties. At his retirement, he expressed pride in appointing the committee that founded DeKalb Memorial Hospital in the 1960s.

On retiring, he said, "This long judicial service has been made possible by the support of the voters of DeKalb County of both major political parties, to each of whom I shall be ever grateful." He said he never permitted partisan politics to be a factor in his decisions or in the appointments he made for many boards and agencies.

Shortly after his retirement, in early 1989, Gov. Evan Bayh honored the former judge by making him a Sagamore of the Wabash. The award is the state of Indiana's highest honor.



Harold D. Stump

Mr. Stump married Letha "Sue" Smith on May 5, 1968, in Auburn. She survives.

Also surviving are two daughters, Carolyn Olson, Warrenton Va., and Dianna Hutson, San Antonio, Texas; a stepson, Delano Troyer, Fort Wayne; four grandchildren, three stepgrandchildren and seven stepgreat-grandchildren.

Services will be Monday at 1 a.m. in St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Auburn. The Rev. Jeremy Russell will officiate.

Friends may call Sunday from 2-5 and 7-9 p.m. in the Feller Funeral Home, Waterloo, and one hour before the services Monday at the church.

Burial will be in Christian Union Cemetery near Garrett, The Auburn post of the American Legion will conduct military graveside services.

Memorial donations may be made to the Disabled American Veterans Association or the Arthritis Foundation.

Former DeKalb judge remembered as patriot

By RICK MARTINEZ

Staff Writer

AUBURN — Former DeKalb Circuit Judge Harold Stump died Friday, but his legacy was relived Monday.

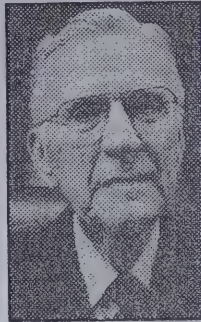
Stump's legacy was of educating young lawyers and giving back to his community and country outside it, friends, associates and acquaintances said.

"One thing he always strived to teach young lawyers was humility," said Auburn attorney Kirk Carpenter. "There is really little as pompous as a young lawyer today. He set you" straight.

Stump, 75, of Auburn, died Friday. He was buried Monday in Christian Union Cemetery near Garrett. His loss was lamented openly in funeral services at St. Mark's Lutheran Church in Auburn and in a memorial service by the DeKalb County Bar Association.

His legacy and lessons of humility were handed down from experience that included 30 years as DeKalb Circuit judge and 11 years as Auburn city judge. Stump, a Democrat, was a former Marine and FBI special agent who meted out reality whenever necessary.

DeKalb Superior Judge Kevin Wallace said Stump's heapful of



Stump

personally delivered reality had him thinking change of career after one particularly debilitating decision against his client.

"It was a hot summer day, and I thought I had argued a good case," Wallace recalled. "But (after the decision) I didn't go back to the office. ... I went home. ...

"I told my wife, 'I've chosen the wrong profession. We're going to have to do something else,'" Wallace said, chuckling at the thought. "I didn't see it at the time, but it was Judge Stump's way."

His demeanor outside the courtroom was described by the Rev. Jeremy Russell as being patriotic and a "true American." His efforts there included being behind developments such as DeKalb Memorial Hospital and the consolidation that led to the DeKalb Central United School District.

Stump's retirement in 1988 ended his family's 42-year hold on the DeKalb Circuit judge's post. His

father, Walter D. Stump, served from 1946 to 1958.

His most publicized decision was a 1971 ruling where Stump ordered a 15-year-old girl sterilized in Auburn's hospital after he mother complained the girl was "somewhat retarded" and was "behaving promiscuously."

Linda Sparkman thought doctors were removing her appendix, but didn't find out until four years later when she was married that she'd been sterilized.

Sparkman sued Stump, her mother (Ora Spitler McFarlin), her mother's attorney and the hospital for \$3.25 million, claiming an invasion of privacy and having been subjected to cruel and unusual punishment. In a March 1978 ruling, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld Stump's order with a 5-3 vote reiterating that judge's mistakes are shielded by judicial immunity under an 1871 precedent.

Stump said in January 1989 that he felt exonerated under judicial justification for his Sparkman decision. Any other decision "would have been a marked departure from what has been the norm in that area ever since the creation of the judiciary branch," Stump told The Journal-Gazette.

ST. MARK'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
Auburn, Indiana

JUDGE HAROLD D. STUMP

MEMORIAL SERVICE

October 28, 1917

June 11, 1993

Funeral Service: June 14, 1993

11:00 A.M.

ORGAN PRELUDE

INVOCATION

KYRIE

Pastor: Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation: Lord, have mercy upon us.

Pastor: Christ, have mercy upon us.

Congregation: Christ, have mercy upon us.

Pastor: Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation: Lord, have mercy upon us.

THE PSALM: #23

Pastor: The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

Congregation: He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He
leadeth me beside the still waters.

Pastor: He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his Name's sake.

Congregation: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil. For thou art with me: Thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.

Pastor: Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine
enemies: thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.

Congregation: Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for
ever.

THE GLORIA PATRI (In Unison)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: as
it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without
end. Amen.

THE LESSONS

Revelation 21: 2-7

John 14:1-6

THE HYMN "Nearer, My God, To Thee"

(See Insert)

THE PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

THE MEDITATION

The Rev. Jeremy Russell

THE HYMN "In the Garden"

(See Insert)

IN UNISON

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; according to
thy word;

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation: which thou hast prepared
before the face of all people:

A light to lighten the Gentiles; and the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;

As it was in the beginning; is now, and ever shall be, world without
end. Amen.

THE PRAYERS:

Oh God, the Father in Heaven:

Have mercy upon us.

Oh God, the Son, Redeemer of the World:

Have mercy upon us.

Oh God, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter:

Grant us thy peace.

THE COLLECT AND THE LORD'S PRAYER

THE HYMN "Amazing Grace"

#448

THE BENEDICTION

ORGAN POSTLUDE

The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

IN MEMORY OF
Judge Harold D. Stump

DATE OF BIRTH
October 28, 1917

DATE OF DEATH
June 11, 1993

SERVICES
Monday, June 14, 1993 - 11:00 A.M.
St. Mark's Lutheran Church
Auburn, Indiana

OFFICIATING
Rev. Jeremy Russell

FINAL RESTING PLACE
Christian Union Cemetery
Garrett, Indiana

MILITARY GRAVESIDE SERVICE
By Auburn American Legion

SERVICE CONDUCTED BY
Feller Funeral Home
Waterloo, Indiana

IN MEMORIAM

HAROLD D STUMP

October 28, 1917 - June 11, 1993

He was a stern teacher
At times hard to please;
For he expected excellence
Tho' he loved to tease.

He was first of all a patriot
Who loved his country dearly;
He was NOT a politician,
We understood that clearly.

Despite all his problems,
Some of very long duration,
His sense of humor never waned,
Life was a celebration!

He wouldn't wear judicial robes,
He said, "They're too pretentious";
Likened his Court to a "loose ship"
For hearing things contentious.

He disavowed formality,
Yet everybody knew
There would be order in his Court,
"The look" was their first clue.

I knew him more than forty years
And knew Sue for twenty-five
When I walked through Gethsemane
They helped me to survive.

And when I found another love
We asked for his assistance
To tie the knot securely,
To withstand all resistance.

Summoned to the final Court
He heard his judgment read;
"Thou good and faithful servant,
Welcome home," it said.

*by Florence Seiple
Daddy's Court Reporter
for 25 years*

REMEMBRANCES FROM PHIL AND JODY
BUTLER

June 17, 1993

Dear Sue and Family,

We extend our deepest sympathy to you all in your loss of Harold. Phil was intent on coming to the funeral home to visit, and also to attend the funeral Monday, but he has been so weak since another chest infection has taken hold of his lungs and bronchial tubes. I assured him I would be there Monday for both of us, and I signed the register for the two of us as if he were there.

You know how much admiration Phil has always had for Harold and his father. They seemed to share a similar sense of fairness and honesty, and could always trust one another because of that common trait. But, just as Harold couldn't come to Phil's retirement party, Phil could not attend Harold's funeral. And they graciously bowed to the reality of poor health.

We have prayed for Harold and for you, Sue, for many months - maybe even years now - and want you to know our prayer continues for you and your family. Our prayer for Harold is something like this: May Harold be standing with all the angels and saints in the midst of God's glorious presence, praising the Just and Loving One with great joy for all eternity. And may we join him at the appointed time. Amen.

And for you, Sue, we ask for God's great love to fill your heart and comfort you all the days of your life. Our love,

Phil & Jody Butler
OVER →

P.S.

We have sent a memorial in Harold's name to the Arthritis Foundation.

J

A EULOGY FROM WAYNE HAPNER

Wayne A. Hapner
2441 Desert Sands Drive
Las Vegas, NV 89134
702-254-6564

July 11, 1993

Dear Mrs. Stump,

I was saddened to hear the news of Judge Stump's death. I extend my deepest Christian sympathy to you and your family. I felt greatly honored that you took time to share this news with me.

Judge Stump was instrumental in my being hired, in 1977, as the Director of Foster Care Services of Northeast Indiana. He may not have been aware that he was also instrumental in my being hired as the Child Care Supervisor at St. Jude's Ranch for Children in Boulder City, Nevada, in 1987! I gave Father Ward (the Executive Director of St. Jude's Ranch) Judge Stump's name as a reference and I believe that after talking to Judge Stump by telephone, Fr. Ward did not make any further reference contacts.

I will especially remember how Judge Stump always had time to counsel me during the nine years I served as FCS Director. He was never too busy to take as much time as I needed to help me solve a problem. It also gave me great comfort and joy to know that we had a Judge in our court system with such high standards. He was not afraid to bring his Christian values into a discussion and these values were evident in his dealings with people.

Enclosed is a copy of one of my "Foster Flier" newsletters, dated May 1985, which refers to the last Foster Parent Banquet that I sponsored prior to my leaving for Nevada. At that Banquet, Judge Stump gave the Invocation and the Welcome. You and your children may be interested in reading some of his remarks.

It was a privilege for me to have been acquainted with a man of such integrity, morality, kindness, and with such a spirit care and concern for children! A few special people stand out in my life's journey, Judge Stump is definitely one of them.

Again, I thank you and your daughter for taking time to inform me of Judge Stump's death so I could be a part of remembering his contribution to my life.

May God bless you all in your personal grief work. I will remember you in my prayers.

Sincerely,

Wayne A. Hapner

**NOTE TO LETHA FROM RUSSELL
"SAM" WILLIAMS**

12 June 1993

Dear Sue --

The news of Harold's passing from this life here with us was a body blow to me. Knowing how he was suffering, though, makes me not wish he were still here. I will miss knowing that I cannot visit with him on occasion.

My memory tells me that I first met Harold when I was between four and five years old and he was a little bit older. He lived on Indiana Avenue across from the old Harrison School and I lived two blocks west on Dallas Street which is now foundry property. I must have sneaked over that way or something but anyway I always remember knowing him that far back. We were in high school athletics together and walked home together every night after our practices.

My thoughts now, however, go out to you and the kids who will miss him most. I hope my deep sympathy help a little in some way.

Jean joins me in my thoughts.

Affectionately yours,



LATE JUDGE HONORED



DeKalb Circuit Judge Paul R. Cherry gives an Indiana Judges Association award to Mrs. Harold Stump, wife of the late Circuit Court judge who died last June. The award recognizes Stump's 30 years on the bench in DeKalb Circuit Court, his 10-year service as judge of the former Auburn City Court, his lifetime membership in the Indiana State Bar Association and community contributions. (Star photo by Dean Orewiler)

May 27, 2003

Carolyn Olson
7847 Overbrook Drive
Catlett, Virginia 20119

Janel Buchanan
2653 County Rd. 60
Auburn, Indiana 46706

Dear Janel,

Both my sister, Dianna Stump Hutson, and I want to thank you so much for the lovely thank you note that you wrote upon the occasion of receiving the Harold D. Stump scholarship this month. We know that your emphasis on scholarship, citizenship, and wholesome values were instrumental in your receiving the award. These qualities are those which were also important to our father throughout his life and are qualities which he tried to instill in my sister and myself as well. As a retired high school English teacher, I know that you have impressed your teachers and others who know you with your love of learning and with your worthwhile goals for your future. Both my sister and I know that Judge Stump would have been pleased and proud to have you be the recipient of part of his legacy to DeKalb County.

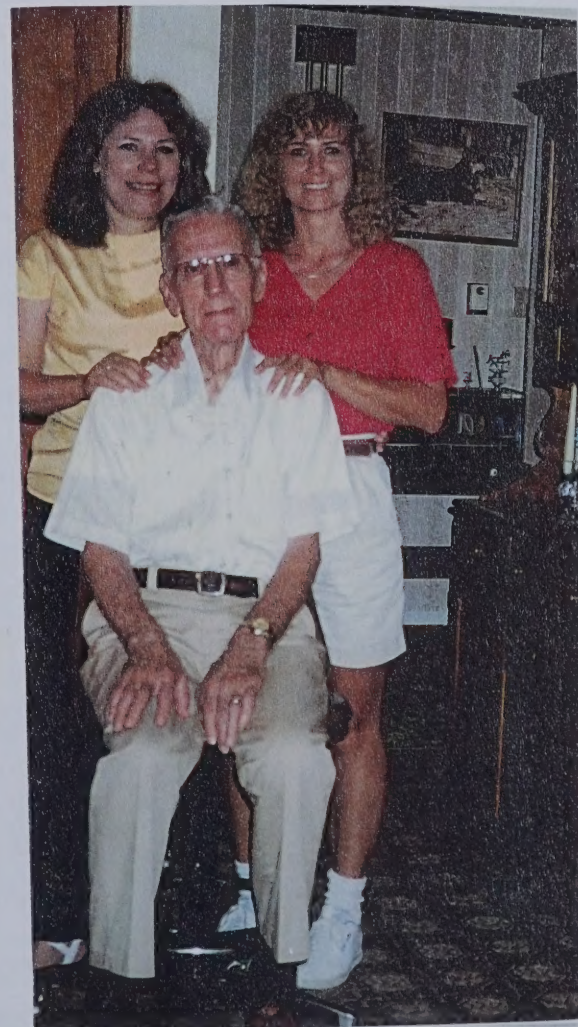
We wish you much success in all of your future endeavors.

Sincerely,

Dianna Hutson
Carolyn Stump Olson

Carolyn Stump Olson
Dianna Stump Hutson

**Dianna and Carolyn with their
father, Harold D. Stump**



A PRAYER:

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am and keep burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

Written by Max Ehrmann

Recited by Harold at his 50th Auburn High School reunion in 1985, and found in his personal effects after he passed away.

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